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THE NEW SCREENLAND

March
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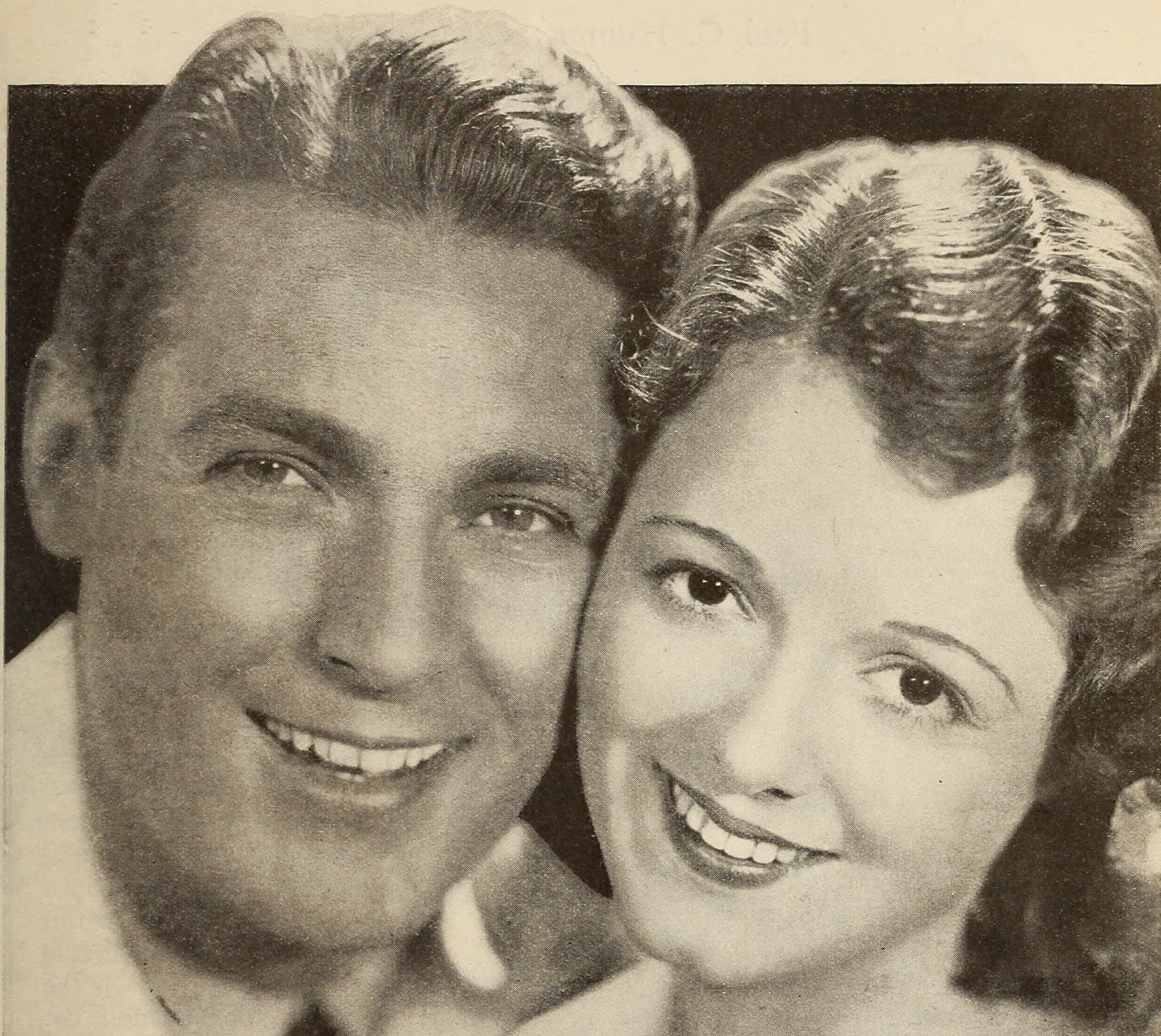


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JANET GAYNOR *and*
CHARLES FARRELL

in **RAOUL WALSH'S**

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

Together again! Janet and Charlie, the boy and the girl the whole world loves. They're together—in a play that spans the whole octave of love—in the richest roles of romance and redemption they have ever played.

Wonderful as they were in *Seventh Heaven* and *Sunny Side Up*, they're more marvelous than ever in **THE MAN WHO CAME BACK**, from the stage success by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson.

Settings by **JOSEPH URBAN**

ANOTHER GREAT

FOX

MOVIE TONE

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

Paul C. Hunter, *Publisher*

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March, 1931

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Vol. XXII, No. 5

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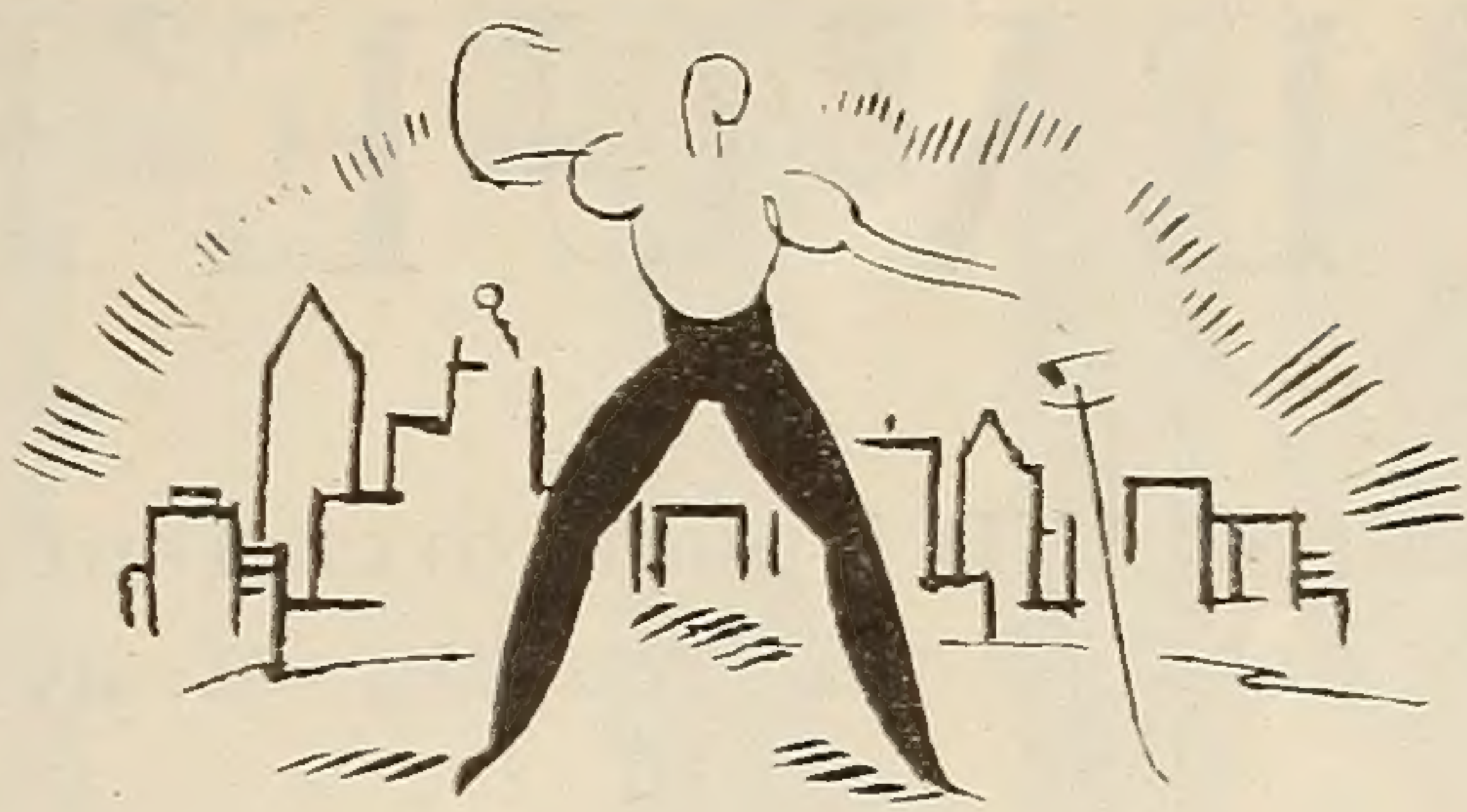
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Confessions of a Hollywood Baby!

Of all the stories which have ever appeared in a movie magazine, "Confessions of a Hollywood Baby" — starting in the April SCREENLAND—is the hottest, the humanest, the most romantic—and the wittiest! Nothing like it has ever appeared in a film—or, for that matter, in any other—publication. It's original, rib-tickling! Read this inside story of a screen star's life, laid bare before your eyes without the usual conventional coverings which protect a player from her public. The April issue of SCREENLAND brings you the funniest film story ever told!



SECRETS FROM THEIR PRIVATE LIVES!

Meet the Royal Family of Broadway! Reading from left to right . . . There's Tony Cavendish, reckless, cyclonic, irresponsible, "America's Greatest Lover" . . . and you'll love him too. Julie, scorning marriage and millions for the stage. Fanny, "empress" of the family, and still a young woman, after 70 dramatic years. Gwen, 18 . . . what's a husband and children with the world's applause calling? ¶ The gorgeous, glamorous Cavendishes! Meet them in this sparkling motion picture by Paramount; it's the intimate story of their lives and loves. You'll laugh, you'll live, you'll enjoy every minute of it! It's a Paramount Picture, and of course "the best show in town!"

INA CLAIRE
and
FREDRIC MARCH
in "



The Royal Family OF BROADWAY"

with

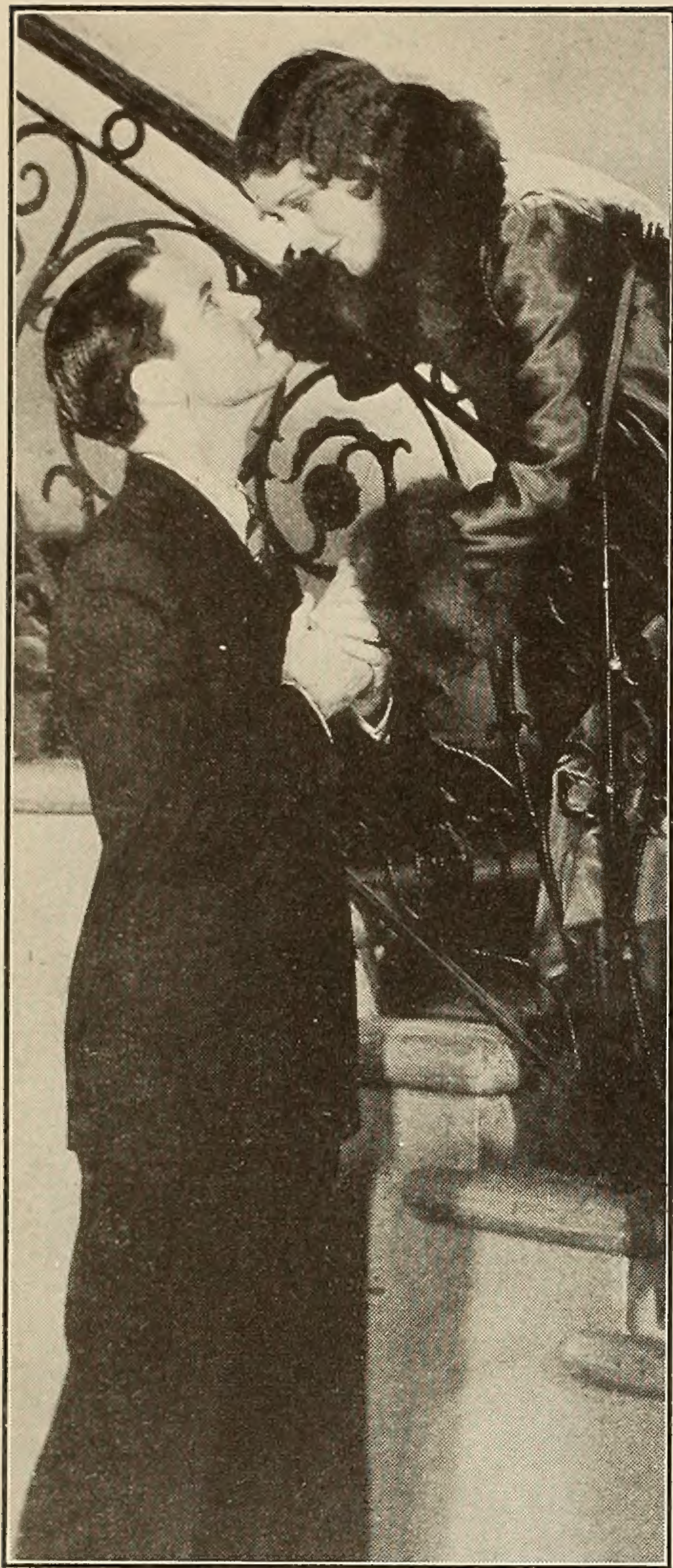
MARY BRIAN and HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. Based on "The Royal Family" by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman.

Paramount  Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.





Lloyd Hughes and June Collyer in a scene from "Extravagance," a comedy-drama of domestic and feminine complications.

REVUETTES

SCREENLAND'S guide to current pictures—dependable help to an evening of good entertainment

★ **THE DEVIL TO PAY.** *United Artists.* Ronald Colman at his best in a breezy, sophisticated film about a charming 'black-sheep.' Loretta Young, Frederick Kerr, Myrna Loy, and David Torrence are grand support. You'll go for this one.*

★ **THE ROYAL FAMILY.** *Paramount.* From the stage play supposedly built around the Barrymores, this film with Ina Claire, Fredric March and Henrietta Crosman is real entertainment. March marvelous!*

★ **TOM SAWYER.** *Paramount.* Jackie Coogan in a thoroughly delightful and convincing screen transcription of the Mark Twain favorite. Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl are splendid. A treat for children—and elders.*

Class B:

★ **A SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING.** *Warner Brothers.* The sad-faced comedian, Harry Langdon, walks away with this humorous film of army life in which Ben Lyon and Lotti Loder give good performances.

★ **COHENS AND KELLYS IN AFRICA.** *Universal.* "A-hunting they would go"—your old friends George Sidney and Charlie Murray cutting didoes in Africa. Good gags.

★ **DANGER LIGHTS.** *Radio.* You've seen this railroad melodrama before only under different title. However, the 'Natural Vision,' third dimension photography, and Louis Wolheim are interesting. Jean Arthur and Robert Armstrong also ran.

★ **EXTRAVAGANCE.** *Tiffany.* Domestic and feminine complications with June Collyer, Lloyd Hughes, Dorothy Christy, and Owen Moore; also, a fur fashion show. Pretty good.

★ **FAST AND LOOSE.** *Paramount.* A lightweight society comedy drama, with Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard, Henry Wadsworth, and Frank Morgan supplying the romance.*

★ **FREE LOVE.** *Universal.* Conrad Nagel, as a hen-pecked husband who later asserts himself, and Genevieve Tobin, as friend-wife who believes in freedom for women, make this a delightful film.*

★ **FOLLOW THE LEADER.** *Paramount.* A sure-fire comedy with Ed Wynn scoring a knockout in comedy honors. Added attractions—Ginger Rogers, Ethel Merman, Lou Holtz. Don't miss this laughie.*

★ **FOR THE LOVE O' LIL.** *Columbia.* A nice, but unimportant talker about domestic difficulties with Sally Starr, Jack Mulhall, Margaret Livingstone, and Elliott Nugent.

★ **HOOK, LINE AND SINKER.** *Radio.* Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey are submerged in this commonplace film. However, they manage to get a few laughs because of their good trouping. Dorothy Lee is a cute femme lead.

★ **ILLICIT.** *Warner Brothers.* That swell actress, Barbara Stanwyck, in an extremely sophisticated drama, with James Rennie. Excellent work by both, also by Ricardo Cortez and Natalie Moorhead.*

See Page 127 for complete casts of current films. Note the pictures selected as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval. Make this your guide to the worthwhile screenplays.

★ **MADONNA OF THE STREETS.** *Columbia.* Old-fashioned hokum made interesting by Evelyn Brent's portrayal. Robert Ames and Josephine Dunn offer capable support.

★ **MEN ON CALL.** *Fox.* Entertaining comedy-drama with Coast Guard locale. Edmund Lowe goes on the loose because of a girl, Mae Clark, then joins the Coast Guard and all ends well. Warren Hymer almost steals the picture.

★ **MEN OF THE NORTH.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Romance of the French-Canadian wilds with Gilbert Roland and Barbara Leonard. Snow storms, mounted police, crooks and everything!

★ **NEW MOON.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore, Metropolitan Opera stars, in a stunning operetta. Mark this down as one not to be missed.*

★ **ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT.** *United Artists.* A colorful operetta which introduces the charming Evelyn Laye from London. John Boles is the romantic lead and Leon Erroll is the comedy highlight. Lovely music.*

★ **ONLY SAPS WORK.** *Paramount.* Leon Erroll saves this film with his clever clowning. No story to work with. Richard Arlen, Mary Brian and Stuart Erwin do their best with poor material.*

★ **PASSION FLOWER.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Not so hot as the name would infer. Triangle yarn based on Kathleen Norris' novel of the same name. Good cast: Kay Francis, Kay Johnson, Charles Bickford, Lewis Stone, ZaSu Pitts.*

★ **RANGO.** *Paramount.* Schoedsack, who with Cooper produced "Chang" and "Grass," made this picture in the wilds of Sumatra. It is a thrilling story of human and ape-man drama.

★ **REMOTE CONTROL.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* William Haines as a radio announcer hands out the laughs. This film has lots of suspense and action. Mary Doran, John Miljan and Charles King ably assist.*

★ **SCARLET PAGES.** *Warner Brothers.* Elsie Ferguson is splendid as a woman lawyer in a sordid tale of criminal courts. Marian Nixon, Grant Withers and John Halliday perform capably.

★ **SEE AMERICA THIRST.** *Universal.* A burlesque on the gangster films with Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville as the comedy gunmen. Bessie Love is the girl. Very funny in spots.*

★ **SLEEPING PARTNERS.** *British International.* A French farce made in England with an English cast—a rather entertaining picture. You'll like Edna Best.

★ **SUNNY.** *First National.* Marilyn Miller in the filming of one of her greatest stage successes. A story of circus life which lives up to its stage reputation.*

★ **THE BAT WHISPERS.** *United Artists.* A good mystery yarn. Thrills, spooky houses, a mysterious menace and a missing fortune. Chester Morris, Una Merkel and William Bakewell keep things popping.

★ **THE BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT.** *Universal.* A sophisticated comedy-drama of diplomatic intrigue. Ian Keith plays a dashing officer and Betty Compson, Jeanette Loff, and Mary Duncan provide very interesting feminine interest.*

★ **THE DAWN TRAIL.** *Columbia.* A real action western, Buck Jones starring, with Charles Morton and Miriam Seegar supporting. Good.

★ **THE LASH.** *First National.* Richard Barthelmess in a good romantic action talker, supported by Mary Astor and Marian Nixon. Splendid story, colorful costumes, excellent acting.

★ **THE LOTTERY BRIDE.** *United Artists.* A disappointing and unconvincing picture. Some of the music is charming but not noteworthy. Jeanette MacDonald, Joe E. Brown, ZaSu Pitts and John Garrick are in the cast.

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval.

(Continued on page 117)

Class A:

★ **DOORWAY TO HELL.** *Warner Brothers.* This film wins the blue ribbon for crook pictures. Lew Ayres is fine as a baby-faced gangster and James Cagney is a runner-up for acting honors.

★ **JUST IMAGINE.** *Fox.* A lavish, imaginative musical movie with the setting in 1980. Maureen O'Sullivan, El Brendel, John Garrick, and Marjorie White are featured.

★ **LIGHTNIN'.** *Fox.* Will Rogers in a nice, homely film which is well worth seeing. Louise Dresser, Joel McCrea and Helen Cohan are in the cast.

★ **MIN AND BILL.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* One of the most sincere and touching dramas of the season including an excellent cast—Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Marjorie Rambeau, and Dorothy Jordan.

★ **MOROCCO.** *Paramount.* A fascinating picture because of good direction and splendid acting by the new and glamorous Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou. You'll want to see this film.

★ **MOTHERS CRY.** *First National.* Dorothy Peterson, of the stage, gives a splendid portrayal of a mother's difficulty in raising a family. Others worthy of mention are Helen Chandler, David Manners, Evelyn Knapp, and Edward Woods.

★ **PAID.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Joan Crawford goes dramatic with great success. Joan is splendid in this thrice-filmed crook drama of the famous stage play, "Within the Law." Robert Armstrong gives a notable performance.*

★ **REACHING FOR THE MOON.** *United Artists.* Douglas Fairbanks' first modern talker, with Bebe Daniels, is a hit. Sprightly and entertaining. Not to be missed!*

★ **THE BLUE ANGEL.** *Paramount.* Emil Jannings splendid in his first American talker. The story is weak but Jannings and Marlene Dietrich raise it to a high standard. See it.*

SIT TIGHT



TWO BIG STARS IN ONE!

JOE E. BROWN and WINNIE LIGHTNER

All the laughs that Joe E. Brown gave you in *Hold Everything* and all the fun you got from seeing Winnie Lightner in *The Life of the Party* are now doubled in this one great laugh picture of the year! Find out when *Sit Tight* is coming to town and make a date to have your funny bone tickled.

Claudia Dell, Paul Gregory,
Lotti Loder, Hobart Bosworth, Frank
Hagney, Snitz Edwards, Edward George

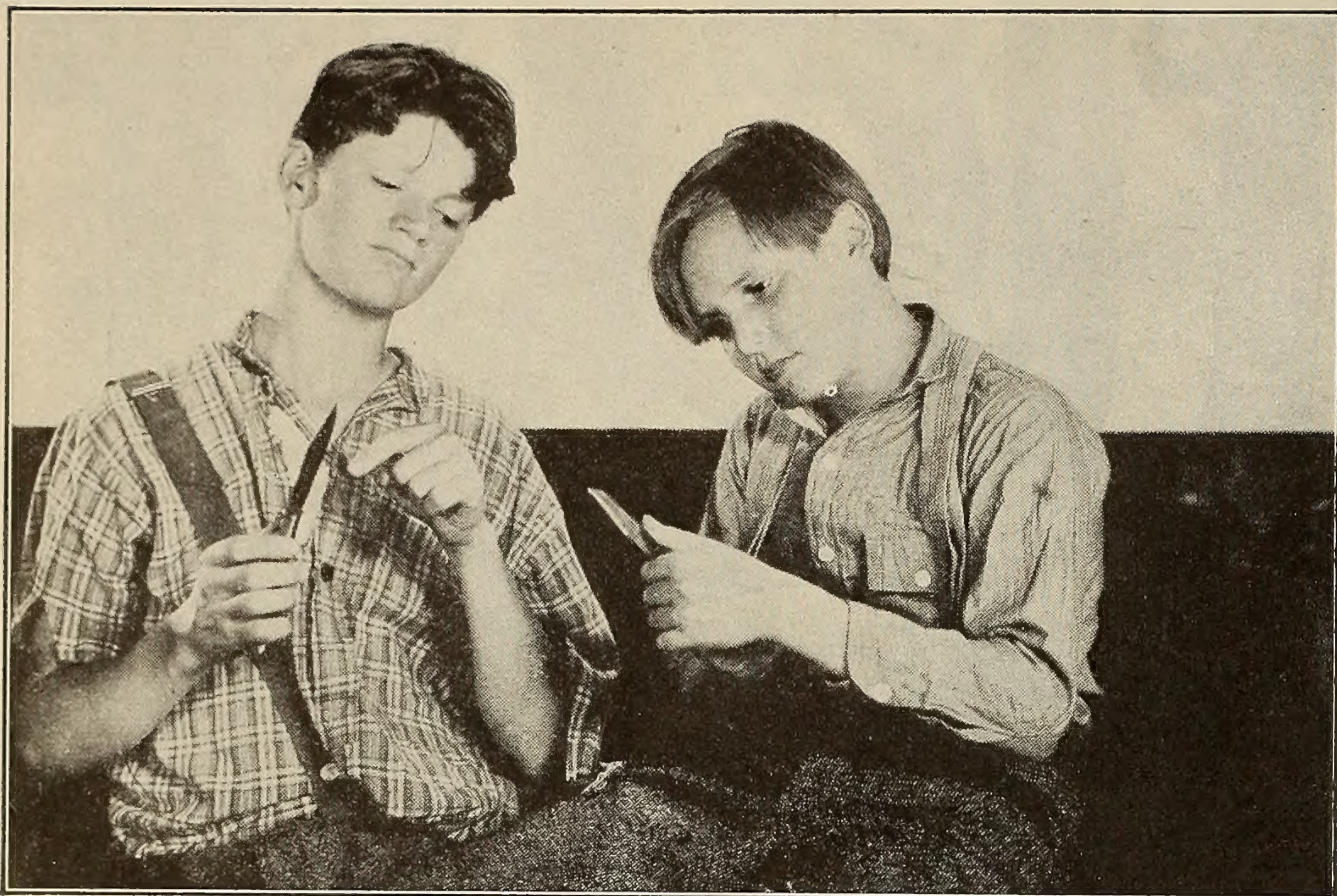


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Screen story and adaptation by Rex Taylor
Screen dialogue by William K. Wells
Directed by Lloyd Bacon

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE Picture

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Mark Twain's classic, "Tom Sawyer," comes to life again with Jackie Coogan as Tom, Junior Durkin as Huckleberry Finn and a fine cast. If you have no children of your own, borrow two or three and see this picture!

Let's get together in this department every month and see who can write the best letter. The most sincere and constructive letter will win the first prize of \$20.00. Second prize, \$15.00. Third prize \$10.00. And there's a fourth prize of \$5.00. All winning letters, not over 150 words, will be printed. Mail your letters so they will reach us the 10th of each month. Address Slams and Salvos department, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Slams and Salvos

Let's have your picture opinions!

WHOOPS, GRANDMOTHER! (First Prize Letter)

I am a frequent member of your audience because I am a grandmother; because I like to be able to discuss current pictures intelligently with my young people; because I want them to feel I understand the present spirit of youth—that I do not condemn their standards, ideals, behavior, or dress. Though growing older in years, I want my children and grandchildren always to enjoy my company, never to feel inclined to stop any discussion when I come in a room or find it necessary to hoist me on a shelf.

I find the movies the most all-round means of keeping my mind young and active. One is never too old for added knowledge and education, so I attend my finishing school—talking pictures—faithfully.

Marie Dressler has the spirit I admire!
Mrs. N. E. Coan,
1580 Vinewood Street,
Detroit, Mich.

HOORAY FOR OUR SIDE! (Second Prize Letter)

Good pictures may come, and good pictures may go, but flops go on forever. An author puts out a punk novel, the critics give it a few caustic comments, then promptly forget it. A year later the same author writes a 'best seller,' the public eats it up raw, never once recalling his previous failure. Hundreds of plays die swift, painful deaths every year.

But let a picture company get one flop picture during the year's program and you read about it years afterward. The producers are roasted, the director fired, contracts are not renewed, the scenario staff commits suicide seven different ways, the extras starve to death.

Certainly the public doesn't like picture 'flops,' but neither do the ones who made

'em. When thousands of pictures have to be ground out annually to feed the changing, ever ravenous movie-hungry public it is humanly impossible for all of them to attain perfection. Let's forego post mortems on picture 'flops.'

Mrs. Julia Bentley,
420 Johnson Street,
Charlotte, Mich.

HAPPY DAYS! (Third Prize Letter)

I might get a little bit fed up with my job of teaching, with country life and its necessarily restricted circle, but when I can go to the movies and laugh at Charlotte Greenwood's antics until every nerve relaxes; be so stimulated by 'whoopie' shows like "The Gold Diggers" that I drive the ten miles home, start the victrola and trot a midnight one-step with friend husband; watch Ruth Chatterton and admire the perfect art of her characterizations; lose myself in any one of Gary Cooper's romances; be thrilled, wistful and young again—

When I can have all this (and Broadway has no more) and along with it my pines and my little cottage and the lake and the fresh night wind over the hills—(which Broadway never can have)—why shouldn't I be happy?

Florence E. Burrill,
Skowhegan, Maine.

WAVES, RAVES & FLUTTERS! (Fourth Prize Letter)

Hey-hey, fellow-fans! You may be delicate ivory trifles or even hand-painted Watteaus; but I'm just a weather-beaten old palm-leaf that has waved in the air of movie houses from the time when the first Stars and Bijous divided their audience by one narrow aisle, to the present day of electrically cooled high-ceilinged Strands and Pastimes.

Why, I remember when the "Adventures of Lucille Love" were the high lights of the week to a bunch of high-school girls. I remember "The Birth of a Nation." Who could ever forget Wallace Reid in "Forever?" Or want to? A memory like a gold coin. Or Harold Lockwood? Or Alla Nazimova—pixie, sprite?

Together with universal woman I waved in worship of Rudolph Valentino and drooped sadly when he made his last fade-out. Today I am fluttered almost to rags in the attempt to see and hear all the magnificent offerings of the screen!

Mrs. George Jacobs,
Madison, Maine.

THIS SHOULD START SOMETHING!

"Does Marlene Dietrich threaten Greta Garbo's throne?"

That is the question in both American and German papers. German fans don't believe it. We prefer Garbo in every case. In "Morocco," Marlene had an advantageous rôle; but having made only one American picture, is it not too early to compare her with Garbo?

In Germany, Marlene Dietrich imitated Garbo. She copied Greta's make-up, her eyebrows and other characteristics. But could she copy Greta's incomparable fascination? No. Dietrich does not possess the tenth part of the high degree of distinction that Garbo has. Greta lets speak her soul (that which we love in Germany,) but Dietrich—she is soulless!

Differences between these actresses are too great. It is impossible that Dietrich threatens Garbo's throne!

Otto Behrens,
Tuebinger Str. 2,
Berlin-Wilmersdorf,
Germany.

(Continued on page 106)

LITTLE CAESAR

GANG CHIEF
RULES CITY
WITH HAND
OF IRON

RICO'S FINGER SHOT

NEW FINGER SHOT

DETAILS

LIVES



EDWARD G. ROBINSON DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

Little Caesar — King of the Underworld! He ruled supreme—a law unto himself, for in his racket he was court, judge, and jury. His verdict was final for he was also the executioner! He ruled supreme—but a woman broke his power. He threatened to get his best friend but his hand faltered on the trigger. He runs the gamut of power — from gutter to gang ruler — to gutter again!

Featuring
WILLIAM COLLIER, Jr.
SIDNEY BLACKMER
GLENDA FARRELL
RALPH INCE, THOS. JACKSON
NOVEL BY W. R. BURNETT
SCREEN ADAPTATION BY
FRANCIS EDWARDS FARAGOH
DIRECTED BY
MERVYN LEROY



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A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.



Evelyn Laye, the British beauty who makes her talker début, and John Boles in a charming scene from the screen operetta "One Heavenly Night." They sing some lovely songs—namely, One Heavenly Night and My Heart is Beating—and you'll be singing them!

SCREEN SONG HITS

BUTTON, button, who's got the theme song? Ah, there you are! Whose little theme song are you?

This theme song 'sitch-ee-ay-shun' is getting pretty serious, what with so many of the song writers leaving the gold-coast to go back to Tin Pan Alley.

And how can a producer slip a good little song into a talkie with nearly all the 'bar and staff' boys gone east?

And how they are composing these days in the east, with such grand numbers as *Body and Soul*, *Sweet Jennie Lee*, *Sing Something Simple*, *You're Driving Me Crazy* and *Ten Cents a Dance*. *Body and Soul* is the torch song sung by Libby Holman in "Three's a Crowd" and on a Columbia record. Helen Morgan also recorded *Body and Soul*. Helen's is a Victor record. Ruth Etting, Columbia's Sweetheart, made a record of *You're Driving Me Crazy*—and you'll be cr-azy about it.

However, our movie producers can stack up song hits one by one against their Broadway competitors. For instance, *Sing You Sinners* is one of the peppiest fox-trots in many a day. It may be old now but so is *The St. Louis Blues*, and nobody can tie that for popularity and pep. *Three Little Words* ranks with any waltz in public favor. *You Will Remember Vienna* from "Viennese Nights" is a charming ballad you just can't forget. All these songs are from pictures and can be had in sheet music and records.

It's interesting to note that, musically speaking, sophistication has departed from pictures and that once more romance stalks abroad. As witnessed by "New Moon," "Viennese Nights," and "One Heavenly Night."

In addition to *You Will Remember Vienna* from the operetta "Viennese Nights" there is *I Bring a Love Song*. Both these songs have been recorded by Leo Reisman and his Orchestra for Victor.

Evelyn Laye with her corn-flower beauty, and John Boles bring romance and lovely music to us in "One Heavenly Night." Miss Laye's voice is as beautiful

SCREENLAND'S guide to the new music from the movies

By
*Evelyn
Ballarine*

Song Bets of the Month

Just a Little Closer

Rudy Vallée and His Connecticut Yankees (Victor)

You Will Remember Vienna

Leo Reisman and His Orchestra (Victor)

Body and Soul

Sung by Libby Holman (Columbia)

Sweetheart of My Student Days

Sung by Belle Baker (Columbia)

You're Driving Me Crazy

Nick Lucas and His Orchestra (Brunswick)

If I Could Be With You

Sung by Ruth Etting (Columbia)

as her face and when she and John Boles sing *One Heavenly Night*—you actually believe it is. *Along the Road of Dreams* and *My Heart is Beating* are destined for wide-spread popularity. John Boles and Evelyn Laye are not only paired cinematically but rhythmically, too.

Wonder if John ever intends to try for grand opera? We'd hate to lose him but maybe he could troupe fifty-fifty—we mean, one opera to ten pictures. That's our idea of musical equation.

From "New Moon" with Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore there are two songs that will please you—*Wanting You* and *One Kiss*. *Lover Come Back to Me* is due for a strong come-back. This song was the hit of "New Moon," last year's stage success, and Rudy Vallée aided it by crooning it over the radio and for Victor records. And now it is being re-popularized by Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett.

Nick Lucas, 'the crooning troubadour,' whom you've seen in pictures, now has his own orchestra. Mr. Lucas and his orchestra made their 'platter' début with the popular new fox-trot *You're Driving Me Crazy*. There're two sides to every story, so they say, and there're two sides to Nick's record—the other side is *I Miss a Little Miss*—and it's a treat.

Belle Baker, another ex-movie player, is recording for Brunswick. Her newest offering is *Sweetheart of My Student Days* and *Laughing at Life*. Ruth Etting, who is one of our short-subject heroines, has recorded *Laughing at Life* for Columbia.

"The Hot Heiress" with Ben Lyon and Ona Munson, besides being a first-rate sophisticated comedy, introduced *You're the Cat's* and *Like Ordinary People Do*, two fast-moving numbers. The sheet music is published by Harms, Inc.

Although Rudy Vallée isn't in pictures now, he is still one of the most popular young men in these parts. Rudy just slays the *femmes* with his romantic tenor voice and when he sings a song it immediately becomes a big-time number.

IMAGINE BEING THE DAUGHTER OF A BACHELOR!

MARION DAVIES
PRODUCTION

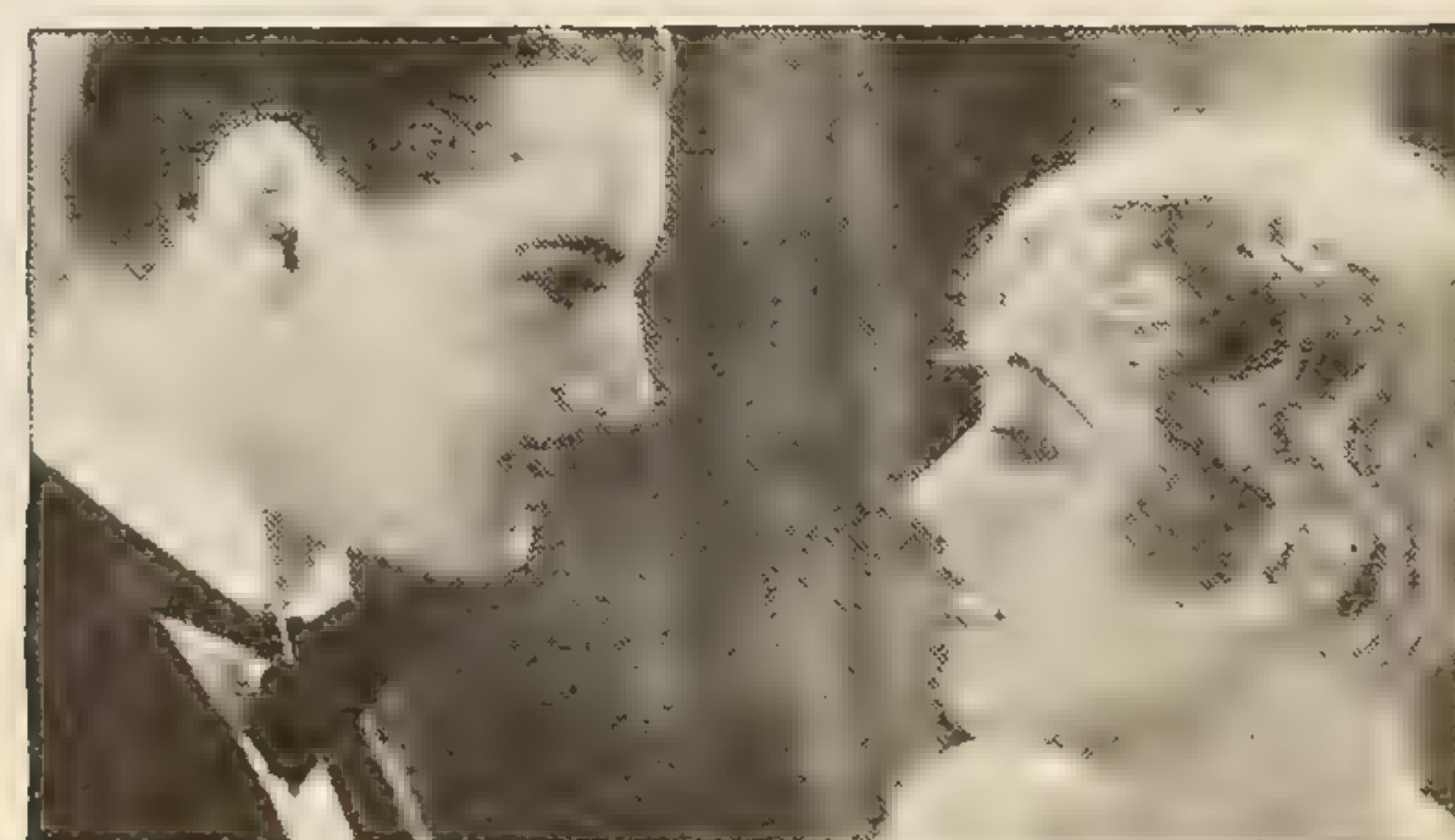


**DAVID
BELASCO**
whose famous
Broadway production
is now brought
to the talking screen

The Belasco Theatre,
New York, where
"The Bachelor Father"
first scored its
sensational triumph



She was his favorite child until he discovered she was not his child at all!



He, too, was a bachelor—but his feelings towards her were in no way paternal!

With Ralph Forbes
and C. Aubrey Smith

Based on the play by
EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER

Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD

IN THE FAMOUS BROADWAY COMEDY HIT

You won't be able to resist her any more than her bachelor father could! Here is one of the most lovable and entertaining roles ever played by America's favorite comedienne. Here is a play about a situation you have never before seen on the screen. No wonder New York applauded its wit, daring and all-around human interest!

The BACHELOR FATHER

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"





The Girl of the Month: Marlene Dietrich.

HELLEN D. Yes, they do say that some of the feminine stars of the silent drama lost out in the talkies because they were too beautiful for words. Alberta Vaughn has not passed out but is very much alive and doing her bit to entertain her public. Her next picture will be "Stella of the Circus." Alberta was born in old Kentucky, ma'am. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 103 pounds.

William V. Your selection of beautiful stars, including Janet Gaynor, Anita Page and Nancy Carroll, quite meet with my approval, but I'd add several hundred more and think my day well spent. Evelyn Brent was born in Tampa, Fla. One of her latest releases is "Madonna of the Streets." Miriam Hopkins was born in Brainbridge, Georgia. She has silvery gold hair, blue eyes, weighs 100 pounds and is the wife of Austin Parker, well-known author. She appears in "Fast and Loose," based on the stage play, "Best People."

Sharley. Many loud calls for Frank Albertson this month, since his latest picture, "Just Imagine," was released. Appearing with him in this film are John Garrick, Maureen O'Sullivan and El Brendel. Frank is young and handsome, with that *something* that simply slays the girls. He played Will Rogers' son in "So This Is London."

Peggy. You should see and hear a lot of the idol chatter I get in my mail every

day—there would be no cause for envy on your part. Phillips Holmes was *David Stone*. James Kirkwood was his brother, *Mark Stone*, and Hobart Bosworth was their father, *Ezra Stone*, in "The Devil's Holiday," with Nancy Carroll. Phillips was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., on July 22. William Janney was Mary Pickford's brother in "Coquette," her first talking picture.

A. M. B. You have your pickles mixed. In "The Mighty," starring George Bancroft and Esther Ralston, *Jerry Patterson* was played by Morgan Farley and not by Warner Oland. Mary Astor and Marian Nixon played with Richard Barthelmess in his new picture, "The Lash." Richard plays a young Spanish Don of the early California days when our Union was in its infancy.

Jean M. So you want the spotlight, do you? Now that you have it what will you do with it? Dan Healy played with Mary Eaton in "Glorifying the American

Girl." Stanley Smith is 25 years old. Charles Rogers is 25 and Gary Cooper is 29. Gary's real name is Frank J. Cooper.

Mary Eloise. One of your pet ambitions is to play in a picture with Robert Montgomery—what a break for Robert! One of his latest releases is "War Nurse" with June Walker, Anita Page, Marie Prevost, ZaSu Pitts and Robert Ames. Robert Montgomery was born May 21, 1904, in Beacon, N. Y. He is 6 feet tall, has brown wavy hair and blue eyes. His next picture will be "Inspiration" with Greta Garbo. Read the story about Bob in this issue—page 55.

Adele Van R. Has John Gilbert false teeth, do I know? If he has, he doesn't use them in pictures. Loretta Young was christened Gretchen. She was 19 years old on January 6th, 1931. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She is the wife of Grant Withers. See page 108 for addresses of your favorites—we do not give home addresses.

Jennie S. Have the big beer-and-bullet barons, where some are shot and others are half shot, gone out of pictures? No, Jennie, they are still popping up here and there. Here are a few quick-on-the-trigger films: "The Widow from Chicago" with Alice White, Edward Robinson and Neil Hamilton; "Scotland Yard" with Edmund Lowe and Joan Bennett; "The Bat Whispers" with Chester
(Continued on page 97)

Turn to page 108 for stars' addresses. On page 127 you'll find complete casts of current films. Consult these services before asking questions, please!

ASK ME

By
Miss Vee Dee

**Your informative
guide to who's
who and what's
what in screen-
land!**

This department aims to please—but if you wish an answer in the Magazine you'll have to be patient and await your turn. If you prefer a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

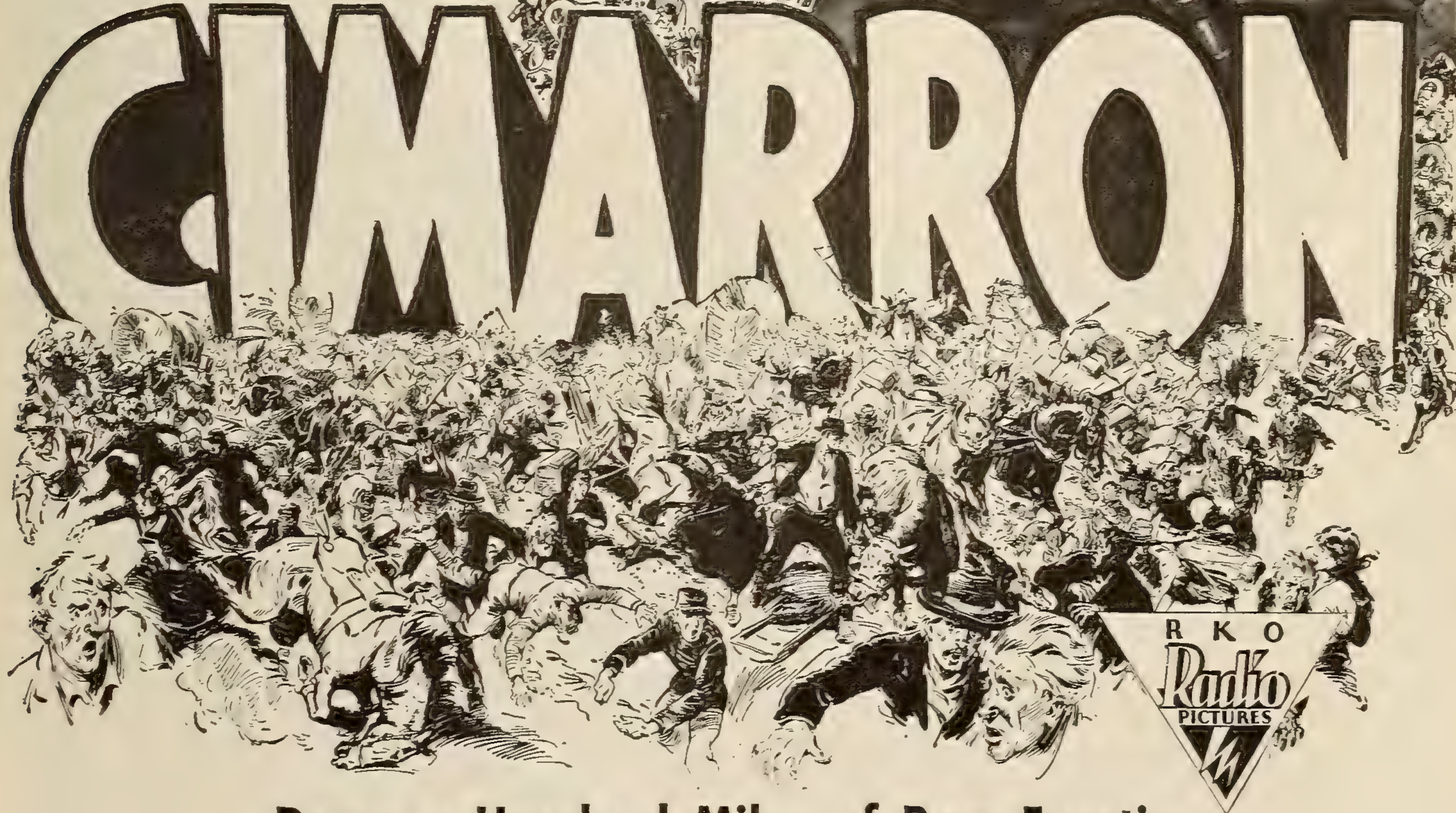
A GREAT STORY COMES THROUGH!

Earth-shaking in its
Grandeur! A Titanic
Canvas Sprung to Life!
When it sweeps to the
screen a new day dawns
in motion picture history!

▲ ▲ ▲
"THE BIRTH OF A NATION"
"THE FOUR HORSEMEN"

And Now Comes

**EDNA
FERBER'S**
Epic of Empire



**Down a Hundred Miles of Raw Frontier
Swept a Human Avalanche!**

Fifty thousand land hungry souls seeking a handful of Earth they could call their own! The weak faltered...the sick died...the strong swept on to transform a wilderness into an Empire in a day! History has never written a more dramatic chapter than the Oklahoma land rush of '89! Glamour and splendor! Courage and valor! Romance and tragedy

crowded into blazing days of battle and nights of love and adventure! A panorama of days when Yancey Cravat, two-gun poet in buckskins, roamed the West...a Titan of Empire while around him whirled the giant forces that shook the Earth as Civilization was born from a Wanton Frontier!

RKO RADIO PICTURE with RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE, ESTELLE TAYLOR, WM. COLLIER, Jr.,
▲ ▲ **NANCE O'NEILL and Thousands of Others.** ▲ ▲ **Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES** ▲ ▲

*Elmer Fryer*

MAKING UP!

Making up? No, they aren't angry. Claudia Dell is having the final touches of her make-up applied by William Gaxton for "Fifty Million Frenchmen." Note the mirrored reflection of studio paraphernalia.

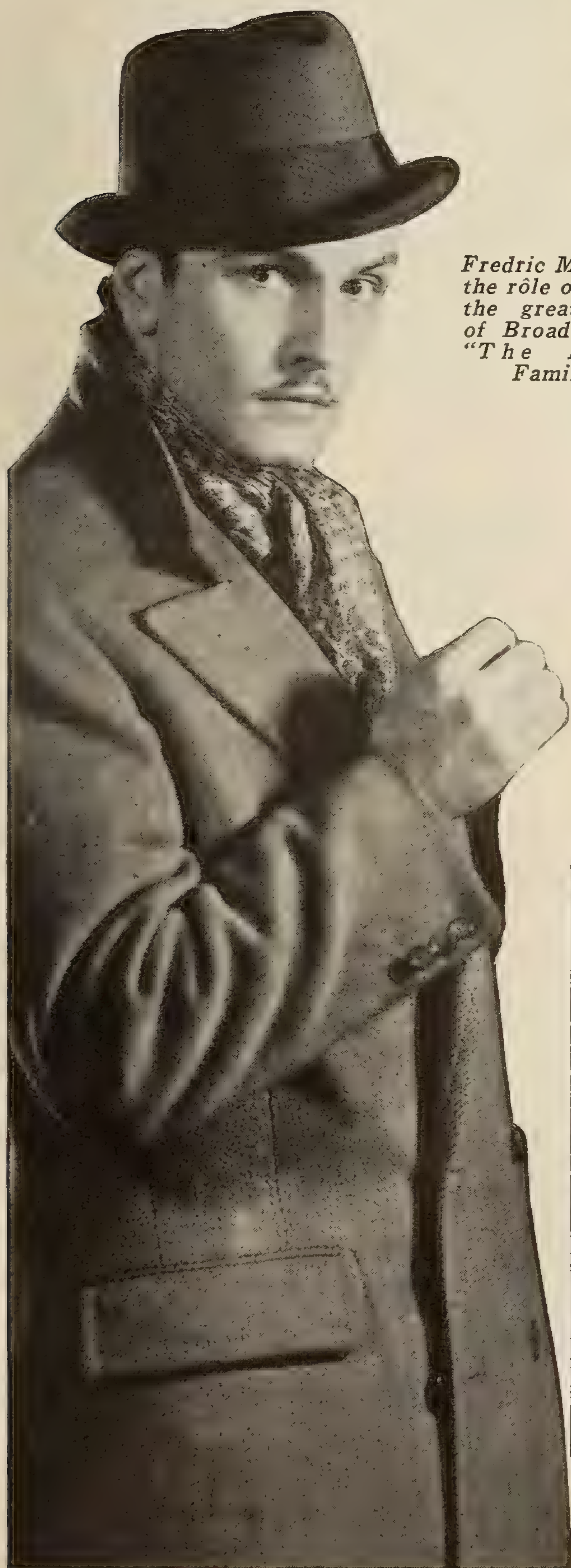
FREDRIC MARCH

WINS OUR

HONOR PAGE



Fredric March in the rôle of Tony, the great lover of Broadway, in "The Royal Family."



IT'S a mad, bad, gorgeous impersonation, Fredric March's in "The Royal Family of Broadway." A gay and audacious burlesque of a Certain Great Actor, it's the most entertaining and hilarious performance you'll find on the screens today. Of course, it's exaggerated—it's wild—but it's fun! Mr. March has been a splendid actor for many moons; but it remains for "The Royal Family" to bring him into his own. You'll like him; you'll like the picture. You'll agree with us, perhaps, that even in a screen month of such grand shows by Joan Crawford, Jannings, Dietrich, Colman, Jackie Coogan, and Douglas Fairbanks, Fredric March still earns this Honor Page!



A scene from "The Royal Family of Broadway," that charming, gay photoplay which is a credit to Messrs. Paramount and the movies at large. Ina Claire, Mary Brian, Henrietta Crosman and Fredric March as the Royal Family.

SCREEN SLANTS.

By Victor De Pauw

Near-sighted movie fan at opening of new picture:

"Please, may I have your autograph?"

The New SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE



Delight Evans

GIVE Garbo a break! Maybe you think we have. Greta is one of the two or three most famous women in the world today; she is acquiring a comfortable fortune; she has things pretty much her own way out at the Old Metro Manse in Culver City, Cal. She triumphed in talkies. She has an army of adorers whose favorite theme song is *Annie Laurie*—substituting Greta for Annie. Just the same, I feel sorry for Greta Garbo.

Go ahead and have your laugh. I stick to my sob. Greta is at once the most successful and the most hounded woman in Hollywood. Irvin Cobb's goldfish swim in shuttered solitude compared to Greta. She hasn't a moment's peace. She moved from one house to another in rapid succession because she failed to find privacy. Now, she lives in a house with a high wall, off the beaten track—and she might just as well be living in Times Square, the Crossroads of the World. Her address is a secret—only about 9,999 people know it. Not content with passing by and pointing it out to their friends, they drop in.

One free-lance fan writer, craving an interview, sent his wife and baby as advance agents. The baby was sent toddling up the garden path to engage the great one's attention. Garbo loves children, you know. The child saw Greta, played with her pet cat, and paved the way for mother. But the only words uttered by Garbo which could be handed down to posterity were: "Please go away."

Then the man of the family took matters into his own hands. He walked up the path and into Greta's back yard. Garbo was lying there in a bathing suit, taking a sun bath. She looked up at the in-

truder and asked him what he wanted. She listened with grave courtesy as he expained his errand. She drew up her robe under her chin and looked at him with those amazing eyes. He should have crawled away. But he didn't. After all, he was only human. He stood there and reiterated his request for an interview. Did Garbo lose her temper and order him off the premises, as she had a right to do? She did not. She simply rose and asked him with the greatest dignity to go—please. He did—he had to!

You'd think he'd stay away. But he knew the way now and he came back. This time he climbed Garbo's private wall with a camera and snapped pictures of her as she lay there taking her sun bath. Those pictures were never circulated. You'll never see them in this or any other magazine. They didn't mean much—just a girl in her own back yard. But the girl was Garbo—and there was quite a flurry about those snaps before they were finally squelched.

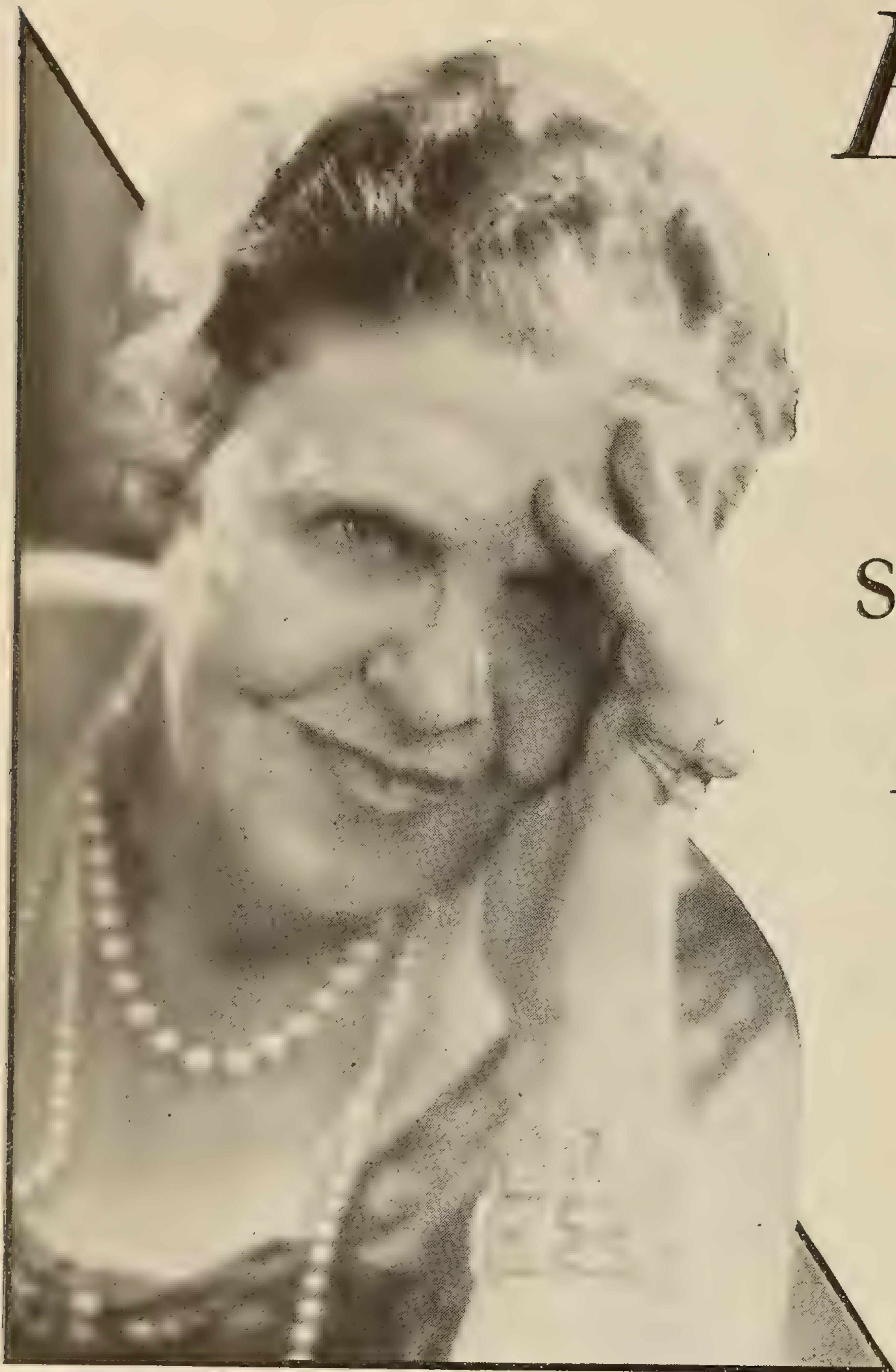
You'll say that Garbo has brought all this on herself by her refusal to see reporters, to grant interviews, to pose for home pictures. She's a famous actress—like Bernhardt, for instance, who was never exactly retiring—or Duse, and belongs to her public. She is being paid a handsome stipend to entertain that public, and so it feels it owns her, Body and Soul, in the words of the old song. And so on. Maybe! But Garbo is a wise woman. She knows how much more potent a little mystery is than a lot of publicity. Besides, she's a working girl. How would a business woman feel if at the end of a long hard day she was trailed home, pestered, spied on? She'd feel haunted! And that's how Garbo feels. As long as she's in pictures she can do nothing about it. She must swim around and around in that great big goldfish bowl. Yes—I feel sorry for Greta Garbo!

Did you know you came very near missing that film treat, Marlene Dietrich? Here's the story: when Josef Von Sternberg went to Germany to make "The Blue Angel" with Emil Jannings, he cabled back offering Gloria Swanson or Phyllis Haver the leading feminine part. Gloria couldn't accept, and Phyllis had retired to domesticity. So Von Sternberg searched until he found Marlene. And now look at her—a sensational success!

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Beginning— The **GIRL** stood on the *BURNING* *DECK*

The true life story of
America's grandest
screen artist

By
Marie Dressler

Miss Dressler as she is today—humorous, healthy, wealthy, and wise—after a forty years' battle putting salt on the tail of success.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *I wish I were, like you, reading Marie Dressler's own story for the first time! All her humor—her humanity—her heart-aches and her tremendous courage are packed in this serial. You're going to get a great kick out of this first instalment—told in Marie's own inimitable way—and there's even more fun as you go along. Have a good time!*

PART I.

I'VE given out so many interviews in my life that for once I've decided to interview myself and see what turns up. Having knocked out my teeth on one book, I can now look a comma in the tail and whisper into the ear of a question mark without flinching—at least not enough to keep me from getting *memorial* which is what seems to be expected. The only trouble is that most folks want you to go such a long way back, and I'm not sure whether the printer has enough make-up in his box for me to start at the beginning, but we'll put the questions and answer them, too—yes, sir—even if we have to go back before the days of euchre and five hundred—some fifty years before the renaissance of Marie Dressler!

First, where weren't you born? Well, I'd like to have been born in Switzerland on account of the scenery, but on second thought the scenery where you are born doesn't amount to much anyhow and it's much more beautiful and a whole lot more expensive when you have to travel to some inconvenient spot to look at it. Naples always appealed to me. I'd like to have been born there with a hot chance of getting covered with mud, but after all you run a chance of getting covered with mud anywhere, particularly if you are an actress.

Most of the places where I wasn't born would probably have thought a lot of me. They would have opened a candy parlor in my honor and called it Sweet Marie or named the big new town bridge or at least the police wagon for me, but in Cobourg, Canada, no bed is kept sacred as the one I slept on! In fact, the souvenir hunters have long ago whittled away all traces of my ancestral domain. Huh!

Well, I did some whittling myself. One of my first jobs was to whittle away my name which isn't any better if you pronounce it Lie-la or Lee-la—it's still Leila and sounds like a sick flower smells. Koerber, the massive stick that propped it up, had too unbending a look for a stage aspirant, so long before I reached the pleasant noon of twelve years, I announced to my astonished family that I was purloining the name of a German aunt. Two years later I dumbfounded them by answering a newspaper want column written by Emma

The inside account of Marie Dressler's fight for fame, told by the films' funniest woman, herself!



Here's the girl in person, standing on the burning deck! Marie Dressler in a tense moment from "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

Nevada's brother advertising for an actress! Imagine! I had worn angel wings at all the church socials so I sent him word that I was just what he was looking for and, since I asked less than fifteen dollars a week to play any and all parts, I was engaged with an older sister to chaperone me. Then began my stock company life of travelling from town to town—and I mean town—the kind of places where men learn to spit in curves and the flies get invited to meals along with everybody else.

Those were my school days. I played every rôle from *Cigarette* in "Under Two Flags" to *Katisha* in "The Mikado." I learned my job. I discovered that audiences differ. Some will laugh like fools about nothing and some are as lifeless and unresponsive as if they had just been dug up. The tendency when one faces this kind of bunch is to walk out the stage door and eat a cheese sandwich, but I found that while you have to work three times as hard to 'get' a house like this, the triumph is much greater when they do come across with a guffaw. I learned that there is a greater knack than anybody knows in putting a line over the footlights. It has to be timed just right, it has to synchronize with the business. A sure-fire laugh three hundred and sixty-five days in the year can

be killed by an amateur. He will either hurry or retard at the wrong moment, change the emphasis, twist the meaning, add or leave out just enough business to upset the balance. Then the laugh is as dead as a last year's wedding invitation. Now I get my laughs from inspiration. I can feel an audience sufficiently to shift my particular mode of attack. This comes only with experience, however. In the beginning the wise actor does not experiment after he finds where his laughs are.

Besides these valuable lessons, I discovered what it means to be in a stranded company and to borrow money from the hotel clerk to get to the next town. I learned that pleasant words too frequently cover pestiferous motives, but, most of all, I learned not to carry sore throats and corns into the lives of others. That one bit of information is worth living a lifetime to learn, but lots of folks live a lifetime and their corns and their throats just keep getting bigger and bigger—never better. Now I ask you—why try to ruin everybody's pleasure because you feel a bit off yourself? Huh! If I had to go to the gallows, I would try to think up a joke about the noose on the way. I would at least try to give the witnesses the time of their lives and I'm sure they would sincerely regret that I had to pass on, especially when I had one story left that they hadn't heard.

People think I'm funny because I can't help it, that I'm always gay because I feel that way. I've had women shake their heads and say, "I just wish I had



Min—a great character played by a great actress, in that hearty, human picture, "Min and Bill."

"If people want me to go places, if I'm popular, it's not that I'm smarter or brighter than other folks, but because until this very minute I never talked about my sorrows, my wallops, or my toothaches—and I've had toothaches, too, worse than anybody else's—my teeth are bigger!" — Marie Dressler.

your health and vitality, but ever since my operation—" well, who cares? Take this from me, and believe it. There isn't a person in the world who is really interested in you when you have a sick or a hard luck story. Everybody has one of his own that is a lot nearer and dearer to him. No matter how pathetic your yarn may be, it will always sound commonplace and uninteresting to the other fellow. Keep your troubles to yourself and grow. If you must let down, go behind your own four walls and cry. If you haven't four walls, lean on a tree. If you must tell somebody about it, pick out a ladybug or a roach. You won't worry them at all and it will do you good. Most people never let down until they get in a crowd. A lot of faces seem to give them courage. They like an audience, but there never was an audience that didn't like to be amused, and too much sob-stuff explains why so many people lead lonely lives. If you aren't welcome at the feast, maybe there's an answer. Nobody is singled out for trouble. We all have it. To learn to stand up under it is a lot more important than discovering one of these poles which aren't of use to you unless you happen to have a dog!

If people want me to go places, if I'm popular, it's not because I'm smarter or brighter than anybody else, but because until this very minute I never talked about the sad parts of my life, the wallops that have landed on me, or my toothaches, and I've had toothaches, too—worse than anybody else's—my teeth are bigger. When people say, "It's easy for you to be funny," I long for an axe.

It's no more difficult for you, or you, or you, to learn a funny story and tell it at a party than it is for me. You're just lazy and don't try to pay your way. I never have appeared in public yet that I haven't been choked with fright. I could go farther than the word fright and say terror, but I won't give into it and I see no reason why others should make knocking knees an excuse for lack of effort. This may appear rather stern. Perhaps it's not my business to go around giving boneset tea, but if I had not talked to myself as I'm talking to you I would never have kicked my lagging feet out upon the stage in the hundreds of plays in which I have appeared.

The next inevitable question is: What plays weren't you in? Well, I never to my knowledge played in "Camille" except in travesty, and

I didn't sing "Ill Trovatore" at the Met., but I may be allowed my modest belief that I might have done them no worse than some of the people who have played in them. I believe I have appeared in about everything else and everybody else thinks so, too. I never sit down in a public place with my corned beef hash nicely poised en route to be dropped on the front of my best gown that somebody does not totter toward me, bow and say, "Aren't you Miss Dressler?"

The hash lands as per expectation and the voice continues, "Didn't I see you in 'Lady Slavey?'"

Well, in nine cases out of ten, I don't know whether I was there or not. I have never kept a tooled leather scrap-book or even collected clippings about myself. There is nothing to refresh my memory on these points. The questioner's guess is as good as mine and I let it go at that. So I start with another forkful of hash, he hobbles off and we both feel better, or I do until I get the hash and find that my big personality that they like to talk about hasn't kept it warm. I always wonder if the man was as disappointed with the interview as a child I heard of at the Savoy-Plaza in New York where

I happened to be stopping. The child could not be coaxed away from the hall through which I was accustomed to pass. It finally developed that her little friend had seen Marie Dressler and she was determined to see me, too. When I finally appeared, the desk clerk said, "There's Miss Dressler now." To which the disappointed youngster replied, "Oh, is that her? Why, she looks like Aunt Carrie. I thought she was an actress."

The one play that always gets a warm response from me is "Tillie's Nightmare," because I starred in that for five years. I had been in good plays and at good salaries before, but this was something different. I could never go backward, I was 'it,' I was made! I believed the song that I sang, *Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl*. I was really happy for the first time. I had no cares, I could do all the things I had always wanted to do for my family and my friends. I was able to indulge in luxuries for myself, of which more anon. Moreover, I enjoyed that play. I derived just as much fun out of it as did the audience. My ship had come in.

From then on I sailed high. I was in demand both theatrically and socially. The



Queen Marie (Dressler) and Professor Chaplin showing the latest in dance steps—the latest, that is, when "Tillie's Punctured Romance" was filmed.

ostrich feathers on my hat were as long as any in Newport. No producer could put on a play without ordering a chair that would fall through with me. My bank-book made pleasant reading for rainy days. In fact, it was my favorite piece of literature. I regarded it, however, as only the first chapter of a long serial and, like all authors, I was sure it would grow better and better as the plot developed.

One thing I did not count upon, however, and that was that when you achieve a success, it is sometimes difficult to maintain it, because everybody has become so accustomed to thinking of you in a certain part that every other part is compared to it, usually to the detriment of the new rôle, even though it may be better. In short, you not only have to race with your competitors, but you have to beat yourself, and when you have already put all your energy into a creation, this is not simple. I never encountered another play as good as "Tillie's Nightmare," although I took part in dozens of shows thereafter for which I was adequately recompensed according to the stage salaries then paid.

When the war came, I began drawing on my bank account to finance my trips over the country selling Liberty Bonds. During one drive alone, I made forty-nine speeches in twenty-nine days. I had already met and become friendly with many society women. Now my work for the government brought me in touch with those I hadn't known before. I won't say that I didn't enjoy messing up the rows of immaculate guest towels



The end of a perfect studio day—1931. Miss Dressler with two of her best friends: Marjorie Rambeau, who played with her in "Min and Bill," and Frances Marion, who wrote the scenario.

in their Tudor, and otherwise, mansions, and in tucking the napkin under my chin in the White House. I've always derived keen enjoyment from contact with people in the public eye, for most society people are much more clever and entertaining than they are credited with being. In fact, I've always been happier with the man way up or the man way down, for these people are usually real.

Well, I had been publicity material for many years, so at this time anybody who could get on a soap box and draw a crowd was in demand. Commercially I toiled not, but I spun so fast that I didn't have time to sew the buttons on my clothes. Everybody knew me. There was not a nook anywhere in which I could hide and economize. When I entered a store, the saleswomen always rushed at me waving fancy negligees which I hadn't time to wear, but which I felt obliged to buy, particularly as I was invariably assured that these attractive articles were tremendously reduced. They were—in size. My friends looked lovely in them.

Occasionally I did notice that my favorite literature, the bank-book, didn't seem to hold the interest it had once had for me. However, this occasioned no grave concern. I felt that about tomorrow—or the day after—I would start out and emblazon my name on the billboards again.

Then came the earthquake. To my surprise there seemed nothing to do. At first I was not seriously alarmed. The right part had not come along. Tomorrow something would break. It did—the bubble. Rumors seemed to have spread around that I had retired with a fortune. I had thought of my temporary absence from the stage as a vacation, but the managers decided to make it a life sentence. 'Flapper-dumb' was sweeping the world. Stars were being snatched from the kindergarten. The continual rumblings from Broadway rose into a roar. "The public wants 'em young. Legs—legs—legs—legs!" I could stand on my head as well as on my legs, but it seemed to make no difference. Except for an occasional bit in a revue, I didn't find a real job. At first it seemed hardly good business tactics for a star to go around and sit on the crowded 'at-leisure' benches (Continued on page 114)



Merry Marie as she looked nine years ago when she was making a headline appearance on the big-time vaudeville circuit.

SUFFERING *for their* ART!

Three brave little women who are martyrs to Art—who's he?

Those good old three guesses are no use in this case. You'd never suspect that this awfully, awfully wholesome person—left—is Marlene Dietrich in disguise. Cheer up—she looks more like herself in other scenes of "Dishonored."



Ruth Chatterton, left, goes drab and tragic in "The Right to Love." But Ruth has no right to get herself up like this—even for Art.

Speaking of suffering for one's art—and we were, weren't we?—Mary Pickford puffs a big black cigar in "Kiki." Mary!



TIPS on TEMPTING

from

Kay Francis

*As told to
Marie House*



Once Kay Francis had a husband—and she got up at five in the morning to cook his breakfast! (We don't expect you to believe it.)

WE'VE learned about men from the movies.

And about women. Husbands. Wives. Night clubs. Racketeers. Foreign legions. Orgies. We've seen gorgeous bathtub sets that looked like de millions. The movie girls wore slinking long skirts and did without hips—the fashion world finds itself hipless, if possible. Sin is garish. Virtue triumphant. The birds sing, dogs talk, and every woman can get her man whether she belongs to the mounted police or not.

That's reel life!

We see slim sirenic creatures like Kay Francis oozing lure and sophistication and men fall like tenpins and we have a yen to go out and do likewise. We vision orchids by the carloads and sorting over broken hearts every morning with the breakfast mail. We beg the barber for the same hair cut. We do without cream puffs and potatoes *au gratin*. We acquire a husky voice and an alluring laugh. We become sophisticated, witty, devastating. And it doesn't work at all.

Not in real life.

Oh Kay, we wail, why? Why can't we, too, be lovely and alluring and—well, just a little bit tempting? Isn't that what you did in "Gentlemen of the Press," in "The Virtuous Sin?" Didn't Ronald Colman love you enough in "Raffles" to give up stealing, and William Powell give up gambling in "Street of Chance?"

There's Kay Francis now. There in that long clinging black lace frock with black evening wrap embroidered in gold *fleur de lis*, just off the set of "Ladies' Man" (William Powell's newest picture). Eating a big lunch with strawberries and whipped cream. Can you bear it? Lets ask her!

"In the first place," says Kay thoughtfully, munching a big fat

lamb chop—(we moan. Look at them—er, those—well, *that* figure!)"—"when you play an alluring lady in the movies, you do just what the script tells you. You get your man because the story is written that way. The director tells him to fall and he *falls*! Simple isn't it?

"But in real life I don't believe a woman could make a man love her, if he wasn't interested. No doubt if she set about it and concentrated, she could get a man for a certain length of time. But not permanently. Sooner or later he would stray. You see, the movie ends before that time!

"If a man and a woman were really in love with one another—if you loved a man and he loved you—you would just be yourself, that's all. You would actually be interested in him. And sincere. You wouldn't have to act it. I believe a man appreciates sincerity in a woman more than any other thing."

Then you wouldn't act the way you do in a movie—in real life?

Kay is emphatic. She would not. She does not.

So, we can't go about putting on an act like the movie girls—and be popular. Here's what we should do:

(Continued on page 107)

**Oh, what this girl
doesn't know about
getting her man!**

Does Education

How many screen stars
Quick, now! You don't
better read this story,
how much a college
with winning

By Alma

The famous stars
on this left-hand
page never went to
college—but they
got along!

THREE years ago a little society girl applied to Colleen Moore to get into the movies.

"From now on," said Colleen, "a higher standard of education will be required for pictures. Go back to college, graduate with honors, and then come back and see me again."

Now that was before the advent of talkies, before the cultivated voice and good diction were important, before films had become more sophisticated. But Colleen was a good prophet.

Today there are more college educations in motion pictures than otherwise. True, the dean of them all, Charlie Chaplin, was raised in a work-house school, for the children of indigents, and Mary Pickford received her education largely from mamma, between scenes in a stage dressing room, and Gloria Swanson barely managed to get through school, but these are the glamorous exceptions that prove the rule. And you watch Charlie's boys, Gloria's children and Mary's niece go to college when they are old enough!

Doug Fairbanks went to the Colorado School of Mines and to Harvard, but Harold Lloyd never got anywhere near a college. Although Constance Bennett never went to college she had the advantage of three ladies' seminaries, the last as a polisher in Paris. Edmund Lowe, for all his hard-boiled rôles, graduated from Santa Clara University, as did George O'Brien. Charlie Farrell went to Boston University two years but did not complete the course. Mary Duncan graduated from Cornell, Kenneth MacKenna from Columbia, N. Y., Jose Mojica

The Swedish Academy of Dramatic Art was Garbo's only alma mater.

Valentino's education did not reach collegiate heights.

Dancing—not dictionaries—brought Joan Crawford fame!

Charlie Chaplin 'graduated' from the London slums.

Gloria Swanson is an alumna of the Sennett Bathing School.

Mary Pickford was tutored by her mother back-stage, between scenes.



HELP? ~

are college graduates?
know? Then you'd
which tells you just
education has to do
screen success

Whitaker

The players on
this page had col-
lege educations.
And they've done
pretty well, too!

from Mexico City's university, Lee Tracy from Union Col-
lege, Schenectady, N. Y., John Garrick, from Brighton Col-
lege, England, and Rex Bell from Ohio State College.

The late Milton Sills was a professor at Columbia and when
he first joined screenland, was joshed unmercifully. But now
studios almost frown if new comers to the game cannot claim
some sort of a superior education.

Hugh Trevor, now being starred by RKO, went to Columbia,
Harvard, Townsend Harris, Riverside and Collegiate, but that
does rather look as though Hughs' efforts towards culture were
not sustained long at a time. Fredric March went to the Uni-
versity of Wisconsin, and received the presidency of the senior
class. Norman Foster calls Carnegie Tech his Alma Mater.

June MacCloy, Paramount's new find, had a year at the
University of Michigan, but was decoyed away with an offer
from George White for his "Scandals." Charlie Rogers had
three years at the University of Kansas. Charles Starrett, seen
in "The Royal Family," graduated from Dartmouth. Leon
Errol went to Sydney University in Australia.

Skeet Gallagher studied law at Indiana University. Stuart
Erwin is a University of California boy. Martin Burton left
Indiana University when he met Ina Claire on a vacation and
decided he had to rush on the stage right away. This young
man will be seen in numerous pictures for Paramount during
the coming year.

Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor, was at Princeton when a di-
rector was there taking college scenes, so that ended Phillips'

*Dick Bar-
thelmess is a
Psi Upsilon
from Trin-
ity College.*



*Dorothy Jor-
dan majored
in music at
Southwest-
ern Univer-
sity.*



*Lew Ayres
is a 'near-
grad' of the
University
of Arizona.*



*Mary Dun-
can has a
Bachelor of
Arts degree
from Cor-
nell.*



*Columbia University wants
credit for creditable Adolphe
Menjou.*



*Phillips Holmes was at
Princeton until the movies
won him.*



Columbia, New York, and Cornell all claim Louis Wolheim.

Fredric March got a 'sheep-skin' from Wisconsin State College

Edmund Lowe is an alumnus of Santa Clara University, Cal.

Charles Bickford, the rough-neck, won glory at Massachusetts Tech.

THESE GOOD ACTORS ARE ALL COLLEGE BOYS!

college education. Frances Dee, seen with Chevalier in "Playboy of Paris," had two years at the University of Chicago. Gary Cooper is a graduate of Grinnell, Iowa. Clive Brook shone at the Dulwich College in England, the same college P. G. Wodehouse attended. Regis Toomey is a Sigma Chi of Pittsburgh University.

In fact, in compiling this list of college educations, I found it would be infinitely easier to write a story about those who had missed out on this used-to-be luxury.

Why, even little Lupe Velez graduated from Lake Convent, San Antonio, Texas, and those convents certainly do know how to educate youngsters. John Boles graduated from the University of Texas, and Lew Ayres nearly graduated from the University of Arizona. Genevieve Tobin, Universal's new find, has all the polish that the *Institute de l'Etoile* of Paris could give her.

Lawrence Grant acquired wisdom from a private tutor at Bulsden Manor, Cambridge, in England. John Davidson graduated from Columbia University. Conrad Nagel won a Bachelor of Oratory degree at Highland College, Des Moines, Iowa, which he uses to good purpose as vice-president of the Motion Picture Academy. Julia Faye went to the University of Illinois. Little Dorothy Jordan is a graduate of the Southwestern University where she specialized in music and the arts. Reginald Denny went to St. Francis Xavier's College in England. Harry Carey was a credit to the University

of New York. Johnny Mack Brown took the general arts course and shone in 'All-American' football at the University of Alabama.

Charles Bickford may look a husky rough-neck but he won glory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in a civil engineering course. George Huston attended Rutgers University, and Lottice Howell graduated from the Women's College of Alabama. Adolphe Menjou is a Cornell University man, and Lester Vail a Stanford man.

Little Evelyn Knapp, now winning so much success, finished up at the University of California, after attending a Kansas college. Donald Cook was University of Oregon, and Jack Whiting, University of Pennsylvania.

Anthony Bushell had a highly aristocratic education, Magdalen and Hartford at Oxford, England, where his people fondly hoped to make an Episcopalian minister of him. He became class president, captain of the cricket team, rowed in his college eight and is generally quite a loss to the church. Charles Butterworth is a Notre Dame man, and Louis Wolheim attended New York, Columbia, and Cornell Universities. Louis cannot possibly be as rough as he looks, now can he? Yet his ugly mug has been his fortune.

Ivan Lebedeff was educated at the Russian court and at the University of St. Petersburg, where he trained for the diplomatic service. (Continued on page 102)



Charles Rogers had three years at the University of Kansas.

John Mack Brown is from the University of Alabama.

Conrad Nagel won his degree at Highland College, Iowa.

University of Texas claims honors for the singer, John Boles.

Shake hands with Kent Douglass who made his film bow in "Paid," with Joan Crawford.



Marian Marsh and Edward Morgan, brother and sister, are new players.

Martin Burton makes a first screen appearance in "Confessions of a Co-ed."



MORE NEW FACES!

AND still they come! A brace of potential picture headliners is seen in Marian Marsh and Edward Morgan, brother and sister, seventeen and eighteen years old. They're ex-Hollywood High School students trying their luck on the Warner Brothers' lot where they are regarded as future star material. Marian's first part was for Pathé, and there was a little rôle in "Whoopee." Warners signed her for a contract and changed her name. They tried her out in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," then loaned her for the stage play "Young Sinners" for the summer. Here she received such wonderful reviews that—well, watch out for Marian. She slightly resembles Dolores Costello and has a charming accent. She was born in Trinidad, West Indies.

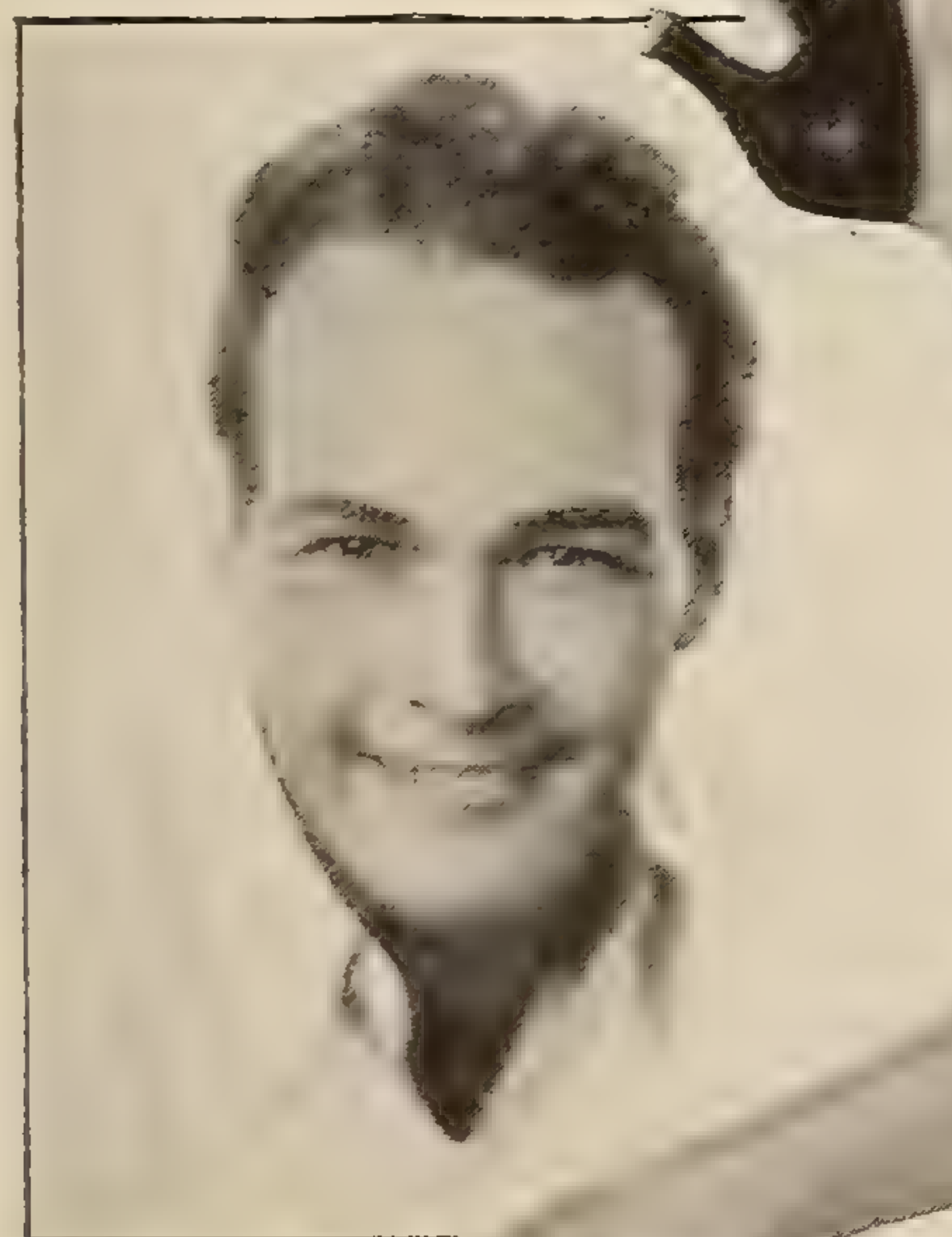
Brother Edward played in "Sporting Youth" for Universal, then Warners gave him a contract for "Men of the Sky" and "Ex-Mistress."

Of all the young players starting out at this time, Joan Blondell looks like a mighty fine
(Continued on page 109)



Another new girl—Launa Walters.

Edward Woods, who film-débuted in "Mothers Cry."



A stage big-timer, Genevieve Tobin, is knocking them over at Universal.

Meet a grand girl—Joan Blondell, real trouper and real comedienne—on the stage since she was a baby.





Arline Judge



Anthony Kemble Cooper

The Discoveries *of the* Month

Every month we'll tell about the most promising newcomer. This time, there are two!

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD Arline Judge is on the high road to glory. She left a convent for the Broadway stage, where she scored in Ruth Selwyn's 9:15 Revue and the Second Little Show. After a screen test she was signed to a five-year contract by Radio Pictures. Arline is just about five feet two and weighs exactly one hundred pounds—a brunette with a sense of humor. She will play an ingénue-comedy rôle in one of Radio's forthcoming films. Success is predicted for Arline Judge.

YOUNGEST member of the famous Kemble Cooper family of English stage actors, Anthony was born in 1908. Educated in England, he made his stage début in America. He has played in Shakespeare, stock, and modern drama and comedy. This past season he scored in "His Majesty's Car" with Miriam Hopkins. Anthony Kemble Cooper has fair hair and brown eyes, is five feet nine and one-half inches tall, dashing, debonair. He's having screen tests and you'll be seeing him soon.

George Arliss

SAYS

"SILENT PICTURES WILL NEVER COME BACK!"

"I never considered them an art," goes on Mr. Arliss, and reveals why. Now, Mr. Chaplin—what do you think of that?

By Gray Strider

"SILENT pictures will never come back as a recognized entertainment," said George Arliss upon his arrival in New York from a holiday in England, accompanied by his wife and his faithful manservant, Jenner. But unaccompanied, because of a Government ruling, by his beloved parrot, Dinkybits, who had to remain an unwilling resident of Mr. Arliss' country place at St. Margaret's Bay on the southeast coast of the 'tight little isle.'

Looking younger than any man has the right to look after forty gruelling years on the stage, serene as always, with the same gay twinkle in his eye and the same shiny monocle over it, the great actor smiled and stroked the knee of his soft home-spun suit, with the finest shaped masculine hand gracing the American stage—Mr. John Barrymore's not excepted.

"I have made a number of silent pictures," George Arliss continued. "Among them, 'The Devil,' and silent versions of both 'Disraeli' and 'The Green Goddess,' but I never considered silent pictures an art. It was only the development of talking films that elevated the screen from a primitive and almost negligible source of artistic enter-



An exceedingly rare portrait of George Arliss. Why rare? Don't you miss the monocle?

tainment to a serious and perfectly legitimate branch of the dramatic art."

"A primitive and almost negligible source of artistic entertainment"—what do you think of *that*, you silent picture die-hards? And I wonder what challenge Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin—the last defender of silent picture days—would hurl at Mr. Arliss' words?

But since Mr. Arliss has the rostrum for this morning, let's hear him in full before we pass judgment.

"I think silent pictures will never come back," the gifted Arliss went on, "because they never were an art. There is no getting away from that. They may have been beautiful—and often were. They may have, in certain cases, achieved fine results. But when all was said and done, they were simply a series of photographs. Fundamentally, as I said before, primitive entertainment. Let's recall one of the greatest authors we know—Shakespeare. You don't remember the grave scene from 'Ham' (Continued on page 125)



Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss at tea. You saw Mrs. Arliss in "Disraeli"—remember?



She Gave Satisfaction!

Evelyn Laye made electricians and property men and even authors and producers happy! The lovely lady from London proved herself a fine trouper and an excellent sport, says Mr. Bromfield, while toiling in her first talking-singing picture, "One Heavenly Night."

Louis Bromfield

Talks about Evelyn Laye

Ssh! Listen to a best-seller talking about his Hollywood heroine!

By
Louis Bromfield

BREAKING into work in Hollywood is no easy

job for a writer, actor or director, and being a stage star in London and New York doesn't make it any easier, because a star has to work many times as hard as an extra girl and has to learn many more new tricks. The bigger you are the worse it is. And for the actor, making a picture is all a pretty cold-blooded undertaking after the excitement of stage rehearsals and the warmth of a response from an audience.

Work in Hollywood from the writer's point of view can be colossally unsatisfactory and there are plenty of discouraging moments when bit by bit you see your idea being transformed into something that seems new and unfamiliar. At one moment in the writing of "One Heavenly Night" which, by the way, is not the author's title, when everything seemed going a little more wrong than usual, Evelyn Laye arrived in Hollywood to play the star rôle. I knew her from the front of the house as a beautiful woman, a fine actress and an excellent singer, all in all one of the most charming artists of our day. But I did not know whether she was a comedienne or whether temperamentally she bore any relation to the character I had created.

She arrived, and the following few days were an ordeal for the new star. She came alone to Hollywood, knowing only two or three people in the place. The California atmosphere, so different from that of London and New York, made trouble with her voice. Then, when that was cured, there was new trouble with the recording which turned out to be a question of machinery. It had nothing to do with her voice or her singing, but it was nerve-racking while it lasted. She had to learn a new technique and to cope with many temperamental difficulties among the high-priced writers, musicians and actors who had fingers in the pie. Everything was ready for her to go to

work. Inexperienced, she had to plunge in without even taking a deep breath. The picture was a big and expensive production, and an atmosphere of nervousness enveloped the whole scene.

And then it was that Miss Laye proved herself a fine trouper and an excellent sport. She went to work doing all that was asked of her, even using the time between shots not to rest but to vocalize. She became the favorite of electricians and property men. With the director she was gentleness itself. What were these tales of temperamental prima donnas who demanded that everything be changed to suit their whims? Evelyn Laye, one of the most beautiful and popular stars of light opera, was a nice girl without airs of any kind—hard working, considerate of everyone's feelings and intelligent enough to realize that a talking picture production, even when everything runs smoothly, is trial enough to throw every one concerned into a state of nervous collapse.

She made electricians and property men happy and, what is of much less importance, she gave satisfaction to the author, for she appeared to grasp at once what the story was about. She understood the character. She looked the part radiantly.

And she proved herself one of the best modern comediennes, possessed of the flawless technical equipment and experience without which light comedy cannot come to life.

And magic of magic the author heard her read lines the way they sounded in his head when he wrote them. It was like seeing a character come to life.

Miss Laye has gone back to London to win new laurels, but Hollywood, I am sure, is awaiting her return impatiently.

She is willing to work cruel hours and keep her good humor. She is a nice girl and completely satisfactory. She does her work ably and conscientiously.

In short, she is the picture producer's dream of a star.

The Latest Hollywood Sensation!

An author actually endorses an actress' portrayal of his brain-heroine! Believe it or not, Louis Bromfield thinks Evelyn Laye made his character come to life.

"She understood the story!" raves the amazed author. "She looked the part. And she read lines the way they sounded in my head when I wrote them." What a girl!



Garbo herself! The star who—according to Mr. Cheasley—can't be bothered to be interested in possible competition. She's above it!

Is Marlene Dietrich really Greta Garbo's rival? Will one great star eclipse the other—or will each hold her own? The Garbo-Dietrich controversy is the hottest thing in Hollywood today—and here's an article forecasting the futures of these two brilliant personalities

MOST movie-goers by this time have had the opportunity to view Marlene Dietrich, the subject of SCREENLAND's cover this month, in her two successes, "Morocco" and "Blue Angel."

Similarly we have all had plenty of opportunity to read the opinions of many writers who have coupled the names of Dietrich and Garbo and have attempted to gauge the future destinies of these two outstanding players.

Those more interested in Garbo have taken issue with the newly made Dietrich fans, and so it seems just the right thing to turn to the ancient science of Numbers, which is widely known under the name of Numerology, with the hope that such cold calculating things as numbers, which are bound to hold ideas so much more impersonal than those we are hearing expressed by either side, may reveal just how well founded is this controversy, what real basis there is for making the comparison in the first place, or whether it is just another publicity stunt.

The numbers in the birth names and dates of these

DIETRICH'S *on* GARBO'S



Cheasley Says: "Dietrich will be able will continue to hold a rather exclusive hold sadness; Dietrich's have a hidden they share would be unlikely to create the same basic

personalities will give us the exact truth of the whole matter, telling as they do whether the inherent talents and abilities are of the same or of a different quality than that suggested by the style or portrayal which both Garbo and Dietrich seemed to have been directed to assume.

Since Garbo came to Hollywood she has maintained a style of acting that has remained unique. A style that seemed to have no precedent and to be unlikely to be duplicated even in part, until Marlene Dietrich came along.

SHADOW PATH!



to appeal to a wider public, but Garbo place upon the screen. Garbo's eyes twinkle of fun. The number 7 which any personal jealousy. Both have moods and ideals!"

Immediately a comparison was to be expected. Both come from life in Europe and bring with them all that this means in the field of the drama, whether portrayed on the screen or the stage.

Just what does this mean? Why, first of all, an entirely different set of life values than they could have received in modern America. Secondly, religion is taught in the grade schools of the countries where they were born and raised, instilling the mental habit of reverence if not any definite religious belief. Thirdly, a kind of discipline in the home was enjoyed, where young



Dietrich! As a shadow on the Garbo path, says the numerologist, her real capacities will never be realized. She should be herself, always!

What does Numerology say about Garbo and Dietrich? This amazing analysis penetrates the characters, careers, and destiny of these two stars, who, strangely enough, share the same number—7—as the keynote of their deeper natures

By
Clifford W. Cheasley

folks must take second place to their elders, where correction and often discouragement await the youthful impulse toward careless expression. Thus early expression denied is driven deeply into the nature and in the cases of the really talented is made a hard-rock formation upon which a capacity for portrayal of human emotions reaches to greater heights in maturity. Not hard to create a Garbo or a Dietrich type with such a background, whereas in the new world of America, where the circumstances of birth, child training, education and opportunity are devoted to bringing youthful impulse to the surface, the same creation would be utterly impossible.

In applying the scale of measurement used by Numerology to the name and dates of Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich a numerical basis for some comparison is immediately observed when we note that the 'Ideality' number in each name is the mysterious, mystic, subjective 7, which always plays such an important part in the temperament of most successful stage and screen people, and which my readers will recall figured so definitely in the analysis of Ann Harding in January's SCREENLAND.



Here's a good way to compare those two sirens, Garbo and Dietrich. Left, a scene of Greta with Bob Montgomery from her new film, "Inspiration." Right, Marlene Dietrich in "Dishonored," with Victor McLaglen playing the part Gary Cooper was to have had. They're alike, and yet—



This number 7 appearing where it does, enables me to say that both Garbo and Dietrich share an outlook upon life that is aloof, poetic, slightly indifferent to ordinary social values and human interests, but keenly alive to what is deepest in art, in mysticism; to the joys of thought and meditation and of being alone.

The fact that their sense of values is different from most of the people they are thrown with, causes them to be little understood and like all those who have 7 for the 'Ideality' number, it is too much trouble for them to explain, for they have learned that the more they attempt to explain their mental positions, the more they are likely to be misunderstood and ridiculed. Seven being a very shrinking and sensitive number causes them for their own peace of mind to protect themselves behind a veil of deeper silence, and outer pleasantness that while it does not mean a thing, at least keeps them out of useless arguments!

Analyzing a little more closely the number 7 which is the 'Ideality' number of both the names of Garbo and Dietrich I see, however, that there is a small difference in the value of the individual name numbers which I added together to produce the total of 7. In the case of Greta Garbo the 'Ideality' 7 is arrived at through the addition of 6 and 1, making 7, and in the case of Marlene Dietrich by 11-5, making 16 or 7.

According to Numerology this is where the parallel between these two players would begin to diminish, for a 7 arrived at by 11 and 5 has more fun, ingenuity and resourcefulness hidden in it than a 7 arrived at by a 6 and a 1.

There are basic moods, ideals and likes shared by Garbo and Dietrich, which will give to both their portrayals a common undertone of poise, repression, sensitiveness, refinement and mystery largely derived from inhibited fears of the number 7. (Continued on page 118)



Lorna Moon, who never lived to see the picture made from her book, "Dark Star."

The Real Story behind a Great Picture



A scene from "Min and Bill," with Marjorie Rambeau and Marie Dressler.



Frances Marion, who wrote "Min and Bill" from her friend's tragic novel.

THERE'S a story of Hollywood heartbreak behind the picture, "Min and Bill"—a story of real life more touching than any you've seen on the screen. It concerns Frances Marion, Hollywood's highest paid scenario writer, and her friend, Lorna Moon. Lorna—a gay, charming, much beloved writer—was dying, but with an astonishing gameness she kept right on writing, and her book, "Dark Star," was the re-

sult, a highly tragic novel, most unsuitable for the screen. But her friends, chief among them Frances Marion, pretended to buy the film rights to the book and kept Lorna Moon in funds to the day of her death. In "Dark Star" *Min* and *Bill* are minor characters, and Miss Marion seized upon them to sell the story, which Lorna Moon was never to see. Now "Min and Bill" has been hailed—and deservedly—as a great picture.

PET PARTS *of the* STARS

Here they are in the rôles they most enjoyed playing. Check up and see if these are the parts in which you liked them best!



It's entirely fitting that Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor will always consider their rôles in "Seventh Heaven" their favorites. Charlie as Chico, Janet as Diane—beloved and unforgettable! No wonder we loved them in the parts—they loved the characters themselves!





Clara's favorite part was Alverna in "Mantrap," one of her first silent successes for Paramount. She liked the character 'because she was mischievous!'

CLARA BOW chooses "Mantrap"

Below, Clara in a scene from "Mantrap" with Percy Marmont. Remember this film? The star says it gave her an opportunity to be natural—it had everything!



CLIVE BROOK'S
Favorite Rôle:
Heliotrope Harry
in
"FORGOTTEN
FACES"

Mr. Brook liked his part in "Forgotten Faces" because it was a real chance for characterization—more to be prized by an actor of Clive's calibre than close-ups!

Do you recall the story, in which Clive Brook played Heliotrope Harry in his twenties and then in his forties? Here's a scene with Olga Baclanova, the simmering Russian who was his leading lady in "Forgotten Faces."





Barthelmess Prefers
"The DAWN PATROL"

Says Dick: "I liked the spirit of adventure in the story and the rôle of Dick Courtney, which permitted me to put something on the screen I had not done before."



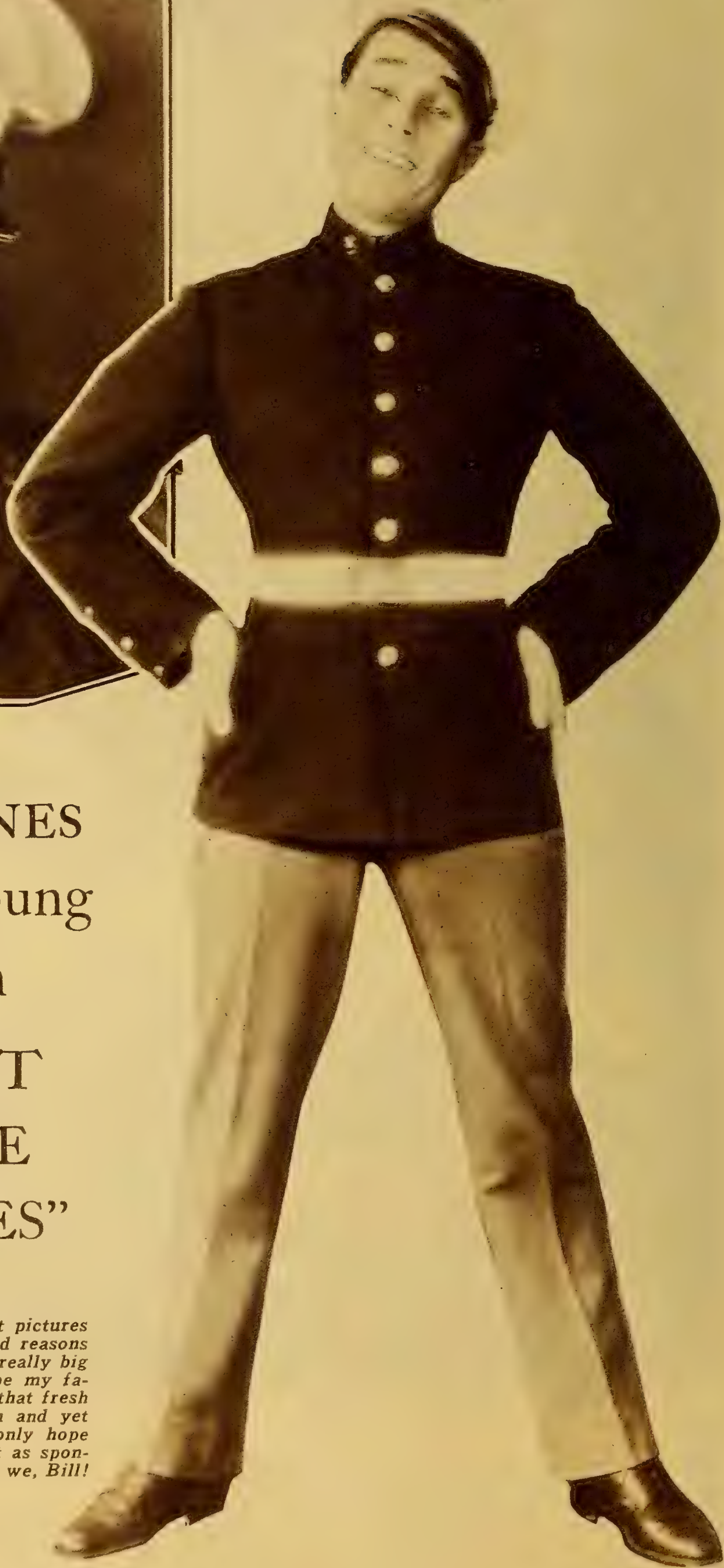
"Lou is my pet," says Dorothy. "I liked her style—hard-boiled, but with that good old-fashioned heart of gold. Besides, 'The Barker' was my first talkie."

Dorothy Mackaill Selects
Lou in "THE BARKER"



BILL HAINES
Picks the Young
Marine in
"TELL IT
TO THE
MARINES"

William Haines goes back to silent pictures for his favorite rôle, and gives good reasons for his choice. "This was my first really big part and it will probably always be my favorite. It was a lot of fun playing that fresh boy. You were annoyed with him and yet you couldn't help liking him. I only hope that some day I'll find another part as spontaneous and refreshing!" And so do we, Bill!





“I LIKED
‘LITTLE OLD
NEW YORK’
BEST!” *says*
MARION DAVIES

It was Marion's first boy rôle, and her most successful. "Ever since I played it," Miss Davies declares, "I've been trying to find other parts affording similar opportunities for a boyish masquerade. Some day I hope to make this picture over as a talkie." Do you notice how many of the stars select silent rôles for their pets?

Loretta Young's Favorite:

Marsinah in "KISMET"

"Now don't think I believe I'm the reincarnation of Marsinah, because I don't!" laughs Loretta. "'Kismet' is my favorite picture because it gave me the great privilege of playing with Otis Skinner, who taught me tricks of dramatic technique I didn't know before."



Loretta likes to learn. She says that Mr. Skinner's patience and lack of temperament was a lesson to everyone who worked in "Kismet." "Besides," adds little Miss Young, "Marsinah danced—and I love to dance!"



Ramon Novarro's Choice: "BEN HUR"



"Ben Hur" was always one of Ramon's favorite characters in literature, so it was a keen pleasure to him to bring the part to the screen.



"Never shall I forget that chariot race!" says Novarro. "Those scenes were a real thrill. Ben Hur became a real person to me and he will always be my favorite rôle."

Novarro says of "Ben Hur": "He was an almost perfect union of the spiritual and the physical, his devotion and tenderness and loyalty being allied with a fearless ambition and courage."



Norma says: "Jerry marks a sort of milestone in my picture career as she was the first smartly sophisticated and thoroughly modern girl I'd ever played. She was such a real person that it was a pleasure to bring her to life!" Above, Norma with Chester Morris.



Norma Shearer's Pet Part: "THE DIVORCÉE"



"Because it was my first sympathetic lead in films," explains Miss Francis, "and a welcome change from siren parts."



Kay Francis chooses "STREET of CHANCE"

As the wife who tried to save her husband from a gambler's death, Kay Francis played her favorite rôle in "Street of Chance," with William Powell.



DOUG JR. says of his rôle of *Douglas Scott* in "The Dawn Patrol": "It was the chance of a lifetime! Dick Barthelmess gave me the chance, and the success of the picture brought me my new contract!"



NANCY CARROLL

Has Two Favorites!



Nancy as the chorus girl in "The Shopworn Angel" which she liked because it was her first emotional rôle.

And because it was highly emotional, Miss Carroll also chooses the manicurist of "The Devil's Holiday."

And thereby cheats a little on her fellow stars, who only picked one! But Nancy says she can't choose between her part in the silent film, "The Shopworn Angel," and her rôle in her finest talkie, "The Devil's Holiday."



Above, with Phillips Holmes in "The Devil's Holiday," Nancy's pet talking picture. Left, a scene with Gary Cooper from "The Shopworn Angel" which she selects as her favorite silent film.



It's no surprise to hear that Miss Chatterton selected her rôle in "Sarah and Son" as her favorite—and without a moment's hesitation, too! She wouldn't go into the subject and divulge her reasons for her choice—but it's reasonable to assume she likes Sarah best because it marked her greatest screen success so far.



Above, Ruth Chatterton in one of the memorable mother-love scenes with Philippe De Lacey in Miss Chatterton's favorite film, "Sarah and Son."

RUTH CHATTERTON chooses *Sarah* in "SARAH and SON"

Below, the star shared with Fredric March some of the bright moments of her pet picture. Ruth prefers Sarah even to "Madame X" as her most interesting characterization.



'Diana in 'Our Dancing Daughters' is my favorite rôle,' says Joan Crawford, "because she was my first real part and earned stardom for me. Then, too, she was so gay—blatant, of course, but with the blatancy of youth and fearlessness. I'll always love Diana!"



JOAN'S PET:
"OUR DANCING
DAUGHTERS"





GARY COOPER'S Favorite Rôle: "THE VIRGINIAN"

When he was a boy Gary read the book many times, and saw the play of "The Virginian." He always wanted to play it. Naturally, since it realized that kid ambition of his, "The Virginian" will always be his pet part.

Gary likes to play opposite Mary Brian because she's a grand trouper and a sweet girl—no nonsense about her! And she was his leading lady in "The Virginian," which made it all the nicer!



Romance RIDES AGAIN!



Valentino in
"The Son of
the Sheik,"
riding the
beautiful
dappled gray
Arabian stal-
lion, 'Ja-
daan.'

'Jadaan,' the last steed ever ridden by Valentino, leads another movie charge

DOES the romance of Valentino, the great screen lover, ride again?

Does 'Jadaan'—the famous Arabian stallion ridden by Valentino in his last picture, "The Son of the Sheik," feel the spirit of this great screen lover on his back once more as he dashes across the lonely Arizona desert with fire in his nostrils and the great wind behind his silky ears?

To us, of this every-day, work-a-day world, such a thing sounds incomprehensible. Yet there have been more than ordinarily intelligent men who claim that surrounding this physical world of ours there is another world, the barrier to which can be easily crossed by those who have the sensitiveness and the intuition. Such men as Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Conan Doyle, the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, and many others, have openly made this assertion. And only recently Director Herbert Brenon

and some other members of his troupe who invaded the Sonora desert, near Yuma for location shots on "Beau Ideal," claimed that Rudolph Valentino's spirit seemed to ride again with that production.

It all happened this way. Mr. Brenon was directing "Beau Ideal," the sequel to "Beau Geste," and in his demands for realism he wished not only the same principals but even the same horses which were used in the former screen success. Arrangements were therefore made with the well-known W. K. Kellogg Arabian Horse Ranch at Pomona, California, for the use of two of their rare pure-breds. 'Jadaan' and 'Raseyn,' whose family trees go back to those splendid horses bred by the Bedouin tribes of the Arabian desert, were selected.

'Jadaan' had already established a name for himself in motion picture
(Continued on page 98)

The Kellogg Ranch at Pomona, California, where a third of all the pure Arabian horses in America have been assembled.



Left: Thoroughbreds on exhibition at the Kellogg Ranch where famous Arabian stallions are sired.



'Jadaan,' as he appears in "Beau Ideal," the new RKO picture, sequel to "Beau Geste."

CLARA-

By Lynde Denig



Drawing by V. Chenkoff

Clara stopped—and asked the mirror a question. She raised her skirts; she smiled. The mirror answered "Yes—you're all O. K.!" The judges of a beauty show O. K.'d the mirror's verdict.

I

CLARA lived on the shady side of the street.
The sunlight pierced the shadows just across the way:
Always, just across the way, or so it seemed.
In Brooklyn, City of Homes, City of Churches,
Dusk came early to the brown-stone fronts:
Block upon Block,
Mile upon mile—
Brown-stone fronts, all alike,
Chilled in the shadows of the shady street.

Clara faced the world with a brown-stone front
That muffled her laughter.

II

She craved a frock for a high school ball,
And there was no money.
She fancied new slippers to kick at the moon,
And the money went for medicines.
She wanted a scarf to blend with her hair,
And the money passed to doctors.
She counted the dimes and the pennies
While her father hunted a job
She longed to dance with smooth-stepping boys,
Yet tarried with death at her mother's bed
On the shady side of the street.

III

In the living-room back of the brown-stone front—
There from the days of the Civil War—
Stood a full-length mirror.
Clara stopped and asked a question.
She knew a mirror answered fact with truth
In glassy candor:
Nothing less and nothing more.
She smiled.
She tossed her head from side to side
And loosed a shock of titian hair
In ravishing abandon.
She raised her skirts—
For skirts were longer then—
To judge the contour of her legs.
She rolled her eyes and out hopped
Love and Laughter:
Merry devils, shy from long seclusion.
The mirror answered "Yes,"
To smile, to hair, to legs, to eyes.
The mirror said, "You're all O.K."
In answer to her question.
The judges of a beauty show
O.K.'d the mirror's verdict.

BE-GAY!

What is hidden in the heart of the
hoyden from Brooklyn? Here's the
real Clara Bow!

IV

In two free leaps, she crossed the street
From shadow into sunshine.
As winner of a beauty show,
She won a place in pictures.

V

The white lights in the studio
Warmed her soul.
From out a brown cocoon,
She flitted about like a butterfly.
Into the glamorous heat
She winged her way.
Forever and a day, she must be gay.
The director said, "Now weep real tears,
The girl you're playing has lost her lover."
And Clara wept.
It was fun to weep when she didn't
mean it.
The tears were real and they spoiled her
make-up.
"Too bad, I'm sorry," the director said,
"You nearly killed the picture,"



*As winner in a
beauty show, she
won a place in
pictures. The
white lights in the
studio warmed her
soul. It was fun
to weep when she
didn't mean it.*

*She loosed a
shock of titian
hair in ravishing
abandon. She
rolled her eyes—
and out popped
Love and Laugh-
ter. Forever and
a day, she must
be gay!*



Clara folded her butterfly wings
And placed them in a closet.

VI

Back in the chill of the brown-stone front,
Clara faced the shadows.
The butterfly wings, torn from her
shoulders,
Left an open wound.
"Forever and a day, she must be gay,"
Kept rippling through her thoughts.
She would be gay: not now; but soon.
She would refit her red-gold wings
And fly—
Fly to the top of the studio sky,
Above brown stones and shadows.
Fly with a man who gave love for love,
To the jazz of a sizzling band.
And if she crashed in a shaded street,
She would laugh at her damaged wings.
She would order more
For another flight
With a man who gave love for love.

VII

And Clara crashed in the years to come
While dullards crawled on the ground.
She arose each time
On the crest of a laugh
To the lilt of a red-hot band.
She arose each time
From a brown-stone past
To a kiss on the Cross of Fame.

HOLLYWOOD HIGH JINKS!

Theater parties, buffet suppers, house warmings and three weddings open film-land's early spring social season

By
Grace Kingsley

"**I**MAGINE having a perfect little jewel of a theater in your own home!" exclaimed Patsy, the Party Hound. "Ramon Novarro has, and we're invited over there to hear a famous European artist sing. She is Povla Frijs, the Danish artist. There's to be a party afterward, too, over at Ruth Chatterton's house in Beverly Hills, with Ruth and her mother aiding Ramon in receiving."

Jose Crespo, the noted Spanish actor, who is playing all the star rôles in the Spanish versions of John Gilbert's pictures, was our escort.

Ramon welcomed us in his charming way, and we found a lot of people ahead of us, including Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Straus, Malcolm St. Clair, Kenneth Thomson and his wife; Elsie Janis, Edna West, F. W. Murnau, Mrs. Tillie Chatterton, Charlotte Greenwood, Martin

Broone, Miss Greenwood's husband and head of a studio musical department; M. Strothart, musical composer; John Roche, Max Ree, art director; Marie Dressler, Bodil Rosing, Robert Law and Florence Barnes, aviators; Mrs. Ferdinand Pinney Earle, Mario Ramirez, and others.

The theater was all it had been described to us, and we found that it has the most perfect lighting system of any theater in the West.

The singer proved entirely charming, and the concert went off beautifully.

"It's wonderful," remarked Jose Crespo, "to be able to have not only your own theater, but your own audience, who appreciates both theater and entertainment."

Ramon lives with his family in an old, aristocratic part of Los Angeles, in a (Continued on page 115)



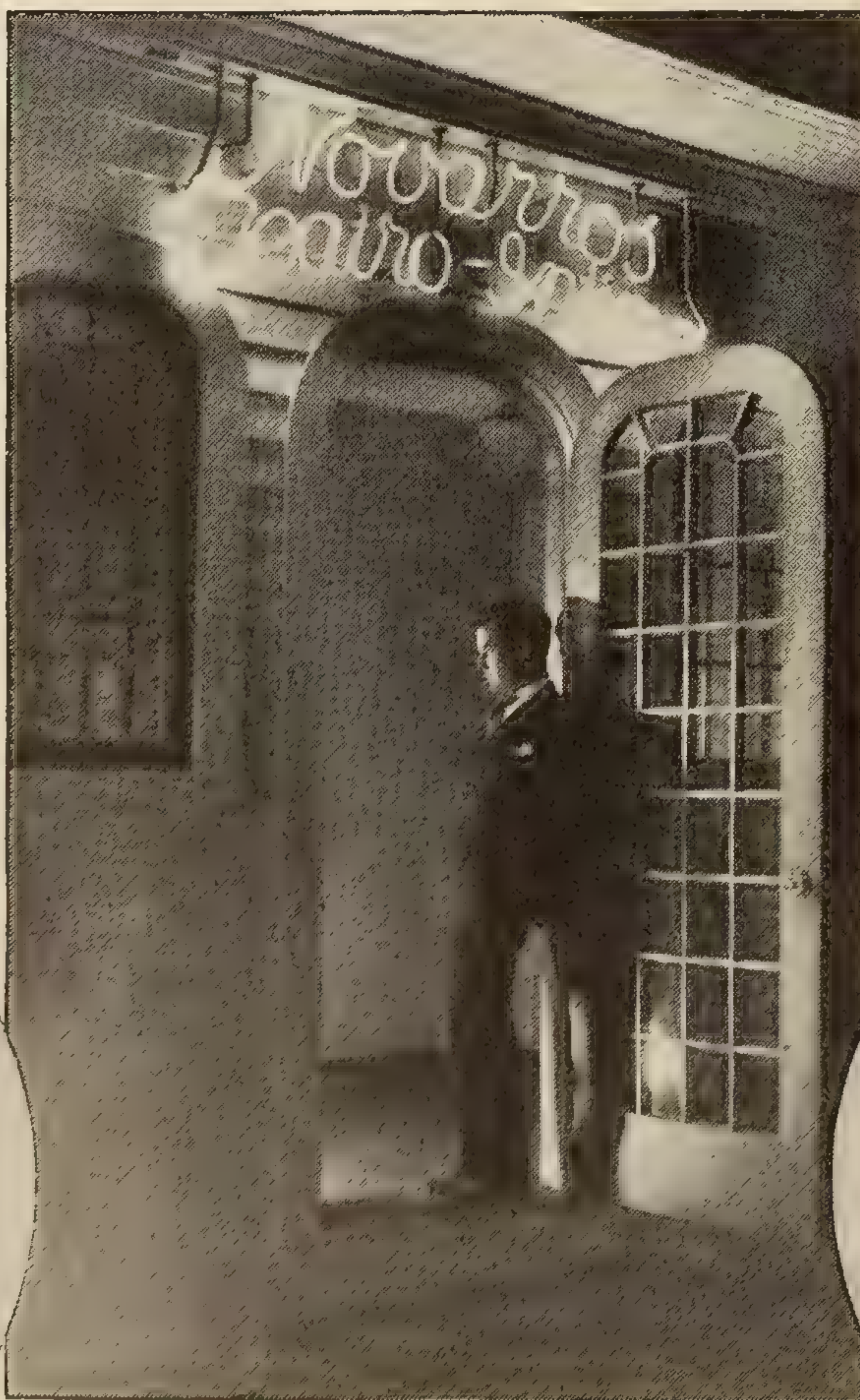
Left: Ruth Chatterton, one of the most popular Hollywood and Broadway hostesses, entertains with a buffet supper.

Right: Harry Langdon has a swell door bell — chimes to amuse you until the butler gives the 'go' signal.



Below: Lew Ayres says all brides ought to be blondes—and then he looks at Lola Lane—meaningly.

Below: Lola Lane, blonde and charming, who, gossip says, is soon to become Mrs. Lew Ayres.



Above: Ramon Novarro, in the doorway of his own private theater—how's that for fame?



Profile of a Popular Young Man

Being the first of a series of flip pen portraits of cinema celebrities. Next month, Greta Garbo!

A SCHOOLBOY reaching for jam on the top shelf. And expecting to be caught. Round eyes, pale blue. Walks on springs. Even his best friends admit he can't sing like Tibbett. Or Cliff Edwards. Always has a muffler flying around his neck. Can you imagine him walking the floor nights with offspring?

Drives midget car. Carries himself like West Point cadet. Ought to pose for recruiting posters. Got all dressed up to meet Greta Garbo and startled studio associates. Fan mail nearing new records. Never wore spats. Started out tapping Pullman car wheels and still enjoys keeping folks awake. Also sailed in oil tankers. Born in Beacon, N. Y. It's on the map. Father's sudden death brought financial tragedy. Work began there. Did they laugh when he told them he could act? Fame came so quickly he missed its big thrill. Or so he says.

Determined to keep feet on the ground. Loves the nectar of success but wants to stay sober. Vows he will never be hammy. Answers own telephone. Breeds Scotties. Likes green hats. Don't tell him he looks like Buddy Rogers. Or make any bets with or against him. Picked three winners at Agua Caliente with a table fork. Great pal of the Chester Morris and the Nugents. Also from N'Yawk.

Thinks Irving Berlin's music swell. Reads Russian and Roman history. Also the *Bookman* and *Whiz Bang*. Aching to clip Jim Tully's hair. Been in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany and didn't save any menus. A hound at riding, golf, tennis and flying. Also swings mean polo mallet. Played on team at Pawling School. Won't wear garters.

Knows how to jibe a sail into the wind, which sounds hard, anyway. Wonder if he can spit curves, too? Has



Robert Montgomery has been leading man for some of the most glamorous women in screen history: Shearer, Crawford, and now we see him with Garbo in "Inspiration."

There's a reason why screen actresses—and all other girls, too—seem to fall for Bob Montgomery. It's not his good looks or his caressing ways. It's his sophistication!

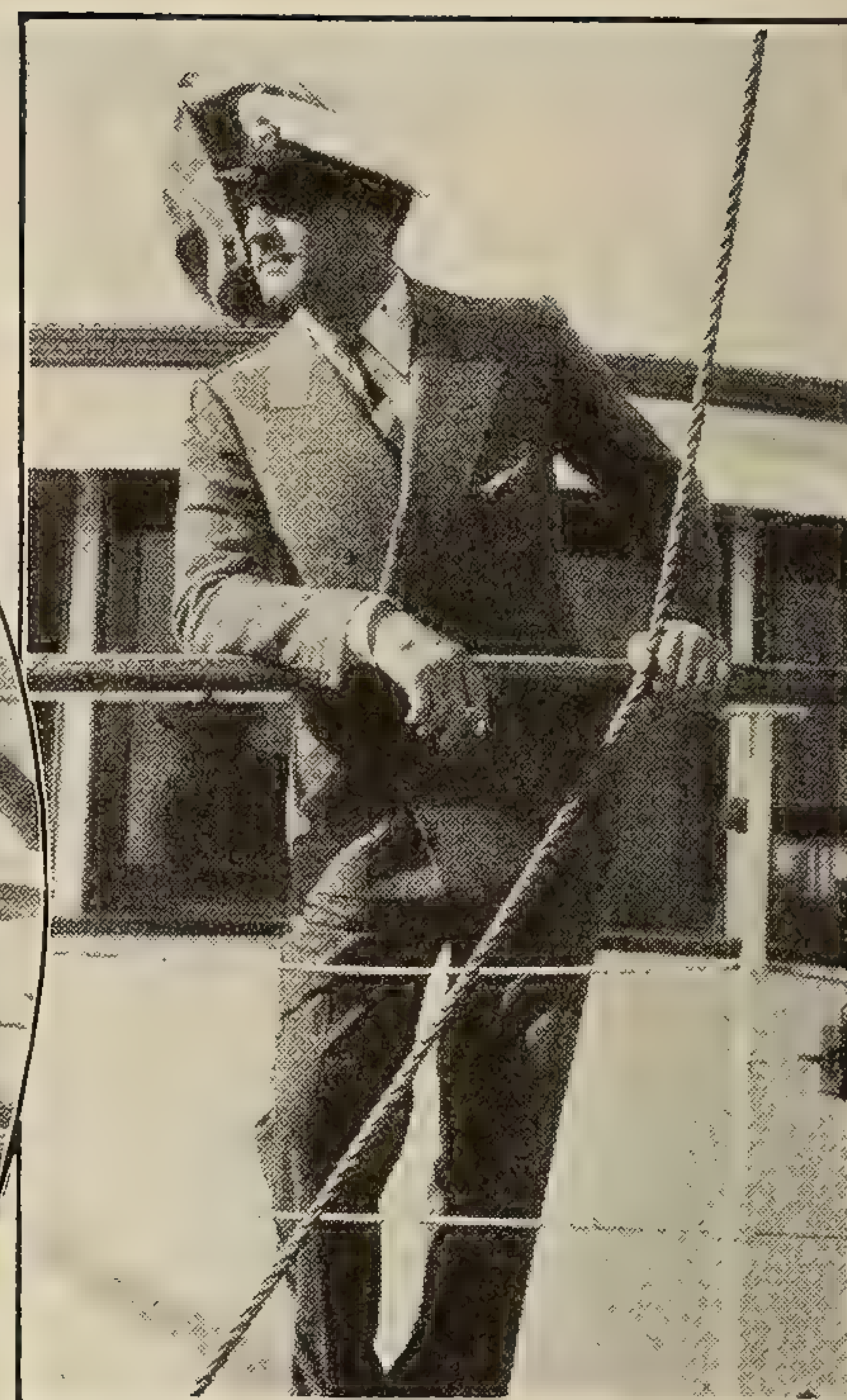


patent-leather gaiter shoes for evening wear. Lives up Hollywoodland way and coasts four miles before he switches on the engine. Last Broadway play, "Possession." All his suits are double-breasted. Fencing, his pet hobby right now. Has shirts tailor-made so the collars will fit. Hasn't any jewelry. Ambitious to be writer. Sold some stories already. Now wants to write a moving picture for himself.

Hasn't been on Broadway since he left to try his luck in talkies. One of the few stage importations to make good. And how! Likes to read his fan mail but looks at postmarks first. Got the kick of his life when first asked for autograph at the Hollywood fights. Smokes a pipe and mixes his own blend. Has no interest in politics but enthuses over stock ascensions. Isn't over-keen on parties or whoopee socials. Hates manicures. And woolen socks that scratch. He once wore a high hat in public.

Starts lunch by ordering light salad. Winds up with porterhouse steak for desert. We shouldn't tell it. But he is fond of onions and garlic. Not wild about candy but will go for chewing gum. Never saw him with clean white pants. Has had more interviews in past six months than perhaps any other actor or actress in business. Studio can't take enough portraits to satisfy magazines.

Hopes some day to retire to farm. Bet he never does. Likes to work in pictures and doesn't moan for holidays and vacations. Didn't expect to stay more than six months and left his furniture in storage. If he starts to tell you a joke it doesn't make any difference how many times you've heard it before. He's a very determined young man. That's why he is where he is.



Skipper John! The cap is the only personal concession he makes to nautical custom.

Back home again! John, Dolores, and Dolores Ethel Mae return from their cruise on the high seas.

The BARRYMORES' VACATION

FULL of fish lore and quinine John Barrymore returned recently from the longest cruise yet attempted in his new yacht, the *Infanta*, bringing his wife, Dolores Costello, and their baby, the nine-months-old Dolores Ethel Mae, back to their rambling and interesting home high on the flank of one of the Beverly Hills.

The *Infanta* had poked her sharp nose into strange ports and had wallowed in unusual seas. Her storage spaces held an odd collection of souvenirs: a part of the vertebra of a whale, picked up from the sands of Asuncion Bay; the skin and skeleton of a 560 Marlin sword fish, the stuffed remains of a giant tortoise; a collection of woven baskets, purchased in Guatemala; and cages containing a dozen new birds to add to the actor's aviary.

Boating with the Barrymores becomes an adventure of real significance. There is no loitering about the sheltered coves in placid water. The *Infanta* was built for speed and distance and new experiences, and the

**The exclusive account of
the cruise of the *Infanta*.
Who was the best sailor?
Why, Baby Dolores!**

By
Carlisle Jones

family threesome are all trained for the sport.

It was the first long trip for the baby and many extra preparations were made for her introduction to the life on the Pacific which her parents love so well. As a matter of fact, Dolores Ethel Mae shamed her parents and her nurse and the doctor who was taken along as an extra precaution and the only guest, by proving to be the best sailor of them all!

The *Infanta* provides an unusual combination of strength and comfort. She is built along the low-hung lines of a man-o'-war, with a minimum of superstructure and an appetite for heavy seas.

The passenger quarters are luxurious in a sturdy fashion. The owner's cabin is spacious and located deep in the center of the boat. The color scheme is blue and gold. It might be a room in a luxurious home save for the port-holes that serve as windows and the fact that the big footless, double bed is anchored, as are all other furnishings, to the wall and floor.

Close by is the baby's cabin. Built permanently into one corner is a stout crib, padded and with rounded corners, to safeguard the child in heavy tossing seas. In the same room are quarters for Smith, the nurse who has cared for Dolores Ethel Mae since her mother brought her home from the hospital.

Across the corridor Dr. Ida-noel Gibbins, feminine child specialist, occupied a guest cabin on the long Southern trip, and the second large guest cabin was empty save for a personal maid.

The ample cold storage rooms were stocked with fresh vegetables and canned goods. Science has provided safe methods for carrying the vitamin foods for a child in cans and cold storage, and the route was planned for the necessary stops to replenish the supply.

A high chair was added to the equipment of the dining saloon, anchored in place beside the mother's chair. The tray is welled to keep the silver mug and porringer in place.

With these extra precautions the *Infanta* slid out of Long Beach Harbor and headed south for ports unknown!

Barrymore's change from landsman and actor to sailor and fisherman is simple. He takes off the disreputable slouch hat that he has worn off and on, ever since arriving in California, and puts on his yachting cap at the same rakish angle. That is all.

Life is easy and living is simple aboard the *Infanta*. The crew of eleven includes an excellent cook and 'Casey,' a handy man who combines the arts of cocktail making with ability to wait on



The Infanta, John Barrymore's new 120-foot steel yacht, on which the star and his wife and baby recently vacationed.

table. An effective combination!

Barrymore's favorite spot while the boat is on the ocean is the combination smoker, library and *cantina* which centers the main deck and into which he has incorporated all the interesting sea equipment which he has collected.

There he can have a real fire in a real fireplace; there he has the lockers that hold his fishing tackle and his guns; there is the ship's library; and there is the antique Mexican bar of old driftwood inlaid with mother-of-pearl which he tore out of the old schooner yacht *Mariner*, which preceded the *Infanta* in his affection.

The bright and comfortable observation saloon and the deck saloon aft furnish comfortable quarters for the long leisure hours for Dolores and her baby. Breakfast is informal and uncertain as to hours, luncheon is served at noon, and dinner, more

formally, at night. There is a wealth of comfort and rest for the family while the boat speeds to its destination.

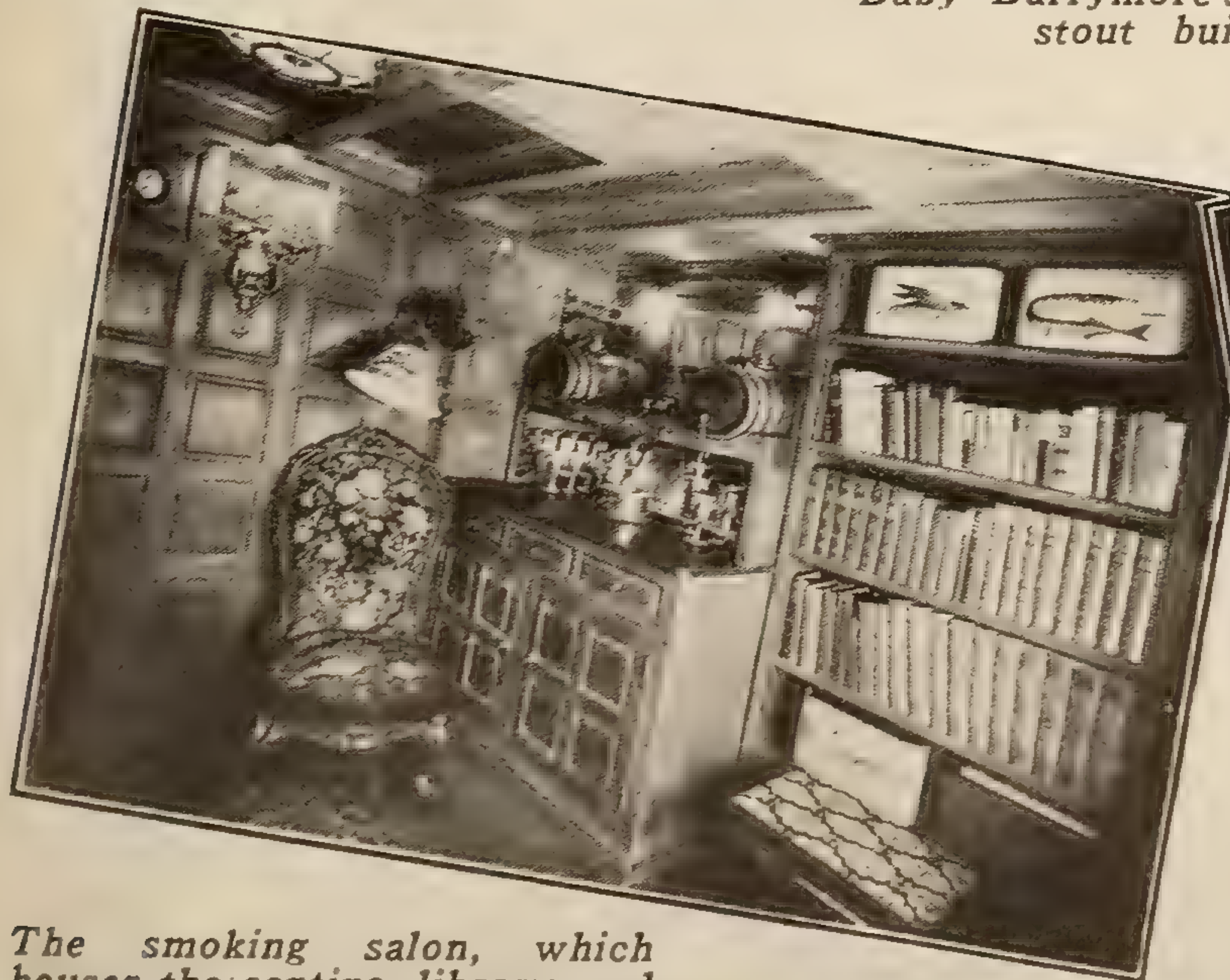
One hundred and twenty feet long, with a cruising speed of some thirteen knots, driven by two 275-horse-power Atlas Imperial Deisel motors, the *Infanta* rides easily if sometimes lightly on the swelling Pacific.

Even experienced sailors find rough going on small boats in heavy weather, and the Barrymore family and party were all affected on the trip south, except Dolores Ethel Mae, who rolled in her crib and bounced about in her high chair in high glee as the *Infanta* dipped

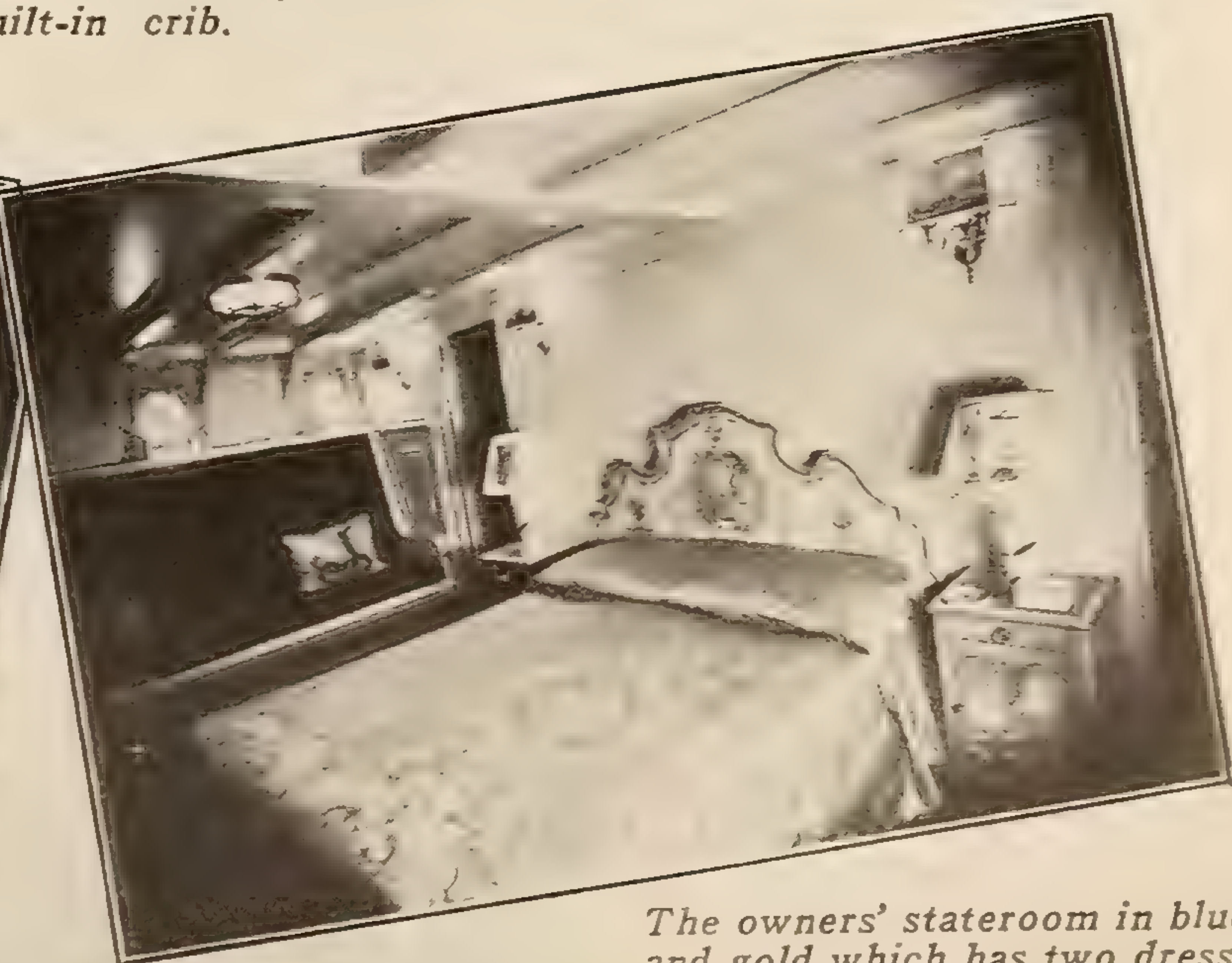
(Continued on page 113)



Baby Barrymore's own cabin, with stout built-in crib.



The smoking salon, which houses the cantina, library, and fishing tackle and gun lockers



The owners' stateroom in blue and gold which has two dressing rooms and baths.



Joan Crawford's economizing weakness is hats—she refuses to pay high prices.



Norma Shearer, well dressed woman as she is, economizes on her gloves.

Dick Arlen saves by doing all the 'handy man' work around his house and garden.

HOLLYWOOD'S

By Rosa Reilly

YOU needn't think you're the only one economizing now! Since the stock market crash nearly all of us have pulled in our spending horns. But even before said crash nearly every person had some little secret economy which he practised on the sly. I know I did. And do. But never mind about that.

This pet economizing has spread even to the social leaders of New York's 'Four Hundred.' I personally know that one of the biggest and broadest—socially speaking—dowagers of this city hates to pay money out for having her table linen laundered. After every big dinner party, she has her personal maid dampen the used napkins and press them out. If they're too soiled, then the maid must soak them in a little Lux. But never are they sent to the laundry. And it's not because madame fears the laundry will ruin them. New York has plenty of careful *blanchisseries*, as the French call them. It's because madame wishes to save those few pence!

If a society matron can have her little economizing weakness, why can't a screen star? Answer: they do. Take Joan Crawford for instance. She's as open-hearted and generous a girl as there is in the film colony but even Joan hates to spend money on hats. Now there is an awful graft in hats—every woman knows that. Somebody takes a pinch of felt and a whisk of ribbon—the result is twenty dollars. Joan has rebelled. She loves felt hats but refuses to pay exorbitant prices for them. So she went out and found herself a woman who can make exquisite little felt models for about one-tenth

Clara Bow saves all her old shoes. You'd be surprised what she does with them. Read the story and find out.





Leila Hyams breaks down and sobs when her pocketbooks wear out—no kidding!

Robert Montgomery hates to buy new golf balls. He has his old ones patched.



Lawrence Tibbett counts as lost any dollars spent for neckties or mufflers.

Favorite Economies

Every little screen star has a pet economy all his own. Read how the picture players hate to spend their money on certain things!

the price Miss Crawford would have to pay in any exclusive store. Not so dumb, these screen stars!

Ramon Novarro spends hundreds of dollars each month on his family but he won't spend a nickel on a shave. "Millions for defense but not one cent for the barber's chair," is his slogan. When he visits a barber shop for a manicure or hair cut, he will take everything offered in the way of service—except a shave. No matter how rushed he may be—never will he let a barber lay a razor to his brunette beard.

Constance Bennett loves French lingerie. But we all know how high those hand-made wisps come. So, I'm told, Miss Bennett buys marvelous models from the best Parisienne *ateliers*, and has them copied by the half-dozen by a little French sewing woman.

Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge's husband, who can buy and sell a dozen ordinarily rich business men, hates to leave lights burning when there's nobody in the room. He goes around after everybody (Continued on page 121)



Constance Bennett loves French lingerie—but refuses to pay the high prices.



Janet Gaynor keeps her cut flowers fresh a long time by putting aspirin in the water.

The STAGE

By



Ethel Barrymore recently played a Negro heroine—the title rôle in "Scarlet Sister Mary."

"Scarlet Sister Mary"

I DO not know Julia Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary" in book-form; but the play is the most fascinating study in dullness that even these ears and eyes have been fanned with.

The Gullah South. Burnt-cork whites making mad stabs at talking like negroes. They got as near to it as Henry Ford has to comprehending Kant.

Ethel Barrymore, who was made by God for sophisticated, drawing-room comedy, appears in black-face first as a *Liza* that got married and was then deserted, then as the town *Lulu Belle*; then, finally, going back to the Church, leaving the country boys flat.

This is the best comedy we have had on Broadway since Bugs Baer played *Hamlet*.

"Overture"

William Bolitho in "Overture" has taken the drama of political ideas as they are being played out in Europe today and put them all in a proletarian revolution in a small German town in 1922.

He has written a tremendous, gripping, memorable drama of ideas and action. It is grim, stark and breathless. It is, in my opinion, one of the great dramas of the times, the one great play of this season.

Karl Bitter leads a revolt of the working classes. They seize the town hall. It is occupied later by the soldiers. *Bitter* goes to his death. But the construction, the character work, the blaze of ideas, the quick-fire action are things to be seen, not described.

Power, Fatality and Beauty bathe every scene of this play. There are no villains, not even the government. Each does what he must do. The play strips humanity naked.

Colin Clive's English accent played against him in this



Assisted by an excellent cast, Colin Clive and Barbara Robbins do fine acting in "Overture," the late William Bolitho's political drama which is considered a gripping, memorable work.

The town took Lois Moran to its heart when she played a 'wild' young lady in Robert Sherwood's "This Is New York." She is shown below with Geoffrey Kerr, leading man.



in REVIEW

Laurels and laments for
Broadway's winter
season

Benjamin De Casseres

German atmosphere. Patrick O'Brien as the Robespierre of the Communists was terribly and brutally superb. Barbara Robbins as *Katie Tauler*, a Red, was morose and terrific by turns. In fact, no such fine mass acting has been seen on Broadway in years. A great play, a great production, a rare event on our blowsy stage!

"This Is New York"

The best thing in Mr. Robert E. Sherwood's new play, "This Is New York"—at least to me—was a new kind of bootlegger. He is human, sobby, liberal, has no gun, and, in fact, makes you want to keep the Eighteenth Amendment on the books so that we can have more of these Harry Glassmans, overplayed a little by Robert Barret.

The play is no great shakes; but will make a corking talkie of the popular kind. It's about a South Dakota



Another emigré from the talkies, Basil Rathbone, won a laurel wreath in "A Kiss Of Importance." With him is Ann Andrews, who is helping with some important kissing.



Mary Boland gives a grand performance as the matron who gets her husband and lovers a bit confused in "The Vinegar Tree."

Senator with his family in New York. They hate New York, all except Lois Moran, the daughter, who not only takes on a rich male cutie but gets mixed up in a drinking party with a window-jumping suicide for intermezzo.

South Dakota versus New York, you see? Who wins? Why, we do of course—we, old Jimmy Walker's town! Oh, but South Dakota's all right!

The play is about the shakiest thing Mr. Sherwood has done—full of advertising lines. Walter Winchell gets twelve free ads. alone. Robert Haines was the Senator, and pretty good, too.

"A Kiss of Importance"

Basil Rathbone is the latest emigré from the talkies to the livies. He is the very *Vere de Vere* of matinée lovers—just swarming with sex giddap!

In "A Kiss of Importance," a French—a very French—farce, Mr. Rathbone takes the part of a professional co-respondent. But—maybe you've heard of this plot before, Linda—the co. really falls in love (*amour*) with the lady, and all is hunkydory as the curtain goes down on a triangle that even Walter Winchell would have guessed blindfolded.

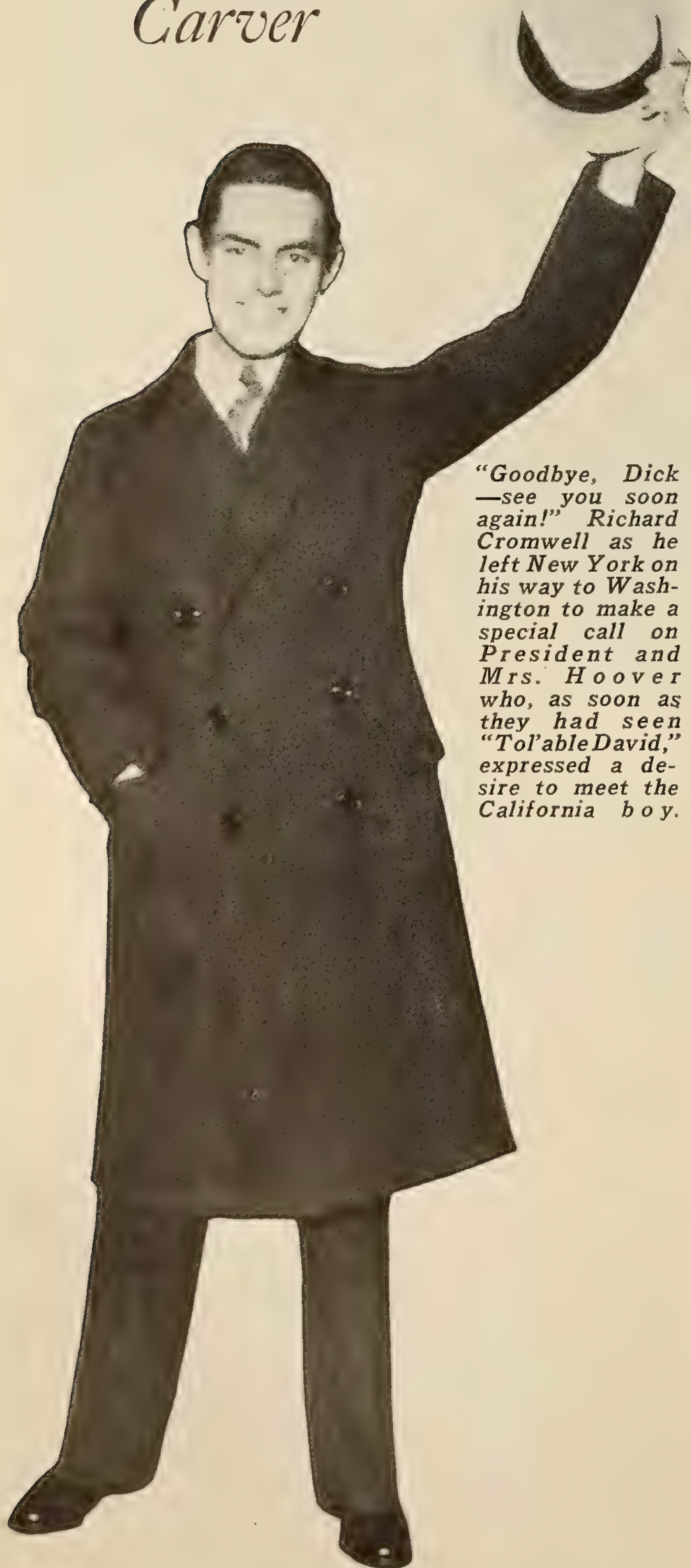
Mr. Rathbone was at his snappy best. Those losing their souls in Original Sin with him were Montagu Love, Ann Andrews, and Frederick Kerr.

(Continued on page 127)

The Discovery of Dick

Another one of those Hollywood romances! Richard Cromwell, an unknown hero, shoots from obscurity to fame in three months

By
Merle
Carver



"Goodbye, Dick—see you soon again!" Richard Cromwell as he left New York on his way to Washington to make a special call on President and Mrs. Hoover who, as soon as they had seen "Tol'able David," expressed a desire to meet the California boy.



Meet the last word in Hollywood juveniles—Richard Cromwell, star of "Tol'able David," and his mother, Mrs. Radabaugh.

ALL unknown heroes are not buried in national cemeteries to the strains of stirring, martial music. Most of them just live and work—with very little hope of ever doing anything else. Such a one was Roy Radabaugh.

Out of money—no prospects—mother working as a typist at ten cents a page—three younger sisters and brothers needing things—that was the picture twenty-year-old Roy Radabaugh faced at Long Beach, California, on September 8th, 1930.

On December 8th, 1930, Roy Radabaugh was walking into the Blue Room of the Executive Mansion—yes, the White House, to meet President and Mrs. Hoover, at their special request. With money in his pockets—more put away in the bank—a long-time contract in his hand, Roy Radabaugh in ninety days had lifted himself—and his family—from obscurity and poverty to a financial, social and artistic front-page position. And it all came about through that little old miracle worker, the movies, plus one twenty-year-old American boy's ability.

But you say you don't know Roy Radabaugh.

Of course you don't. Roy's just been home minding his business for four years and helping his mother support her family. Besides, Roy's no name for a screen hero. But how about Richard Cromwell, star of "Tol'able David?" Does that mean anything to you? Ah, that's better. I thought *that* name would ring the bell.

Richard Cromwell is Richard to his film fans, but just plain Roy to the folks at home. Of medium height, blue-eyed, brown-haired, with the most whimsical mouth and the most artistic hands you ever saw, this youngster has been visiting New York City for the first time and knocking the big town's best and bravest right out of their seats into the aisles with his sex-appealing ways.

The Main Stem has seen a lot of screen juveniles in its time. The fact is, you can hardly step out of your office door without falling over two or three. But up until now, it's never seen one quite like Cromwell, that I can recall. He's just a natural—a sensitive, enthusiastic kid, with tremendous possibilities and enough gumption to admit he doesn't know everything there is to be known in the world.

Richard Cromwell and his sister and pal, Opal, had a couple of little rooms in Hollywood where the boy was trying to make a living for his sisters and brothers out of painting. His mother and (Continued on page 98)



George Gershwin, now writing original tunes for Fox Movietone.



De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, the trio who wrote many musical movies, including "Sunny Side Up" and "Just Imagine."



Irving Berlin's Hollywood hit was *There's Danger in Your Eyes*.

From Movies to Microphones

Radio acknowledges its debt to Hollywood

By Louis Reid

"THAR'S gold in them hills," they used to say of Hollywood. With the advent of the talkies and the radio thar's also music. Most of the popular music that is heard today in the front parlors of the republic had its origin in Hollywood.

As secure, seemingly, as the announcers themselves is the place of the Hollywood tune in the musical life of the nation. You cannot escape it in your armchair any more than you can escape the hat check pirate at the restaurant door. Early and late it is dinned into the ears by the maestros of the dance bands, by crooners moaning low and sentimentally, by baby-voice singers, by a thousand-and-one entertainers massed before the microphones.

It seems to me the talkies deserve a deep and grateful bow. They are succeeding in bringing us songs that are civilized, that for the most part are infectious in melody and snappy in rhythm. They are revolutionizing Tin Pan Alley, turning it away from its old maudlin banalities into ballads and fox-trots which though amorous have been touched with a wise-crack brush.

Most of the songs out of Hollywood—they were cursed at one time with the prefix 'theme'—are so far superior to the Tin Pan Alley numbers of yesterday as to win a special order of merit, if not from Damosch, at least from Paul Whiteman

and Vincent Lopez and B. A. Rolfe and Rudy Vallée.

The reason of course, lies in the fierce competition now in progress on the West Coast. Not only has Broadway trekked in army strength to Hollywood, but the studios have summoned the leading tunesmiths of Europe. And the race is not only to the swiftest and most melodious but, thank Allah, the most sophisticated.



Walter O'Keefe and Bobby Dolan wrote *I Love Love* and other good songs.



You know My Baby Just Cares for Me? Walter Donaldson wrote it.

One of the most successful tilers of Hollywood's musical soil is Nacio Herb Brown. He it was who wrote, while the moon was hanging low, a dreamy waltz called *Pagan Love Song*. It featured a talkie. Indeed, it was the life blood of a talkie. Soon America, and not long after the whole of Europe, was voicing its amorous philosophy. It became the example of what every theme song should be—a modern sentimental tribute to youth when it is combined with beauty and constancy, particularly constancy. It made Brown famous over night. Studios began to clamor for his services, hoping his lyrical palpitations over love would not diminish.

And Brown soon turned the trick again. The first big musical talkie, "Broadway Melody," came out of Hollywood, by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and it contained not one but two first class tunes—a song named after the title of the film and *The Wedding of the Painted Doll*. The latter also (Continued on page 119)



"Goodbye, Hollywood—Hello, Paris!" said Buddy Rogers as he arrived at the new Paramount Studio at Joinville, a short distance from the French capital. Buddy's host is Robert Kane (left), in charge of Paramount's European production.

MY TRIP ABROAD

By Charles 'Buddy' Rogers

October 8, 1930. On board the S. S. "Paris." At six o'clock this evening, we were all ready to sail—aboard the good old ship "Paris," of the French line. There was a grand brisk breeze blowing off the water front. The west was a mass of red. A lot of friends came down to the Fourteenth Street dock to see mother and me off: Mary Brian and her mother, who is a great friend of my mother's; Gregg Blackton, who was at the Paramount School with me; Paddy de Cissle, another one of my side-kicks; Kathryn Crawford, who played in "Safety in Numbers" with me; and at least a dozen others.

I was glad to go but I felt kind of sad, too. Must have been the music the band played as we cast off. A rollicking march but glad music is sometimes sadder than sad music—if you get what I mean. The decks were crowded with people, last-minute trunks were being hoisted aboard. Everybody was kissing everybody else, and finally, there came that last call which almost makes your heart stand still: "All Ashore That's Going

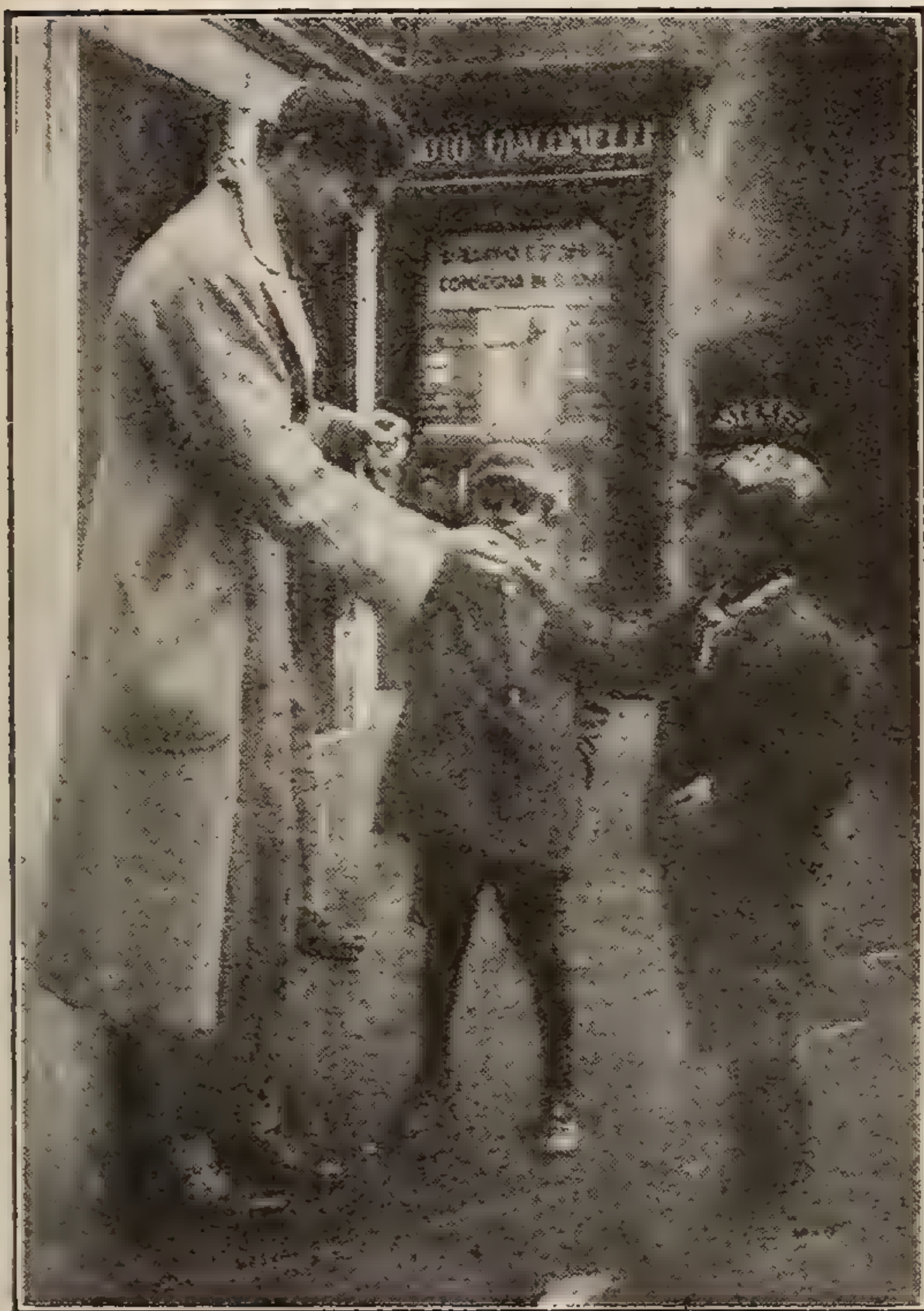
Get thrilled, girls! Buddy just had to see Paris. His mother went along but she didn't cramp his style. Read Buddy's one and only diary written for you!

our friends on the pier. They got dimmer and dimmer, and finally we couldn't see them at all. It must be awful to sail thousands of miles away over water, leaving somebody you care for terribly back behind. Glad I never fell in love.

So much excitement today guess I should turn in, but before I do I want to describe our suite. It's one of the nicest on board—but old-fashioned! There's mother's bedroom, my bedroom and a sitting room between, all filled with heavy draperies, heavy furniture, and heavy carving. Why even the doors are carved. It isn't cheerful a bit. But it's the only suite on the "Paris" which hasn't been re-decorated. Mother decided even before she'd had any dinner that she was

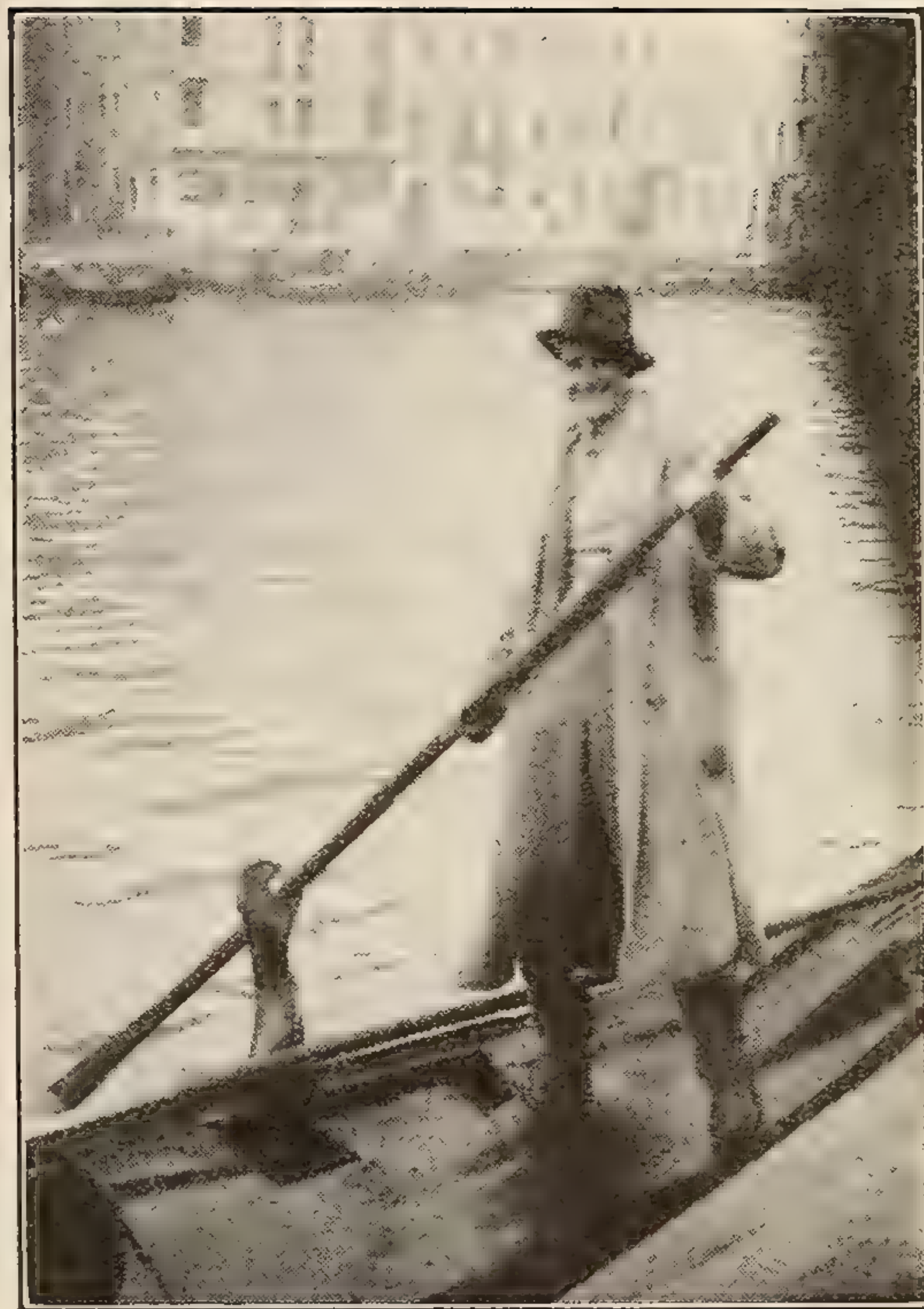
Ashore!" A dismal sound!

My hands were full of *bon voyage* presents and letters, everybody yelled last-minute advice, goodbyes and wisecracks. Mother shed a few tears and before I knew it, she and I were leaning on the rail watching the water grow wider and wider between us and



Above: Buddy charms Anny Ann—rising young German screen star playing at Joinville—with his famous smile.

Mr. Charles Rogers photographed with two minute but ardent film fans in Genoa, where the Italians gave him a royal welcome.



"O Sole Mio!" sings Mr. Rogers, as he takes an oar and starts out in Venice on a little solo jaunt.

going to be sea-sick, so I tucked her in bed. She looked real sweet in a heavy padded lavender dressing gown with her lovely grey hair shining in contrast. I told her she was a humbug—she didn't look sick at all.

I didn't dress for dinner tonight. Nobody does when the sailing is so late in the afternoon. The first person I bumped into in the dining room, I mean dining salon, was Alan Hale, and maybe it wasn't good to find a friend among all those strangers. We decided to sit at the same table. The ship's orchestra played soft music all during dinner. Everybody seemed happy at all the little tables on which one always finds bottles of *vin ordinaire*, every day wine, I call it, which the French Line provides free. The French drink it like we do water. As I sat there, I could hardly believe that it was only a few years ago that I crossed the ocean on a mule boat, not as a movie star, but as chambermaid to four hundred jackasses.

October 10th. A grand day but the ship's rolling a bit. Mother's still seasick. I feel sorry for her. I had had a grand walk, eight times around the deck—which is a mile. I felt so good I went down and ate a big breakfast—ham and eggs, marmalade, coffee and fruit. I was telling her about it—and it didn't improve her a bit.

Not many young people aboard. It's kind of off-season. But Alan Hale had a lot of fun with a pretty blonde girl at the next table. She couldn't figure out how we could have fresh milk and cream for the whole way across. Alan told her they had special Jersey cows on board and that he

would take her below after breakfast and show her the maritime stables. She believed it, and I almost did myself for they have such efficient refrigeration on board that everything keeps scrupulously fresh—even flowers.

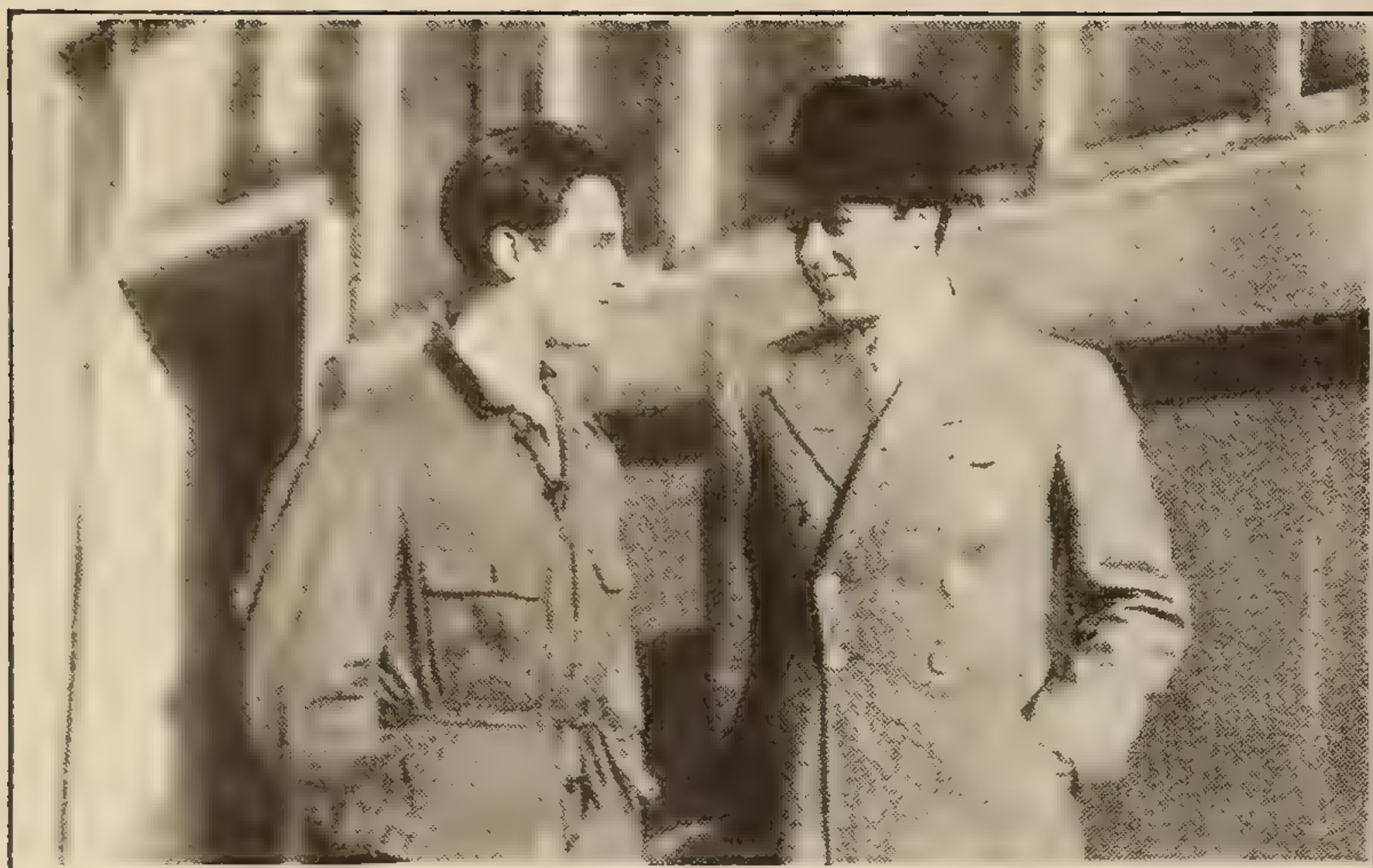
October 11th. Mother's still seasick. Can't raise her head. Lots of others, too. Dining room is almost deserted even at lunch time. The sea isn't really rough but there's a mean sideways roll to it and a drop afterwards that makes even the toughest stomachs do gymnastics. I keep busy—doing nothing—just resting, walking, eating, reading and playing bridge. General Gouraud is the most interesting person on board. He's really the Pershing of France and has a chest full of medals. Every night we have movies. One night French, the next American. But no talkies. The American and English lines have talker equipment but not the French. Tonight I saw an old Harold Lloyd picture; must be years old.

October 14th. We land tomorrow. I can hardly believe it. Tonight is the Captain's dinner. Everybody is dressed up like a Hollywood premiere. These little Frenchmen in their full evening dress—long tails—certainly do look funny. It's hard enough for a tall man to get away with full dress.

Before dinner tonight you could see the stewards running up and down the companionways (stair cases) with trays full of sherry, since most of the people aboard drink a glass of it before dinner rather than cocktails. It's nicer, too. People don't act so crazy. I sat at the Captain's table for the first time. And what a dinner we had—and what wines! I don't see how they stand so many. There was sherry with the soup,



Buddy's ideal! "The most wonderful woman in the world—after my mother," says Buddy of Lady Louis Mountbatten who entertained him in London.



Buddy meets his 'double.' Enrique Rivero, the 'Buddy Rogers of France,' being introduced to America's Boy Friend.



Mr. Charles Rogers, as he returned to America, all ready to play real 'he-man' rôles in real 'he-man' pictures.



A third time Mr. Rogers appears with Anny Ann. Can he be serious? We think not. But could you blame him?



Between two foreign fires—on his left Mr. Rogers has Maryla Wayno, Polish film player, and on his right, Anny Ann—again.

some kind of white wine with the fish, and champagne with the roast, and port with the dessert. Everybody was given little presents and we wore paper caps and blew whistles and horns. Real gay, believe me. And afterwards plenty of dancing.

About eleven o'clock I left and went to see mother—she was in bed the whole way across. Her light was off but she was still awake. We sat there in the dark and talked. She sat up a bit and just as we were looking out of the porthole, all of a sudden through the dark night we saw another boat pass—real close to us. I wondered if it was a mule boat. And I thought how lucky I was to be there on that big comfortable liner. I remember when I crossed on that mule boat, it took fourteen days. And I was sick as a dog. One night I looked out and saw a big steamer going by. People were dancing on deck and I could hear beautiful music. I made up my mind, right then, that the next time I crossed it would be on a real boat. And here I am. And so I'm turning in tonight a pretty grateful and a pretty humble fellow. But for the grace of God, I might be on a mule boat—right now.

October 15th. Carlton Hotel, London. We're actually in jolly old England, and it's pouring cats and dogs. We landed at Plymouth at midnight. Got off in a dark drizzle. Couldn't see anything. A priest was the first person to recognize me. He was on the dock to meet some of his American relatives. And a lot of his nieces and nephews were with him. He pointed me out to the kids and I got a great kick out of it. Hope they did, too.

But the greatest kick was getting on the dark train—the boat train, they call it, which runs from Plymouth up to London in about seven hours. There were no lights for the first two hours. It seems the lights don't come on until the power is worked up by the momentum of the wheels, or something like that. As we sat there in the dark, big wicker trays of food were shoved in to us. As the train started, we started to eat. When we were through we put the trays under the seats where there were little compartments for them.

Before we turned in to our sleeping compartments, I looked out the window and in the dark saw what looked like a telephone pole. "Is that a telephone pole?" I asked Alan. "No," he replied, "that's just a match for the Prince of Wales." At that moment a beautiful English voice spoke up—it was a lady's voice—and said: "There is no match for the Prince of Wales." Pretty clever!

(Continued on page 110)



Clifton L. Kling, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

*The Most Beautiful Still
of the Month*

From "THE SOUTHERNER"



Pach

JEAN HARLOW

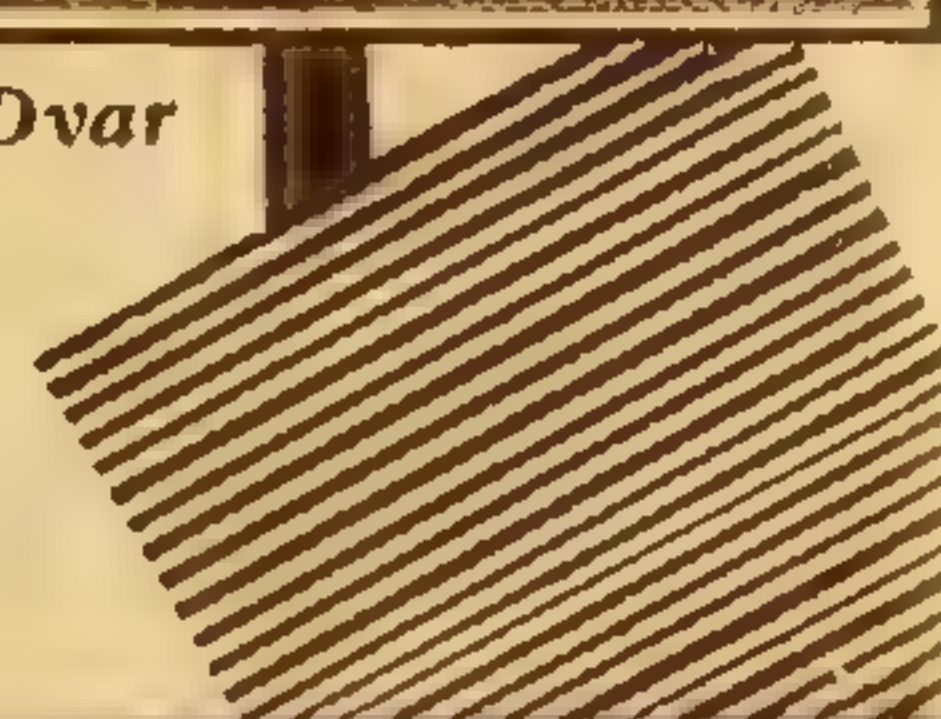
The beautiful 'platinum blonde' has just signed a new contract with Howard Hughes, who featured her in "Hell's Angels." Jean is one of the most provocative sirens on the screen.

One of the chief reasons for the renewed popularity of 'Westerns': Dick Arlen. But we hope that in your enthusiasm for his athletic prowess you won't forget that Mr. Arlen is a very able dramatic actor.

RICHARD ARLEN



Dvar



Glenn Tryon is an ingratiating comedian on the way to bigger and better characterizations.

GOOD TROUPERS!



Below: William Bakewell, a favorite juvenile, adds to his dramatic prestige in "Dance Fools Dance."



Gavin Gordon, since his screen debut with Garbo in "Romance," has progressed favorably.



Stuart Erwin—unjustly nicknamed 'Stew' by his friends—has scored with his own special brand of comedy.

Meet the boys who are supporting our pictures in the manner to which we are accustomed

If you saw "The Boudoir Diplomat" we don't have to tell you to keep both eyes on Ian Keith.



Joel McCrea, right, plays with Dorothy Mackaill in "Once a Sinner" for Fox Movietone.



Below, Russell Gleason, one of the nicest boys in Hollywood, and a most promising juvenile.



From the Broadway stage, Humphrey Bogart made a hit in "Up the River" and "Squadrons," with Charlie Farrell.





Preston Duncan

ARTHUR LAKE

He's gone nautical, this young man about Hollywood! Arthur bought the boat to match the cap and now he's happy. More than just a juvenile—he's a splendid actor.



Kahle

VIRGINIA CHERRILL

After her two-year engagement in Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights," Virginia steps out on her own in "Girls Demand Excitement," in which she plays opposite John Wayne.

THREE HOLLYWOOD GRACES



Here are two of our Three Graces —only their names are Barbara and Evelyn. Let's see—where's the other one? Look around you!



*All photographs by
Fred R. Archer,
Warner Brothers*

Ah—here's the missing Grace — Miss Claudia Dell. From left to right: Claudia, Evelyn Knapp, Barbara Weeks. Take your bows, girls.



*In the shade of the old something-tree—
what kind is it, anyway? Who cares, when
Evelyn Knapp is in the picture?*



*A close-up of three of Hollywood's fairest:
Evelyn, Claudia, and Barbara, called Bobbe
for short.*



*Golden California sun-
shine, golden girls, golden
motion picture salaries—
no wonder Hollywood is
such a popular place!
(Adv.) Misses Weeks,
Dell, and Knapp all ap-
pear in Vitaphone pro-
ductions, meaning they
are pleasantly vocal as
well as opulently optical.*



Hal Phylfe

MARILYN MILLER

The girl who is making every Main Street glitter like Broadway! She's been a musical comedy sensation ever since she was billed as 'Miss Sugarplum.' Now Marilyn adds to her audiences with "Sunny," her new film.



Hurrell

REGINALD DENNY

He staged a great come-back in "Madame Satan." Then he scored in "A Lady's Morals." And now, they say, Denny is studying "The Merry Widow," in which he may play *Prince Danilo*, once acted by Gilbert.



A SEVEN-COURSE KISS DINNER!



Just a quiet little dinner for two. But when those two are Claudia Dell and Walter Pidgeon, the suspense, not to say the soup, thickens!

First course. Celery, soup, polite conversation—and then more celery. But even celery can be romantic in the right circumstances.



Fish! That's the next course, not the conversation. All is progressing, if we may judge by Walter's expression, swimmingly!



"You look perfectly charming tonight!" says Walter. "Do you really think so?" murmurs Miss Dell. That's more like it.

The meat course is served. And very nicely, too. Walter doesn't know whether he's eating lamb chops or capon; he only knows it's the best dinner he ever ordered.





Walter has ordered his just desserts. Claudia has a far-away look but she may be only trying to decide between peach melba and biscuit tortoni.



The salad course. Miss Dell is one girl who isn't on a Hollywood diet. Walter isn't on a diet, either, but he'd rather contemplate Claudia than a lot of lettuce, even with French dressing.

The demi-tasse gets colder and colder. But what have such mundane things to do with romance?



"Mr. Pidgeon—please!" says Miss Dell. And Mr. Pidgeon pleases.

Ho-hum, that's life—in the movies! We don't advise young men to emulate Mr. Pidgeon's technique unless they know their menus.



All photographs by Elmer Fryer, First National



ESTELLE TAYLOR and RICHARD DIX
in "CIMARRON"

As *Dixie Lee* and *Yancey Cravat* in the film version of Edna Ferber's famous novel, Estelle Taylor and Richard Dix, the star, give vivid performances. You'll want to see this exciting picture of pioneer days, with its pictorial beauty and robust drama and splendid acting.

On the opposite page is a scene from the new R. K. O. picture, "CIMARRON" in which Estelle Taylor is featured



"I observe that under stage and studio lights especially, one's hair becomes a keynote of beauty and appeal. Directors realize this and favor girls whose hair is alive and lustrous," says

ESTELLE TAYLOR

Lustrous hair is always an important beauty factor. You, too, can easily have hair that shines and sparkles. Hennafoam Shampoo — the shampoo that contains a pinch of henna—will bring out all the alluring softness of your hair. Hennafoam will not affect the color or make your hair dry or brittle. Your dealer can supply you with Hennafoam Shampoo.

If your dealer is unable to supply you, send this coupon with 10 cents.

HENNAFOAM CORPORATION
511 W. 42nd Street
New York

Gentlemen: Enclosed is 10 cents for which please send me your generous trial bottle of Hennafoam Shampoo.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

NOTE: Men, too, realize the importance of beautiful hair. Richard Dix says: "I find that real beauties—the girls that quickly outgrow the 'extra' class—always seem to have that live, lustrous type of hair. It registers so well under studio lights . . ."

Leading New York Beauty Experts

endorse olive and palm oil method

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Pierre, Rose Laird, Dumas, Robert, members of world-group of more than 20,000 beauty experts who declare Palmolive essential to complexion care.



ROSE LAIRD
Whose charming salon looks out on the spot where Fifth Avenue meets Central Park.

"Other soaps may irritate," says Rose Laird. "Palmolive is safe and protective. Its vegetable oils make soap and water safe for all skin, however sensitive."

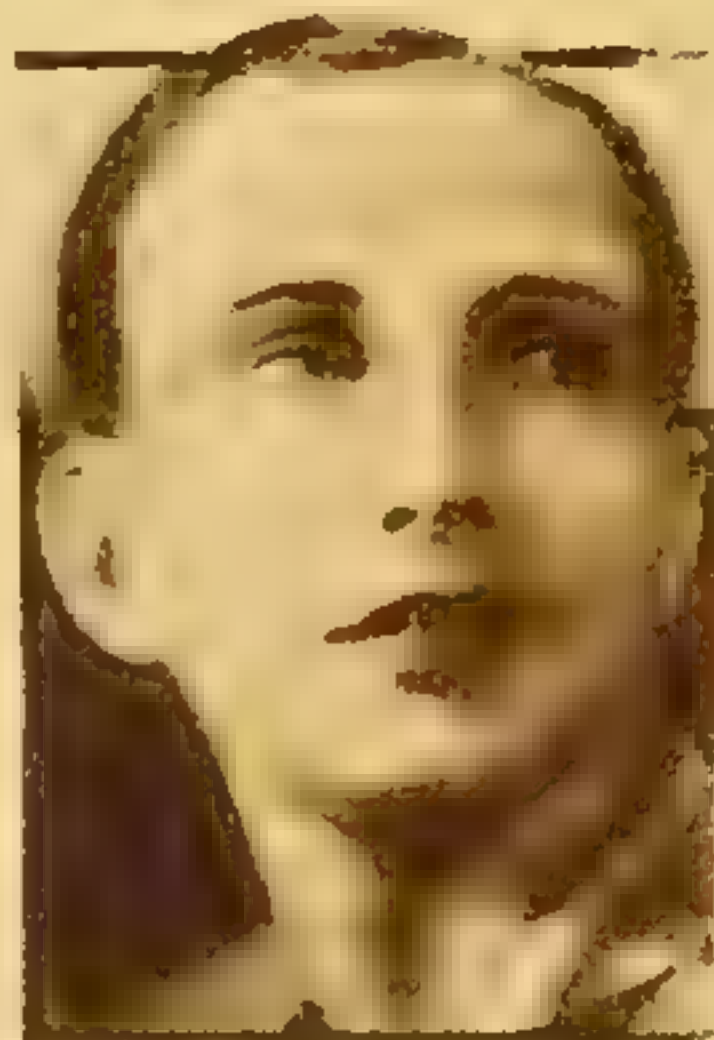
Rose Laird



Look at the lovely faces one sees on Fifth Avenue, at the smartest restaurants, in the theatres of New York. That Schoolgirl Complexion is, indeed, sweeping New York!



PIERRE
Of the fashionable Plaza district, says: "Don't experiment with beauty. Use Palmolive."



DUMAS
Beauty specialist of the Savoy-Plaza, New York, recommends Palmolive to his patrons.

NEW YORK, our most sophisticated capital, is adopting a simple rule of complexion care, on the advice of its well-known specialists in beauty culture.

Pierre, whose 57th street salon invites only the elect. Rose Laird, with her exclusive patronage and her reputation for performing marvels. It is such specialists who've taught New Yorkers how to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Their method is simple

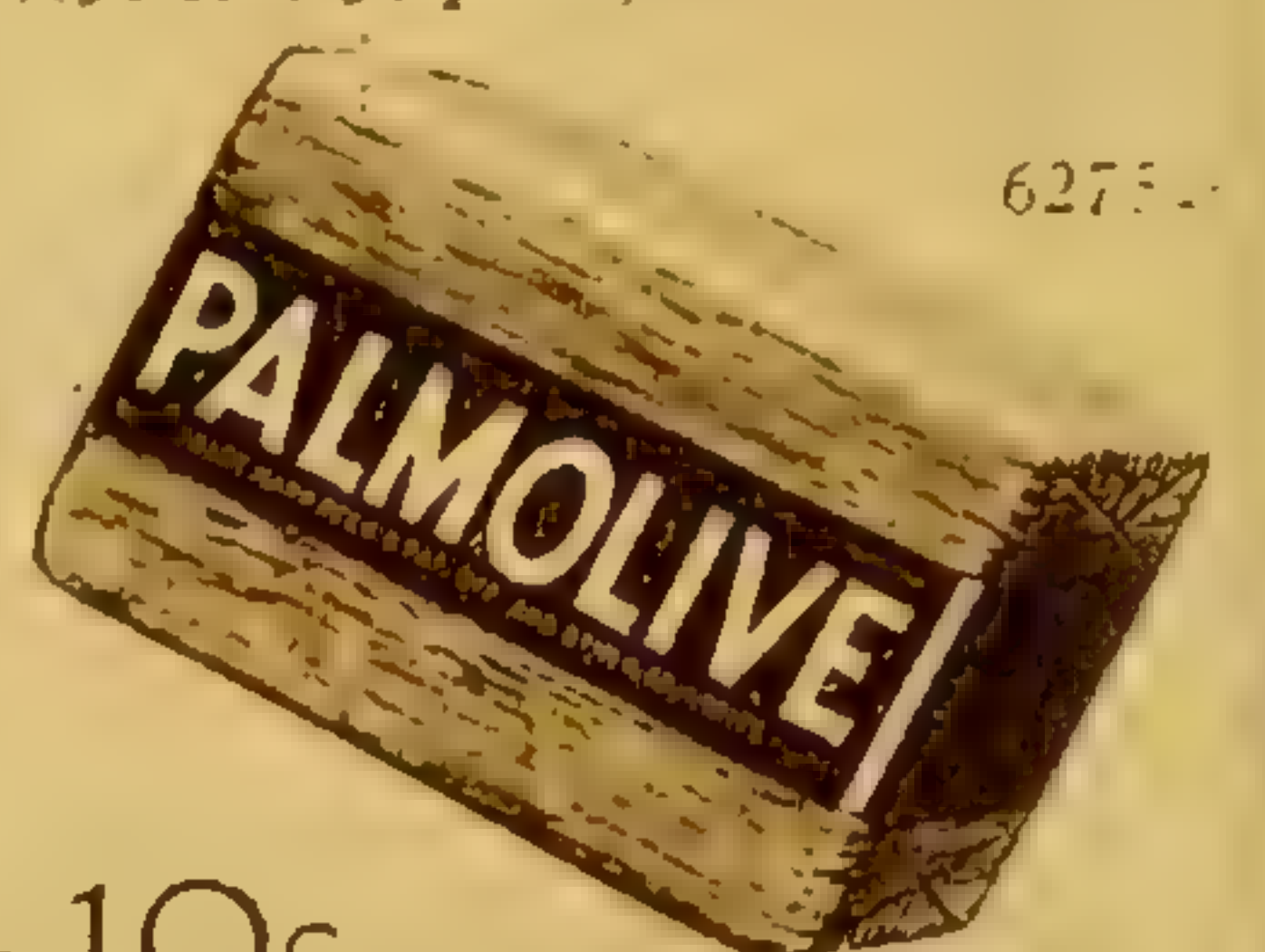
These beauty specialists—and others (indeed, more than 20,000, when one includes the thousands all over Europe)—find in Palmolive Soap a skin cleanser and beauty protection that just can't be equaled.

They like, first of all, its olive oil content. They like the gentle but thorough fashion in which it cleanses—and the soft, smooth, fresh feeling it gives the skin. "The glamorous freshness of youth," they call this much-desired texture.

Use your hands to make a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water (not hot water—that's hard on the skin). Massage this in, then rinse it off and you'll find you're rinsing away dirt and impurities that would otherwise cause serious skin blemishes. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold. Use this treatment as a base for make-up . . . and you'll keep that schoolgirl complexion.

New Yorkers are taking this advice seriously. So are smart Parisiennes. So, in fact, are millions of women the world over. You'll find it both an inexpensive and delightful treatment, since Palmolive, as you know, costs only 10 cents the bar.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c

Southern Charm *in the* Kitchen

Dainty desserts and choice confections
from Dorothy Jordan's book of recipes

By Emily Kirk



When Dorothy makes a big trayful of her famous candies she doesn't have to urge anyone to come and help eat them.



Dorothy Jordan makes her favorite candy, 'Divinity.' When it's just right, Dorothy rolls it into balls and dips it in thick chocolate coating.

Dorothy Jordan's Favorite Southern Recipe

Peach Leather

Select very ripe, free-stone peaches. Peel, remove stones, mash thoroughly and put through a sieve. To this pulp, add one cup granulated sugar for every four cups of peach pulp and juice. Bring this mixture to a boiling point and boil gently for two minutes. Spread mixture very thinly on a large platter and place in the sun for three days. When the mixture is thin and leathery, sprinkle it with powdered sugar, cut it into strips and roll each strip like jelly roll. Place these tiny rolls on a platter, put in sun and let remain for two more days. This confection is a truly southern delicacy.

Dorothy, herself, has exercised her own culinary ingenuity in its fashioning. So it's a cake that *is* a cake. And it grows better as it ages.

To make this cake Dorothy uses one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, eleven eggs, one pound of flour, three grated nutmegs, two teaspoons of mace, one teaspoon of ground cloves, one-half cup of rose water, one and one-half cups of cooking sherry, four pounds of seeded raisins, four pounds of currants, two pounds of finely chopped citron. Now for the making!

First Dorothy creams the butter and the sugar, adding the well-beaten eleven eggs. She dredges the fruit with part of the flour and sifts the rest with the spices. She adds the flour and the liquids alternately to the first mixture and stirs in the fruit last of all. When the mixture is poured into pans, she bakes it for about three and a half hours in a slow oven. This makes about fifteen pounds of cake, which, like regular fruit cake, grows better as it ages. When ready for serving, Dorothy ices it with a creamy chocolate icing.

The first cake which Dorothy learned to bake and which has always been one of her favorites is her Marble Cake. For the white part of the cake she uses one-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of (Continued on page 102)

DOROTHY JORDAN can cook. And well, too! Of course she can, having been born in the South, where cooking is an art instead of a necessity and where recipes are handed down from generation to generation with infinite care.

In the cool, sunny, green kitchen of the oceanside house at Playa del Rey, where Dorothy lives with her mother and her younger sister, she concocts an amazing variety of dainty desserts and pastries and candies. When the three Jordans moved their trunks from Tennessee to California, they did not forget their precious book of southern recipes.

Very frankly Dorothy admits that she prefers making cakes and pies and candies to any other kind of cooking. Chocolate cake is her specialty. And what a cake it is, tasting like nothing which anyone has ever tasted before.

It's a combination cake, so Dorothy says, a mixture of various recipes from many cooks. Each one has added her own touch to it.



Dorothy puts the finishing touches to her Southern specialty, buttermilk custard pie.

~ HAVE

How to make your hair really live up to that line, "crowning glory!"



Jeanette MacDonald's hair is truly her crowning glory!



Fay Wray favors coiffures to match her moods. How do you like this gay effect?



But when she's feeling demure, Fay lets her hair fall into this gracious, soft bob.



Black-and-white photography fails to do justice to Mary Astor's glorious, glowing red tresses. Technicolor, do your stuff.

HAVE you ever looked into the mirror and felt with such features as yours you could never be really beautiful?

Well, at such times, go brush your hair. Just brush your hair, regularly and faithfully, and watch your face take on a new and exquisite beauty.

Simple, isn't it, but it's really true.

The hair is the frame for the face and it's just as effective for making an exquisite picture of you as the carefully chosen frame of a genuine picture. Great artists know that the finest painting doesn't look like much unframed and that the simplest little etching, well framed, takes on new value. But no artist lets a frame get all dusty and wavy in outline. And a girl's face is certainly the picture of herself that she shows the world, so to neglect the great, flattering value of the hair above it is just plain dumb.

That's one of the great lessons the movies can teach us. Did you ever see girls who knew so much about making their hair beautiful as the motion picture stars? They change the style of their hairdress constantly. When they are playing an innocent they go in for curls,

or long amusing bobs. When they are playing sophisticates, they go sleek and shining of head. Greta Garbo is always showing, by her hair, the kind of woman she is playing. And any girl at home can give herself a similar, thrilling variety of appearances if she learns how to handle her golden or dark brown locks.

For there are two things that make for beauty, irrespective of features or coloring. One is a real glow to the skin, and the other is a real gloss on the hair.

To get the glow on the skin requires a bit of work. You have to be careful about your diet, take some exercise, be very clean and know how to use your cosmetics. But to get a gloss on your hair requires only about five minutes' work a day.

Now just think of that—five minutes a day and you get one of the real attributes of beauty! Increase that five minutes a day to ten, plus a fairly regular visit to the hairdresser, and you will secure for yourself—and secure for your whole life—a beauty more important to the face than all the gowns, cosmetics or treatments ever devised. Our faces age as we grow older but the beauty of the hair is ageless. Its color changes, of course, but the luxurious quality of the hair may be kept from babyhood to senility if we treat it half way properly.

Naturally it hates neglect. If you neglect to brush your hair, if you twist it and burn it with irons, if you

LOVELY HAIR!

By
Anne Van Alstyne



You all know this coiffure. Ann Harding's hairdress is unique on or off the screen.



Ginger Rogers has live, luxuriant locks, beautifully marcelled, lightly curled.



The Park Avenue debs have endorsed this hairdress, demonstrated by Joan Bennett.



A blonde coiffure that is young and feminine without being fussy —Anita Page's.

shampoo it negligently; if you wear tight little airless hats in winter, and no hat at all in summer; well, it will just get drab and hateful then and who could blame it?

I'm sure all of you know, generally speaking, about the structure of the hair—its follicles, its little oil glands, its 'erector pilus' muscles that make it stand erect, in the case of surprise or shock, and hold it firmly under ordinary conditions. So I won't go into that, but I do want to repeat to you the oh-so-simple rules that are the real hair-raising secrets.

The first big thing to remember is that the hair is just as definite a part of your body as one of your arms. If you let yourself run down, your arms will get thin—and so will your hair. If you are too tired or running about too much, you'll be tired and show it. So will your hair be tired and show it. All the hairdressers in the world can't take that tired look from your hair, if your body is tired too. Your body is like a great corporation of which you are sole

BEAUTY and the BEST

Why not have the finest skin, the most graceful figure, the most flattering makeup and the loveliest hair of any girl in your crowd? Anne Van Alstyne will be glad to advise you as to the best means of acquiring such beauty, or to help solve any of your personal beauty problems for you. Won't you give her a chance by writing to her in care of SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, N. Y. C. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for her reply, please.

owner. You must keep it all running perfectly, if you expect it to pay you dividends. In the case of the hair, you must guard your health, build up your circulation, eat wisely, and take sufficient exercise—but that goes for all beauty, too.

All of us have been taught from earliest childhood to brush our teeth at least once a day—and twice is better. Yet we are quite proud of ourselves if we brush our hair, hastily, five times a week. And think of our poor scalps, exposed to dirt and dust constantly. The very best rule a girl who desires beauty can make is to brush her hair at least five minutes by the clock. (Be sure there's a clock within watching distance. Otherwise your mind will begin thinking about tomorrow night's date, your right arm will begin to get tired and the first thing you know, you'll stop with only two or (Continued on page 100)

Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

PAID

REACHING FOR THE MOON

THE BLUE ANGEL

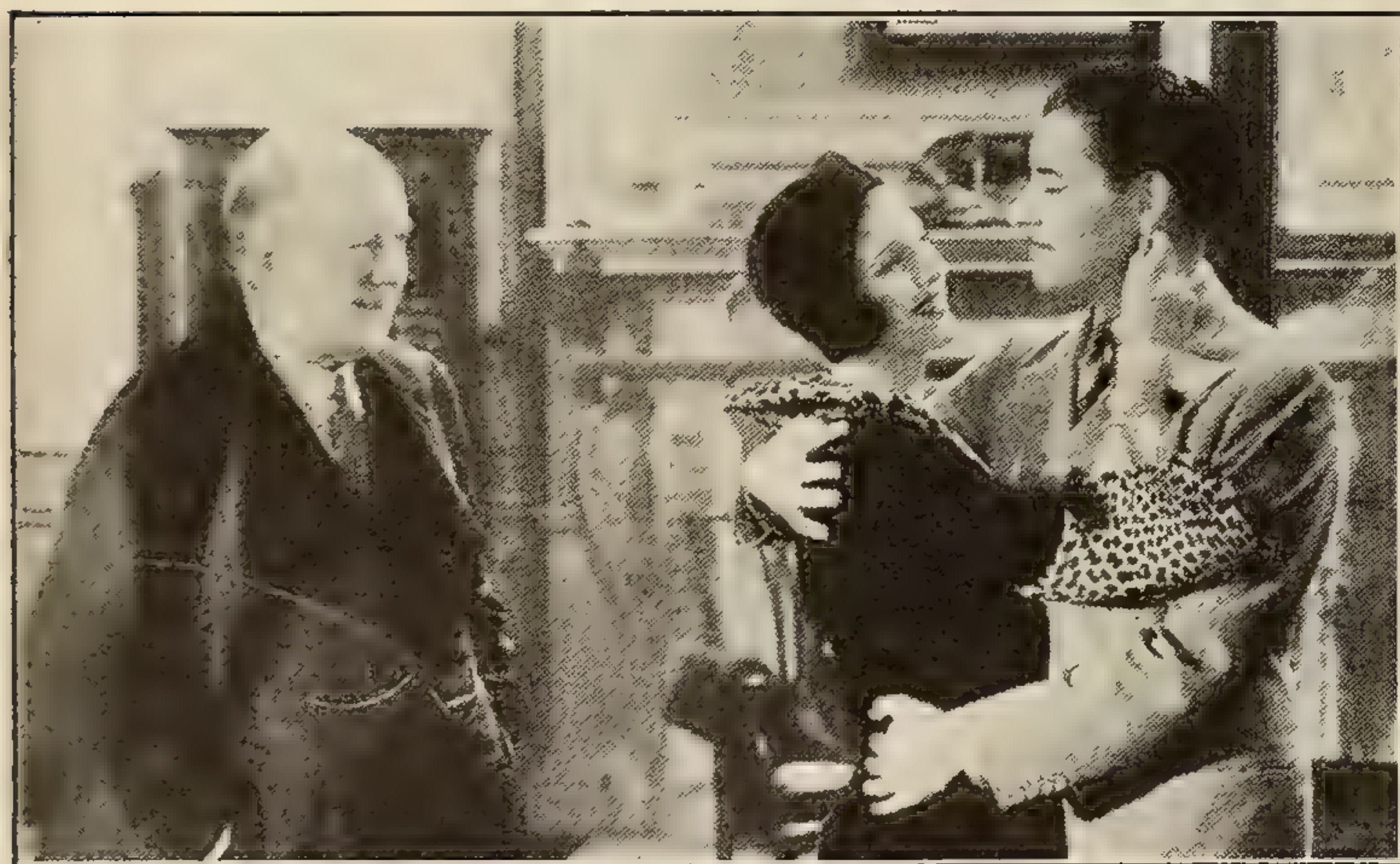
THE ROYAL FAMILY

THE DEVIL TO PAY

TOM SAWYER

By

Delight Swann



Frederick Kerr, Loretta Young, and Ronald Colman in "The Devil to Pay," charming comedy.



"The Blue Angel" presents Emil Jannings in his first talker, with Marlene Dietrich.



You'll meet a new dramatic Joan Crawford in "Paid," an exciting melodrama.

The Devil to Pay

United Artists



RONALD COLMAN'S best picture! What about "The Dark Angel?" You *would* remember that! Well, this is Ronnie's best comedy, then—and let's forget for the moment that he is a grand serious actor, too, and just have a good time. Here is a picture proving that it isn't at all a bad idea to turn a first-rank playwright loose in a studio. Sam Goldwyn let Frederick Lonsdale have his own way and the result is bright—brisk—and not too terribly whimsical. Colman plays a prodigal son, one of those irresistible British boys who whistles his way through life. Loretta Young and Myrna Loy are decorative. Fred Kerr contributes one of his grand irascible gentlemen of ye olde English school.

The Blue Angel

Paramount



EMIL JANNINGS and Jimmy Durante have one thing in common. Both boys are 'just the tool of a beautiful dame.' Jannings' latest misere is his first talker, with Marlene Dietrich as the siren who lures him from the straight and narrow. This is not one of my favorite Jannings films. Emil is excellent, as always, as the plodding professor who loses his job, honor, and self-respect for a dance-hall charmer; but Josef Von Sternberg's direction is more than usual of the slow-motion school. Still, this picture has its moments, thanks to the Jannings artistry and to La Dietrich, who is not only a compelling and potent personality but an amazingly good actress.

Paid

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



YOU'LL meet and welcome a new dramatic Joan Crawford in this talker transcription of "Within the Law." You may have seen Alice Joyce and Norma Talmadge in the silent films and you may have seen Jane Cowl in the stage production but you haven't seen anything until you see Joan in "Paid." You'll never forget her as *Mary Turner* when she speaks that famous old line, "You took away my name and gave me a number"—she's splendid. The Crawford retains all her glamour of "Our Modern Maidens" plus an added dramatic depth. You'll like Robert Armstrong, too. Kent Douglass, the leading man, is new and nice. John Miljan, Hale Hamilton and Marie Prevost deserve applause for their portrayals. Recommended!

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Joan Crawford in "Paid"
Jackie Coogan in "Tom Sawyer"
Ronald Colman in "The Devil to Pay"
Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel"
Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel"
Ina Claire in "The Royal Family"
Fredric March in "The Royal Family"
Barbara Stanwyck in "Illicit"
Leon Errol in "One Heavenly Night"
Edward Everett Horton in "Reaching for the Moon"



Tom Sawyer

Paramount

IF you think this is just a 'kiddie' picture, look around you at the dignified, responsible adults rolling in their seats when *Tom* and *Huck* attend their own funeral. Mark Twain was a spell-binder. He captivated the parents first and then they made their children read his 'boys' books. Now whole families will have a chance to compare notes when they see this delightful film. It has been intelligently directed and perfectly cast. Jackie Coogan is an engaging *Tom*—one of our best actors, big or little, this boy. Junior Durkin is just right as *Huck*, while Mitzi Green proves she's a great trouser by making *Becky* a real little girl. Please support this splendid picture!



Jackie Coogan plays "Tom Sawyer" with Junior Durkin in the rôle of Huck Finn.



Reaching for the Moon

United Artists

ROBIN HOOD in Wall Street. *D'Artagnan* in a pent-house apartment. Doug Fairbanks in modern dress! You'll want to see "Reaching for the Moon" because it presents the original Doug in a new rôle; because it's directed by Goulding; because gorgeous Bebe Daniels is the heroine; and because it gives Eddie Horton his best screen chance. This Park Avenue comedy moves at a mad pace; it's as wise-cracking as Walter Winchell; it's even 'blue' in spots. It's as though the hitherto chemically pure Mr. Fairbanks were thumbing his nose at the cash customers as a final gesture—for this is said to be his last picture, you know. Lots of laughs, for the sophisticated. It's the first Fairbanks film which doesn't invite the children!



Douglas Fairbanks is in modern dress in "Reaching for the Moon" with Bebe Daniels.



The Royal Family

Paramount

HOW you'll enjoy this one! It's even better than the stage play, about the celebrated royal family of Broadway—I didn't say the Barrymores, did I?—their glittering careers and slightly mad private lives. There's crazy *Tony*, played by Fredric March; beautiful *Julie*, Ina Claire; her daughter, Mary Brian; and *Fanny*, the grande dame, Henrietta Crosman. Grand cast—pungent dialogue—sparkling situations. Drama, too—all the material and the trappings of the more romantic Theater. It's a fascinating picture and you must not miss it. March wins our page of honor for his performance. Ina Claire looks magnificent and her performance matches. One of the much, much better films.



"The Royal Family" is great entertainment with an all-star cast of stage and screen.

Critical Comment



One Heavenly Night
United Artists

Welcome, Evelyn Laye! The radiant lyrical aristocrat from England is a vision in this somewhat creaky story of love in the Hungarian hinterlands. John Boles sings and swanks opposite. But Leon Errol deserves the most hearty applause for his riotous clowning. Those legs!



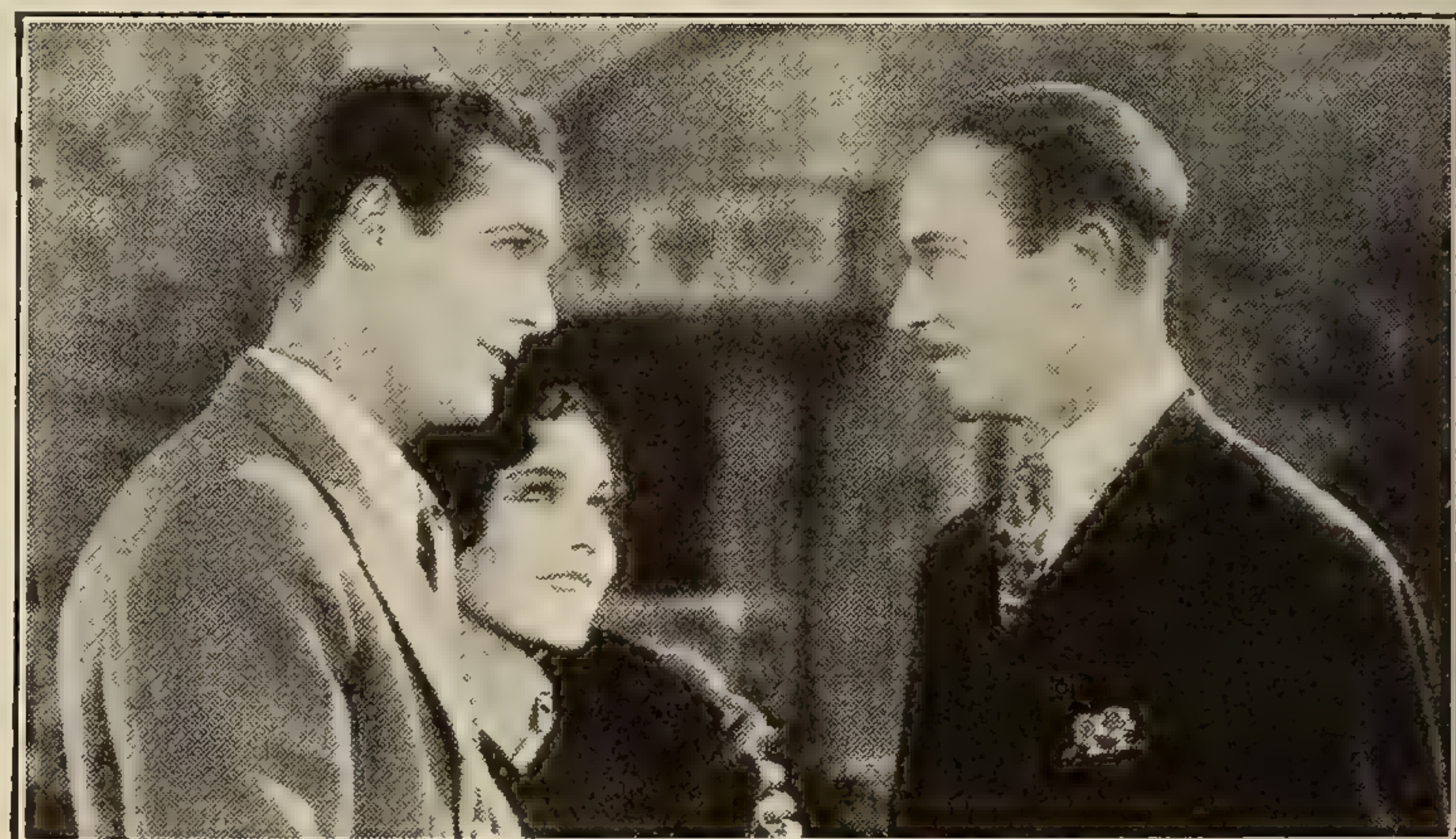
Illicit
Warner Brothers

A smash hit for Barbara Stanwyck! This lovely young actress plays a broad-minded girl who defies convention and shies at marriage. James Rennie is the man in the case. But it's the Stanwyck girl who makes the picture worth seeing. Judge Lindsey would approve of "Illicit!"



Fast and Loose
Paramount

Amusing froth, adapted from stage play, "The Best People." You'll meet Miriam Hopkins of the stage making her movie debut as a flighty society gel—you'll like her piquant bloneness and charm. Another newcomer, Charles Starrett, opposite. Carole Lombard is among those pleasant.



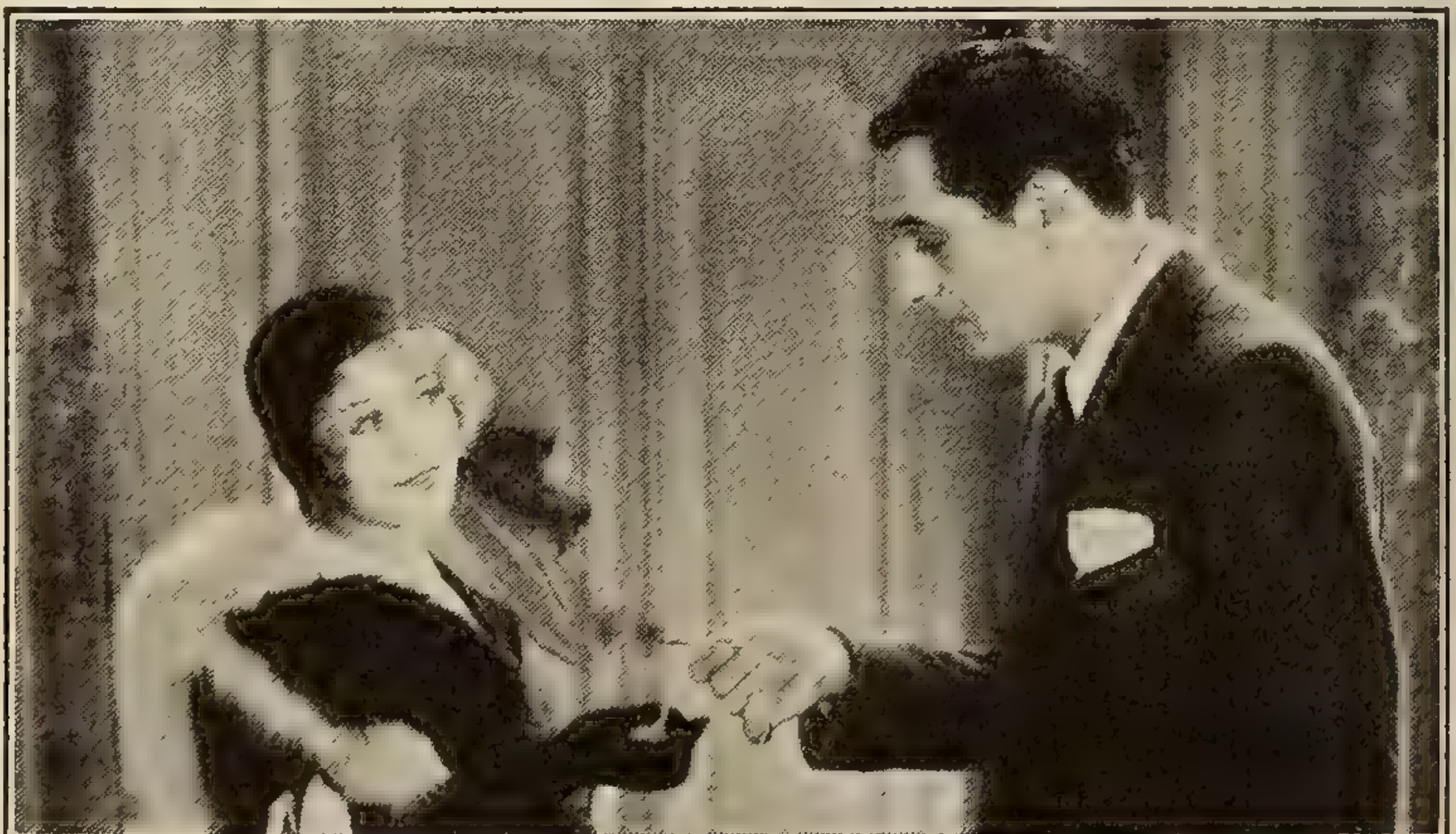
The Princess and the Plumber
Fox

Nice, light, innocuous! To us, Charlie Farrell without Janet Gaynor is like Amos without Andy. Not that we don't like Maureen O'Sullivan—she's a sweet child and quite engaging on her own account, as the princess of one of those mythical kingdoms. Enter Charlie—and there's a romantic revolution.



Follow the Leader
Paramount

If you don't know Ed Wynn here's a grand chance to make up for lost time. If you do, you'll attend his movie with no urging from us. Wynn was never funnier. In addition, there's romance by Ginger Rogers and Stanley Smith and 'blues' by Ethel Merman, current Broadway sensation.



The Boudoir Diplomat
Universal

Betty Compson, Ian Keith and beautiful Mary Duncan get off to a flying start in this filming of the stage play, "Command to Love." Romantic background, diplomatic intrigue, beautiful gowns, and splendid individual performances—but the picture drags. Andre Beranger, as a funny secretary, is great.

on Current Films



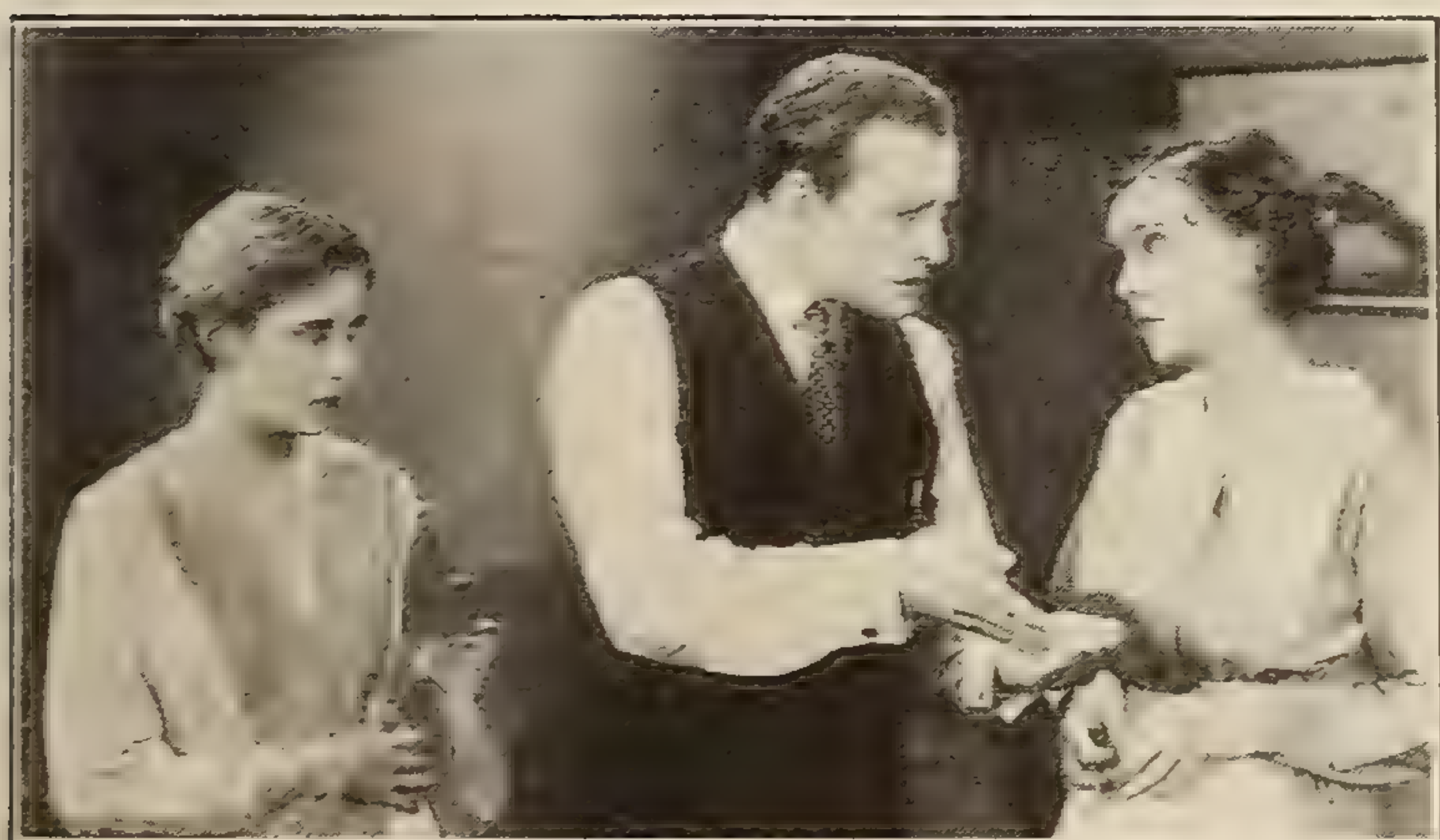
New Moon
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

You can't say this moon is made of green cheese, but you can't get excited about it, either. Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore are glamorous and gloriously vocal. The operetta is magnificently produced, with Adolphe Menjou and Roland Young lending noble support. But—not hot!



Sunny
First National

Here's a screen musical to which you youngsters may take mother and dad in perfect safety. They will like Marilyn Miller's grand tap-dancing and graceful blonde beauty. They'll enjoy Joe Donahue. And so will you, though you may be bored by some of the comedy—and who'll blame you?



Free Love
Universal

A marital tragi-comedy directed by Hobart Henley in which a spoiled wife, Genevieve Tobin, deserves a sock on the chin and gets it from her husband—Conrad Nagel, of all people! ZaSu Pitts does a marvelous housemaid. Monroe Owsley and Slim Summerville contribute additional humor. A good bet.



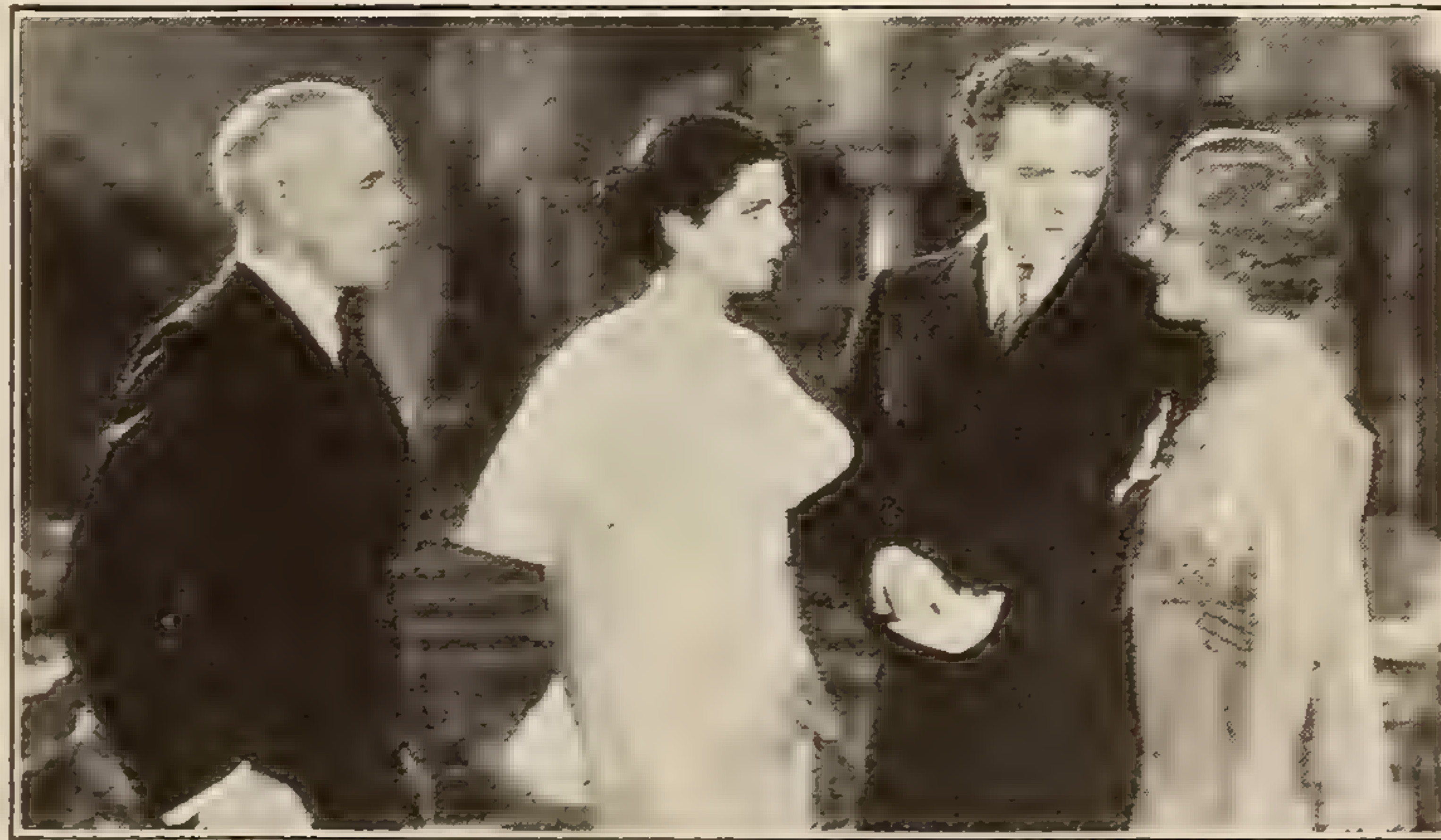
Only Saps Work
Paramount

There's no story in this talker and a very slim romance by Mary Brian and Richard Arlen. But if you go for grand nonsense then Leon Errol is your tonic. As a light-fingered, lovable crook, Errol dominates the picture. It's illogical but who cares? Stuart Erwin as a bell hop with a detective complex is a laugh, too.



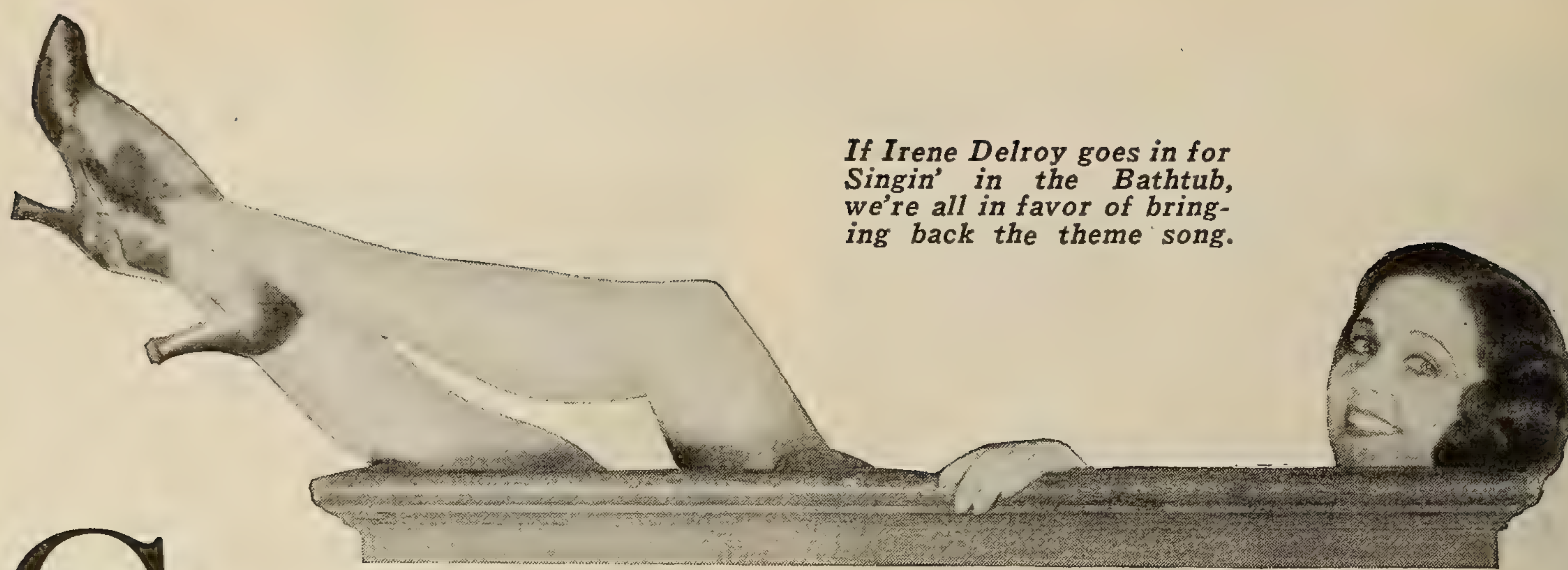
Remote Control
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

William Haines hands out the laughs as a radio announcer. A band of crooks kidnap him and even his flippiest wise-cracks don't weaken the gangsters. But, of course, he gets away—he always does! Mary Doran, John Miljan and Charles King are pleasantly present. Thrills, comedy and romance here.



Passion Flower
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A fine cast: Kay Francis and Kay Johnson, Lewis Stone and Charles Bickford, make this somewhat slow talker worth your while. A wealthy daughter marries the family chauffeur with dire results. Little Mickey Moore and ZaSu Pitts pep up the party but William De Mille directed with too hesitant a hand.



If Irene Delroy goes in for Singin' in the Bathtub, we're all in favor of bringing back the theme song.

SCREEN NEWS

Gossip from the Camera Coasts

WHICH is the 'Greta'—Garbo or Dietrich? It looks like this innocent little question is going to develop

into one of these big important screen controversies. Not between the girls themselves, you understand. They seem amused at it all. But it is an issue on which any one of ten million fans will argue, fight, bleed and die. Dietrich, naturally, does not like to be compared to Garbo. No real actress cares to be regarded as an imitation. Garbo, on her part, expresses no opinion one way or the other. But there are those who say that in her free moments, Garbo spends a lot of time listening carefully to Marlene's German phonograph records, to see just how the new film favorite's voice stacks up with her own.

Marlene sailed to visit her husband and little daughter in Germany. She has made it an important clause in her contract that she shall be released after every two pictures for a flying trip back home.

Other stars please copy! Joan Crawford arrived in New York with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for a vacation. Metro asked her to pose alone for some train pictures. "I'll be glad to pose — with Douglas," she answered. "Otherwise — no pictures!"

Just before the young Fairbankses left the coast, Mary Pickford rang up Joan and asked her

over to Pickfair to celebrate young Doug's birthday. When Doug and his wife arrived at Pickfair, weren't they surprised to find dozens of

starry ones who had been invited to do him honor instead of the little family party he was expecting!

Mary and Big Doug entertain in a big way all the time. Recently the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, England's most important youthful ducal couple, have been their house guests. Four years ago, Mary entertained delightfully for the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, the young Duke's mamma. The young Duke, by the way, is no dallier. He has held numerous responsible jobs in the British government. When he and his wife left Pickfair, they went for a deep sea fishing trip. Doug is planning to leave for a tour of the Orient and a big game hunt any day now.

Are they or aren't they? That's the big question about the Jack Gilbert - Ina Claire alliance. It has been reported, despite Ina's emphatic denials, that she has already filed papers for a divorce from the screen star.



No matter what you may have thought of the weird strains from a musical saw, you'll change your mind when Marlene Dietrich plays hers. Under her trained musician's hand the saw becomes an instrument of real beauty. Anyway, Vic McLaughlin thinks so.

Dolores Costello is home-sick for the studio! Two years ago she said she had washed her little hands of the intricate film world for good and all and proceeded to go home and be Mrs. Barrymore. But after little Dolores Ethel Mae was born, and after she had scoured all the Pacific waters



Captain Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and his football team, "The Hollywood Moon Reachers," including Doug Jr., 'Big Boy' Williams, Russell Gleason and famous college athletes.

Mary Astor has lost five pounds!

America has dozens of funny ways of pronouncing the name of Maurice Chevalier. But the prize goes to Turkey for the most novel spelling. Recently in a playhouse along the Bosphorus White Way, Maurice Chevalier was billed as 'Moris Sovalye.'

Constance Bennett always drives her own open roadster during the daytime. Democratic!

What makes Marion Davies the most popular girl in Hollywood? That's easy—it's her thoughtfulness. Just recently she made a splendid gift to Marie Dressler. Miss Dressler at fifty-eight works

with her husband in his yacht *Infanta*, she happened to drop by the Warner lot one day to show the staff the youngest Barrymore. Whether it was the glitter of the lights or the smell of the make-up we couldn't say. But then and there Dolores made up her mind to stage a screen come-back. And why not? She comes from a trouping family. So now Warners are looking for just the right vehicle for her return.

Jesse Lasky, the big flicker magnate, has an exceptionally gifted wife. Not only is she an artist, having had her paintings exhibited several times in the New York shows, but only recently she had a volume of poems—and very good poems, too—published. These were titled: "And I Shall Make Music." Mrs. Lasky has another job, also: mothering three children. In addition, she's pretty, with a grand, svelte figure.

Did you ever hear of anybody sitting in his own lap? Well, Ruth Chatterton does. Also talks to herself and pats her own back. In her current picture, "The Right to Love," Ruth plays three different people: mother, daughter and granddaughter.



Garbo at work. You can't catch the elegant Swede on the set very often but here she is, toiling in "Inspiration" with Bob Montgomery, while Clarence Brown—on the camera stands—directs.

as hard as the youngest ingénue on the lot. So Marion had a marvelous dressing room on wheels constructed for her. It follows the modernistic motif and is decorated in silver and green, fitted up with all the necessary appointments of a stationary boudoir. Now Marie can powder her nose whenever she wants to—and be sure of the effect!

Richard Cromwell, one of the newest and nicest stars to twinkle on the Hollywood horizon, has a new Ford Cabriolet, named Katya. (He just loves these dear Russians.) His old car was a Star to begin with, but it had Nash gears, Dodge wheels and axles, and countless unidentified spare parts. He called it Greta, because "When I think how beautiful Garbo is," he explained, "I could forget the noise and rattle of my ailing old bus!"

Ruth Roland owns a dancing academy.

Gloria Swanson looked really regal the other night at the opening of "Ghosts," the old Ibsen play revived by

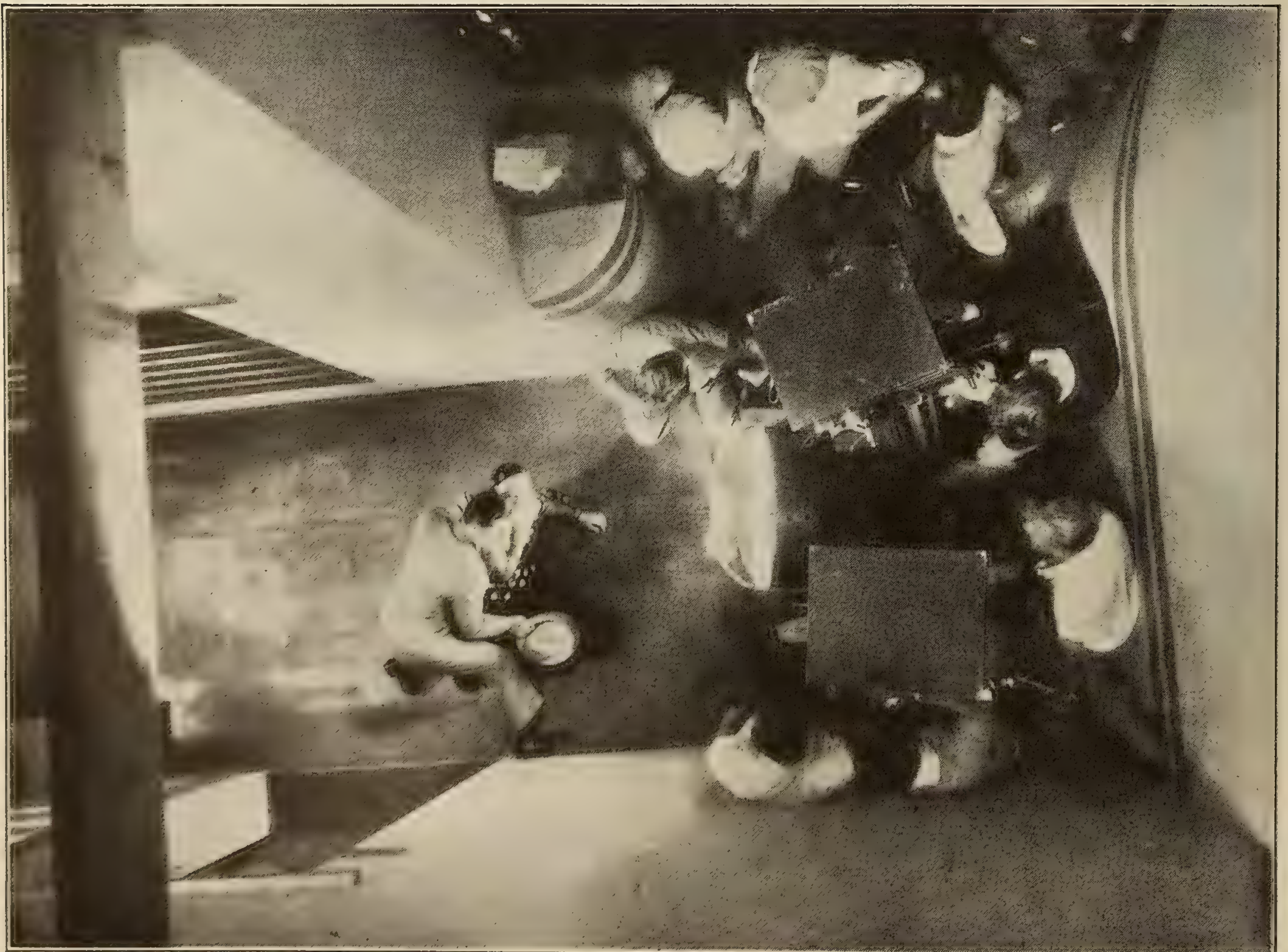


Tallulah Bankhead, the American actress who is a sensation in London, signed by Paramount to make pictures in Hollywood.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell—England's most famous actress of twenty years ago—at a Hollywood theater. Swanson in a subtle white satin gown was speaking with Mrs. Campbell after the performance: "I have a dear little girl at home," Gloria said. "How sweet," replied the visiting celebrity. "I, too, have a dear little girl back home in England—a dear little girl of forty-three!" The amazing Mrs. Pat. makes no secret of the fact that she is seventy-two and bubbled with mischief when a snippy lady said: "Heavens, that Mrs. Campbell must be at least sixty."

Mrs. Pat. is retiring from Hollywood in comparative defeat, after but one rôle in "The Dancers." It was Mrs. Campbell who brought George Arliss to this country many years ago as her leading man at \$3000. a week. Now George is a great picture star and very wealthy, while Mrs. Campbell is having to harbor her resources carefully and give lectures to eke things out.

It was not her lack of art, but her lack of tact which undid her in Hollywood. For instance, when she was a guest at the Breakfast Club and a yellow-garbed siren hove in sight, Mrs. Pat. remarked that it made her feel



What's this? A new puzzle picture? But before you get dizzy we'll let you in on it: just a studio shot—caught from above—of Jack Oakie and Wynne Gibson making a scene for Jack's latest film.

like a chewed cigar.

However, Mrs. Campbell brought her god-child-niece, Stella Moore, to Hollywood with her. Stella is tall, fair, very English, and has a gay sense of humor. After playing bits for Fox, Miss Moore has now gotten a good rôle and will remain to carve out a picture career.

Lina Basquette, former widow of Harry Warner, is just about to receive her divorce decree from Pev Marley, at which time some say wedding bells will ring out for her and Harry Richman. Lina has been dancing at the Club Richman all winter—and enjoying it.

Quite a load of responsibility for a pair of young shoulders! Escorting a lady of eight or thereabouts to a stage premiere in a full-fledged dress suit was what Leon Janney had to do the other night. But he carried it off with éclat at the recent opening of "Peter Pan" at the Hollywood Music Box. He greeted all his old friends in the lobby and gravely introduced his lady friend, June Grey. But something in his face, just for an instant, betrayed that he was bored—not with the lady—but with all his gentility. In the meantime, wonder how Mitzi Green feels about his defection? Mitzi proclaimed quite publicly lately that Leon Janney was her most particular special boy friend!

When interviewed two years

George Bancroft putting on the dog? So long as it's just this pup, Willie by name, it's all right with us.



Another little lesson in movie-making. What are those big, black boxes? The better to shoot you with, my dears. They're sound cameras, getting set to snap a mob of extras for "Fifty Million Frenchmen"—all of whom can't be wrong.

ago and asked what she expected to be doing ten years hence, Norma Talmadge said she

hoped to become a stage actress. Perhaps that's the reason this great star of the silent movies is willing to play second fiddle on the legitimate stage! Norma is rehearsing to play the lead in a road company of the New York stage success, "The Greeks Had A Word For It." This is the first time, to our knowledge, that a cinema celebrity has ever done such a thing. But Norma hasn't had a whole lot of luck in talking pictures. She wants to make good in them more than anything she has ever wanted in her life. So she is not only willing but anxious to take up this arduous work on the road, hoping it will lead her back to screenland.

Chester Morris is asking sixty-five thousand dollars a picture!

Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd slipped off to Las Vegas, Nevada, by airplane, and took each other for better or worse. They returned immediately to Hollywood where Bill had to complete a picture. Bill's former spouse was Elinor Fair. It was when Bill and Dorothy were cast as sweethearts in "His First Command" that the romance began.

Natalie Moorhead and Alan Crossland have both taken a second plunge. A Christmas wedding, in Yosemite.

There's such a thing as too much popularity. George Gershwin, at Movietone City, has disconnected his telephone and locked his office doors. He has so many visitors he can't work.

Screen stars have Sylvia to keep them fit and now the male players, execu-



A study in expression by the screen's champion lady mugger, Marjorie White. Left, exaltation. Right, grief. Below, passion.



tives and writers are looking into the matter. Jim Davies, who for three years kept George Bancroft's weight down by sledge-hammer massage, has become the official Paramount masseur. Bill McNutt, Dave Selznick, Herman Mankiewicz, and many of the male stars, who are such shrinking violets they don't want their names mentioned, are closeted with Jim for an hour or so each day—object, that slim waist line.

The world's largest known ironing board can be found on the Radio Pictures' lot. It is twenty feet long and five feet wide. The cord is so long it operates on a trolley line like a street car. Object—pressing the huge draperies for the sound stages.

Charlie Chaplin's main pride in "City Lights," his new picture, is that he composed and orchestrated all the music himself. One of the ways in which Charlie charms his visitors is by improvising soft music to the mood of the occasion on his lovely organ, built into the walls of his library.

One time Charlie was cross with a newspaper woman for marrying a second time. (Now, Charlie!) He cut her off his visiting list for a few months but then relented and invited her and her husband to dinner. The new and wrathful spouse felt like socking Charlie and went to the party very reluctantly—prepared to hate the little comedian. But Charlie sat down at the organ and played so magnificently that the guy who came to fight remained to praise.



Mr. and Mrs. Bill Boyd. She was—and still is, on the screen—Miss Dorothy Sebastian. They were married in Nevada.

Charlie always seems to order Chinese dishes when attending restaurants these days. Kono, his faithful Japanese servant, has been with him fifteen years, and is probably responsible for Charlie's gastronomical tastes, as Chinese dishes are said to be nourishing, easily digested, and very good for highly nervous people. Kono has long since protected Charlie's nerves to the best of his ability.

Clara Kimball Young has been dieting steadily and is shedding her too, too solid weight rapidly these days—forty extra odd pounds of it. It was this avoirdupois that kept Clara out of pictures for so long, and now she has been signed by RKO for "The Private Secretary."

Diane Ellis, after having been married only a few weeks to the social light, Stephen C. Millett, died suddenly in India. Miss Ellis did splendid work in "Laughter" with Nancy Carroll just before her marriage. Paramount held an option on her services which it is said they were to take up when she returned from her honeymoon.

Pauline Frederick's fourth marriage is on the rocks. Hugh C. Leighton, millionaire hotel man, is asking for a release from the bonds of what he says is a kissless marriage—after eight months. Her former spouses were: one, Willard Mack; two, Frank M. Andrews, architect; three, Charles A. Rutherford, doctor. A couple more matrimonial séances and Polly will have caught up with Peggy Joyce.

Tom Mix is ready to return to pictures if anybody will pay him his asking price of seventy-five thousand a film. No takers yet.

Mix seems to be having lots of trouble just now. Directly he got out of the hospital his wife, Victoria, sued for divorce. She says Tom is dangerously fond of waggling guns, is loud and boisterous in their home, and embarrasses her in public places. Tom denies all!

Cast-off galoshes, potatoes, eggs, and old clothing are used for currency when the roubles run low at Leningrad movie houses. Leningrad, you know, used to be St. Petersburg, formerly the capital of Russia.

Everybody is glad to have Colleen Moore back in Hollywood again. And it's good news to know she has already had several offers to make talking pictures. She deserves it after tramping all over the middle west in her play, "On the Loose," to say nothing of the weeks she had to spend in a Battle Creek sanitarium to recuperate.

Once we were out with Colleen when she had her fortune told—just for fun. The fortune teller said she saw heartaches galore for Colleen but we just laughed, for at the time Miss Moore and her husband, John McCormick, were wild about each other. She used to call him "My John," and every time she started to make a new picture, he would send her gorgeous bouquets of flowers. But that's all in the past now. Colleen has a clean emotional slate to write on since her divorce from McCormick. And as for John—he is reported

One little Indian who grew up to be a motion picture actor—Charles Buddy Rogers, no less, at the age of five.



Just a conference on the "Once a Sinner" set. Director Guthrie McClintic tells Joel McCrea how to play the next scene with Dorothy Mackaill.

about to marry Mae Clark, ex-sister-in-law to Fannie Brice.

Gloria Swanson auctioned off part of the furnishings of her Beverly Hills home the other day. Lots of fan bidders.

Cupid is being very artful with Carole Lombard and William Powell. They have been seen together all winter and now Paramount has selected her to play opposite Bill in his next picture, "Cavalier of the Streets," which was originally written by Michael Arlen for Chevalier. But Paramount considers Bill better suited to the rôle.

It's interesting to know how Carole acquired the extra 'e' on her first name. It seems she went to a numerologist who changed the spelling to Carole, the extra 'e' being put on evidently for extra luck—or something. And Carole was originally just plain Jane Peters—only not so plain, at that!



During the war Larry Kent (right) was George O'Brien's company commander in the navy. Now George and Larry are both playing in "The Seas Beneath."

The other night at a Mayfair party in New York, Ernest Lubitsch could hardly keep his eyes off Ona Munson. She's his 'heart' all right, and there's a rumor around the big town that as soon as her shackles are cast off from Eddie Buzzell she will become *Frau Direktor* Lubitsch. This makes us wonder if Ona will be borrowed from First National to play in the coming Lubitsch-Chevalier production.

Everybody likes Eddie Buzzell. He is doing things in a big way on the Columbia lot, both writing and directing, and it looks like he is about to blossom forth into one of the big-timers of the business.

THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS

By Mary Lee

THE Houbigant man has been knocking at my door—not the Fuller Brush man—and what a lot I have learned about compacts from him! It seems Houbigant claims the compact record for American sales. Do you remember about two summers ago when the little octagonal-shaped, basket-of-roses-in-the-center compact first made its appearance? Well, that was Houbigant's and they proceeded to sell five million of them in one year.

Naturally, after that, they got pretty steamed up about this compact business and yearly have been putting out new models. I have seen them all but I think their very newest one, which has its photograph on this page is quite the prize. Houbigant found that gold and nickel compacts scratch up quickly so they've put out this newest one in a choice of colors and enamels. You can have it in heavenly tones of green and yellow, blue and silver, or red and black. It costs \$3.50. The powder is delightful and clings affectionately to your nose, and I think you'll find it very worth the owning.

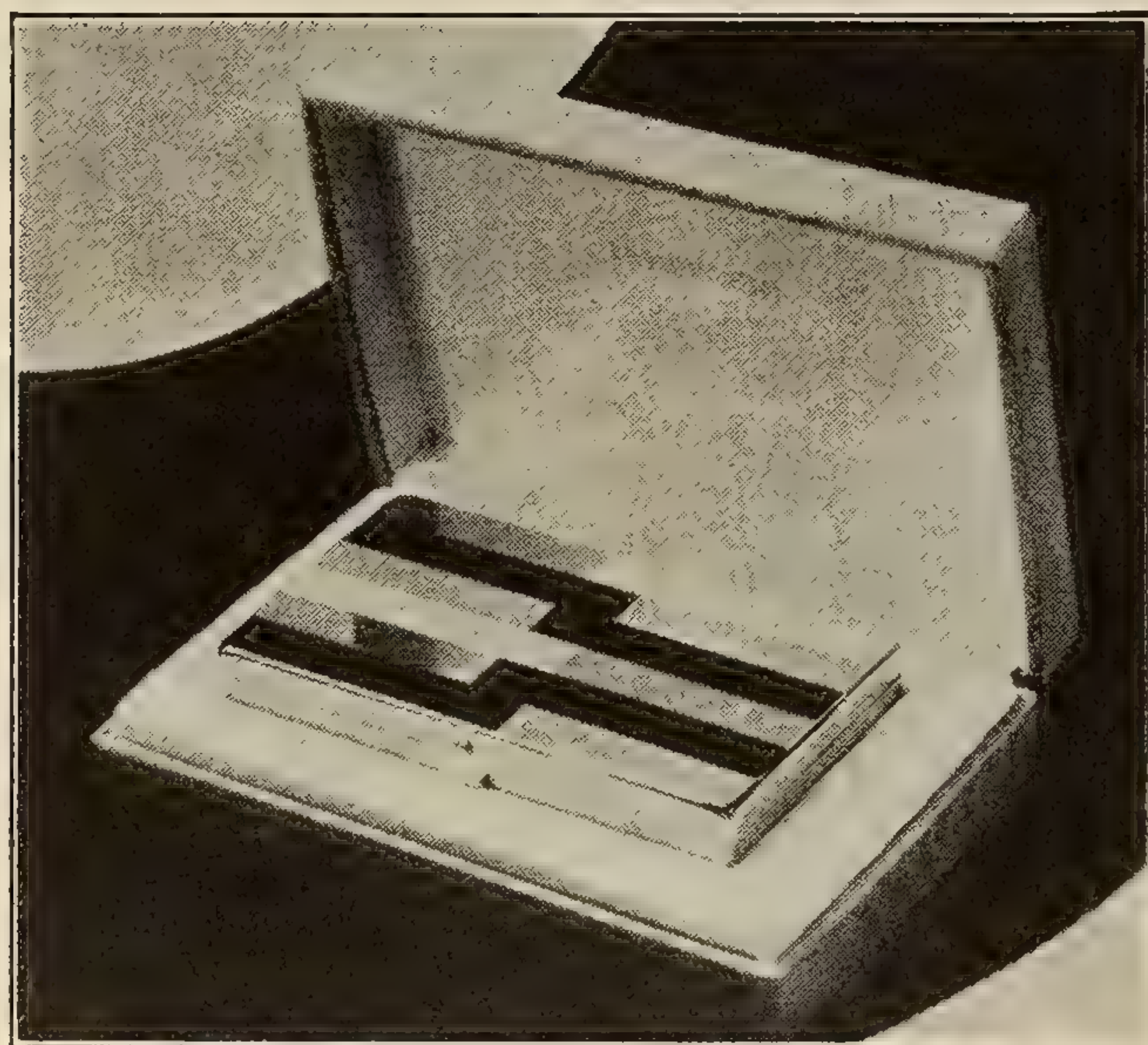
Houbigant is also putting out a nice new powder and a perfume this month, both with the same fragrance, called *Fleur Bénaîmée*, which carelessly translated, is Beloved Flower or Flower of My Beloved, or something like that. Both are slick and the prices are pets—one dollar for the powder, which is very soft and comes in any shade your little face desires—and six dollars for a very generous-sized bottle of the perfume, and one dollar for the purse size. This would make a nice gift for Easter, or some such occasion. The *odeur* is spicy and woodsy and very, very chic.

This month's cutest gadget—and I do love a gadget—is the Cutex Nail White Pencil. It looks like a pencil and acts like a pencil only instead of making black lines it makes clean white lines under your nails—and very effective it is if you ask me.

The way you work it is this: Immediately after you have washed your hands, you pass the Cutex pencil underneath each of the nail tips.

This cleanses and whitens them in a very smart way, and I can think of nothing sweeter for the working girl who wants to look like the pink of perfection during office hours. The price is a mere thirty-five cents. Not of course, to be used to fool the office help into thinking it's a real pencil, or such. You could—but jobs are so scarce.

Cleanliness keeps right on getting smarter and smarter! Two new methods of attaining that spotless look have come



This compact by Houbigant is in heavenly tones of blue and silver—tres distingué.

to my attention this month—to say nothing of a great big heavenly box of Lux soap, but the grand qualities of Lux soap you all know about, so I'll pass over it until Anne Van Alsyne chooses to write about luxurious bathing. Then she'll rave about it.

The two new products are Madame Helena Rubenstein's Water Lily Liquid Cleanser and some new little tissue paper hankys called, appropriately enough, 'Tish.'

It was a little less than two years ago that Ambrosia hit the big cosmetic trade and just about upset the business. For Ambrosia was a fine liquid cleanser, coming along at a time when we had all been creamed to boredom, if not to beauty. Ambrosia, because it really does do what it promises, went over in a big way. And so a demand for liquid cleansers was created which the older beauty houses began answering at once.

Madame Rubenstein has held out longest, but now her answer is here in the Water Lily Cleanser. Where other liquid cleansers are clear, Madame's is opaque and milky, with a lovely scent, and apparently has less drying tendency than most of them. It goes on the face very smoothly, and removes the toil of the day from your countenance without seeming to take all your skin with it. By that I mean it's smooth and soft and most refreshing. It comes in various size smart bottles at a price range that's very satisfactory.

'Tish' looks like a handkerchief, each separate square of it being hemstitched paper. It feels like silk and it behaves like a thoroughbred. You can use it for everything from removing cold cream to acting as picnic napkins. It comes in six colors and three sizes so that each square costs a little more than a cent apiece. I

tried it out one wintry day, when my face was all chapped and wind-burned. I found it so agreeable I went right out and sunk a whole dollar for a box of it—and felt it was a good bargain.

Well, haven't I been the enthusiastic little darling this month? It must be the influence of spring around the corner or something. But the articles really have been great. One final burst of praise and I'm finished.

Remember the Terri Company which more or less started the compact business a few years ago? They've been rather quiet of late, but now new blood and loose powder have come into the firm and they are coming out with new compacts. They are Swiss-watch thin, with unbreakable mirrors, in coral, turquoise, jade, black, red and tortoise-shell. The case has two little jeweled rings on it as its only ornament. Very doggy. The compacts are either single or double, for loose powder alone, or powder or rouge. The price for either is one dollar. And when it comes to a choice between loose or compact powder for one's countenance—well, why be foolish? There isn't any choice. Every girl goes on the loose given the chance.



Terri compacts, Swiss-watch thin, with unbreakable mirrors, are the last word in urban smartness. They come in coral, turquoise, jade, black, red, and tortoise-shell.

ASK ME

(Continued from page 12)

**Doug Jr. has a rival!
Douglas Fairbanks the
first returns to the screen
in "Reaching for the
Moon"**

Morris; and "Little Caesar" with Robinson and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. They'll make you afraid to go home in the dark!

June Bug. Have I an assortment of June birthdays of the stars to offer? Just cast your heavenly eyes on this list: Clive Brook, William Austin, Virginia Brown Faire, Lois Wilson, Martha Sleeper, Hedda Hopper and Barry Norton. Barry is making French and Spanish versions of various Paramount films. He will also play in American flickers.

Katherine H. You ask, "What is this thing called love?" Never mind, that's a phonograph record. Janet Gaynor's first notable success was with Charles Farrell in "Seventh Heaven" in 1927, followed by "Two Girls Wanted" and "Sunrise." In 1928 she made "Street Angel" and "Four Devils." "Christina," "Lucky Star," and "Sunny Side Up" were released in 1929. Her latest picture is "The Man Who Came Back" with Charles Farrell.

Miriam F. If you have a hard time trying to stop asking questions, what kind of a so-and-so do you think I have trying to answer all these non-stop flights? John Boles gives one of his best performances in his new picture, "One Heavenly Night," with Evelyn Laye. John was born Oct. 28, 1900, in Greenville, Texas. Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers had the leads in "Follow Thru" with Zelma O'Neal. Jack Haley, Thelma Todd and Eugene Pallette in support.

Bob B. So you think a sock on the hand is worth two on the feet, do you? You should ask me! Raymond Hackett has brown hair and blue eyes and was born in 1902. Malcolm MacGregor has black hair and brown eyes. Charles Bickford, Chester Morris, David Rollins and Kenneth MacKenna use their own names on the screen. Don Alvarado's real name is Jose Paige.

Belle of H. C. I do not know the age of Hedda Hopper but she doesn't look it by a long shot. Ruth Taylor was married to Paul S. Zuckerman on March 17, 1930. There's a Zuckerman Jr., born in December, 1930. Marie Prevost is 32 years old. Thelma Hill is 24 years old. Her real name is Hillerman. Lawrence Tibbett was born in California. Nancy Carroll's daughter is about four years old, and was christened Patricia Kirkland.

Eleanor K. You want to know who Ramon Novarro's and Buddy Rogers' best girls are? As far as my scouting and detective ability goes and that is going some, Ramon's and Buddy's best girls are their mothers. Ralph Emerson and Lee Moran were the 'other two' men in "Dance Hall" with Olive Borden and Arthur Lake.

Claire F. If everything goes well and why shouldn't it, you'll see your favorite.



The new crop of fans know Doug Jr. better than they know his dad. But wait until they see the one, only, and original Fairbanks in his come-back film. Doug Jr. had better watch out!

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in a new picture one of these days: "Reaching for the Moon" with Bebe Daniels co-starring. Gloria Swanson is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Ramon Novarro has five brothers and five sisters. A recent Novarro release, "Call of the Flesh."

Nancy S. I'm too busy answering questions to try for pictures—not that I'd have any difficulty in getting a scream test, oh my no! Charles Rogers was born Aug. 13, 1905. He has black hair, brown eyes and is 6 feet tall. He has a married sister but she isn't in pictures. His latest release is "Along Came Youth."

E. Ne. Mne. Meeny, moe, catch Mitzi

Green before I let her go! Step right up, Mitzi, and tell the lady all about yourself. She was born 10 years ago in New York City. Her parents are Joe Keno and Rosie Green, well-known vaudeville team-mates. Mitzi's first stage appearance was when she was 3 years old, with a Gus Edwards' sketch. She is the first child to be placed under contract by Paramount. Her eyes are grey and her brown hair is worn in a straight bob with bangs. She has played in "The Marriage Playground" with Mary Brian and Fredric March; "Sweetie" with Nancy Carroll; "Love Among the Millionaires" with Clara Bow; "The Santa Fe Trail" with Richard Arlen, and "Tom Sawyer" with

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The Discovery of Dick

Continued from page 62

the younger children lived at Long Beach. Cromwell had done some mural work for the Pantages Theater and he was known in a certain little circle for the beauty of the masks of celebrities which he was always making. But sometimes celebrities forget to pay. And sometimes—they don't pay at all. And every penny he could collect went to the younger children, so that he and Opal had a pretty sorry shift to get along in the town of star dust and heart-break.

Along about the fall of 1930, things looked bad for the boy. It looked like the fall of the house of Radabaugh if some good cash money wasn't forthcoming—and soon. The rent was overdue. There wasn't much left on the pantry shelf. And, to make everything quite, quite, perfect, Richard was sick. He had almost killed himself trying to do something different in the way of masks.

"These masks," he explained, "are made on the theory of death masks—by spreading the clay over the face. But, of course, when you're working on living models you leave the nostrils uncovered. After-

wards, I paint the hardened clay, slit the mouth open, color the lips, and there it is. But one unfortunate afternoon, I decided to cover my entire face, except for an air tube in my mouth. I began great, but along in the course of the afternoon the tube slipped out. My sister found me some time later and the Hollywood pulmotor squad brought me back to life and debt.

"While I was recuperating, I couldn't paint. I had just lost interest in everything. One afternoon a high school friend of mine came over and said they were casting a talkie version of Richard Barthelmess' silent picture, 'Tol'able David,' on the Columbia lot and needed a youngster for the leading rôle. 'Why don't you try it?' he asked.

"I had always wanted to act but was scared to death of the very idea. Didn't think I'd ever have a chance. My hair's straight and I don't look like one of these big wide-open spaces' guys. But I went.

"Well, it just happens like that in Hollywood. For no good reason that I could see, I was picked out of I don't

know how many kids by Harry Cohn to play the part of *David*, the mountain boy. I didn't know anything about acting. I never had been in a picture or on the stage. But thanks to Mr. Blystone, the director, I got by."

And how he got by! He got by so well that as soon as President and Mrs. Hoover saw the talkie, they wanted to meet Richard. So after personal appearances all the way across the country, stop-overs in New York and Chicago, Richard slicked down his hair and went to shake hands with the big ex-mining engineer, Herbert Hoover, and his missus.

Cromwell is related to Howard Chandler Christy. He went to Long Beach High School and had a few months at the Chaunard Art School in Hollywood. He likes meat well done; coffee, buckets of coffee; swimming, and sophisticated girls who look unsophisticated.

Richard's favorite actress is Garbo. But he likes the finish of Ruth Chatterton. Joan Crawford is another of his female favorites. For men, he prefers Fredric March, Gary Cooper and Lew Ayres.

Romance Rides Again!

Continued from page 51

history. As we have said, he was the magnificent steed Valentino rode in his dashing manner when the late star made "The Son of the Sheik." He also was the last horse ever ridden by Valentino. The attachment and sympathy between the star and the horse were very real. It is recalled that Valentino personally had 'Jadaan' insured for twenty thousand dollars during the periods they were together.

Every man who rode 'Jadaan' in "Beau Ideal" was unanimous in declaring that he experienced an uncanny feeling every time he mounted the great stallion's back. They felt, somehow—strange as it may seem to us—that they were not riding alone—that the spirit of Valentino was somehow guiding the animal.

During the filming of this RKO picture an incident occurred which seemed to give evidence of this; also of 'Jadaan's' remarkable intelligence and the instinctive qualities which for unknown centuries have made the Arabian the most prized possession of the desert tribes and the most sought horseflesh in the world.

One of the best 'shots' of the production is a vicious fight between legionnaires and tribesmen. The realistic qualities injected into this battle by Director Brenon are indicated by the fact that nineteen of the players were injured.

The script called for the wounding of 'Jadaan's' rider at the height of the hostilities and there was some concern over what might happen to the riderless stallion since no one could be on hand to catch him. The dappled gray took care of the situation, however. Just as Valentino had trained 'Jadaan' to do, and just as the horse's illustrious ancestors have performed on real battlefields when their masters fell, 'Jadaan' made a small circle, returned and stood by the prostrate figure of his rider. Despite the terrific din of rifle and machine-gun fire and the frenzied action of the field, the animal refused to be driven away. But the strangest thing of all, perhaps, was that the fallen rider himself said that despite the confusion and the very real danger

he had no fear. He felt a sense of protection around him!

As soon as the scene was taken, some Arabs who played the rôles of hostile



An intimate study of an intriguing lady—Bebe Daniels—in her boudoir.

tribesmen, rushed to 'Jadaan' and surrounded him exclaiming. "He's a real Arabian! He wouldn't leave his rider!"

'Jadaan's' stable mate and fellow actor, 'Raseyn,' one of the latest champions belonging to the Kellogg Ranch, also has a colorful story. There is no finer blood line in the world than his. 'Raseyn' was sired by the English champion, 'Skowronek,' whose owner, Lady Wentworth of Crabbet Park, Sussex, England, refused two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for him.

'Skowronek' and his sire were owned by a famous Polish family at the time of the World War. When the Communist revolutionists swept into power they hanged the sire of 'Skowronek' on a scaffold, as they would a man, because they associated the royal line of horse heritage with that of kings. But 'Skowronek,' plastered with mud and dirt, was smuggled out of the country and so saved from hanging.

The original source from which all modern light horses throughout the world derive most of their beauty and virtues is from the pure Arabian strain, celebrated since Biblical times, and this breed is threatened with extinction in their native home.

American sportsmen and horse lovers are devoting every effort and large sums of money to perpetuating the pure Arabian strains. It is estimated that in this country out of a horse population of about eighteen million, less than two hundred of them are pure Arabians. About one-third of these have been assembled on the eight-hundred-acre Kellogg Ranch in one of the fertile California valleys where natural conditions are ideal for re-establishing the breed.

Owned by W. K. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Michigan, chairman of the board of the Kellogg Company, the leading manufacturers of cereal foods, the ranch is outstanding among the world's few establishments for the preservation and breeding of these beautiful and fleet-footed horses that have proved such true and sympathetic friends of man.

"Lock your door on Birthdays!"

SAYS

HUGH TREVOR

famous screen idol



Learn the Complexion Secret *9 out of 10 Screen Stars know*

"THE WOMAN who wants to win and hold adoration should keep youth," Hugh Trevor says.

"And nowadays there doesn't seem to be any reason why she can't. Everywhere you go you meet women no longer very young in years, but radiant with that glowing *alive* sort of charm no man can resist.

"Stage and screen stars, as you know, hold the admiration they have won year after year. *Birthdays don't matter at all*. And nowadays I notice that other women are learning their complexion secret!"

What is the secret of staying young the lovely actresses know?

Guard complexion beauty the Hollywood way

Important actresses throughout the world remain young, lovely, alluring, year after year! In Hollywood . . . on Broadway . . . in Europe . . . they guard complexion beauty—KEEP youthful allure—with Lux Toilet Soap. They have made this fragrant, very white soap official in all studios . . . it is found in theatres everywhere. *Your skin will love it, too!*



(Above) BETTY COMPSON, Radio Pictures' star

(Below) BEBE DANIELS, Radio Pictures' star



*The caress of dollar-a-cake
French toilet soap*

Youth LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

Have Lovely Hair!

Continued from page 85

three quarter minutes upon your head.)

After all this brushing, give yourself a good scalp massage. The best way to do it is to hold the sides of the head firmly with the palms of the hands. Resting the fingertips on the crown of the head, rotate them firmly until the scalp beneath them becomes glowing and pliant. This stimulates the oil glands to proper activity and loosens up any dandruff and dust that your scalp may have collected during the day.

If your hair seems to need it, a good hair tonic will help. There are many excellent ones on the market, made under the finest conditions and the most exacting standards. Some are for dry and some for oily scalps, and they can speed up the process of getting your 'crowning glory' into the best possible stage. Their chief value is in their stimulating the blood supply and the massage required in using them.

You don't need to spend much time on scalp massage. Three or four minutes will suffice, if you can't afford more time, and you will be perfectly amazed at the beauty results. Particularly in cases of light dandruff, the massage so stimulates the scalp and tones up the erector muscles, that the dandruff is soon routed. Dandruff of longer standing needs more thorough treatment, of course. It requires too much space for me to go into here but if you will write me, I'll be glad to give you detailed advice by letter for curing dandruff.

Now all this brushing and massaging may frighten some girls, particularly those who have permanents or marcel. There is an illusion that has grown up in the beauty parlors that you can brush the 'made' wave out of your hair. Well, that's true in one sense and untrue in another.

A girl who has a natural wave, of



Blonde and beautiful, Lucille Williams has a nice new feature contract with Pathé.

oil soap is excellent for dry hair, a pure castile for oily. Tar soap is beneficial, though better for brunettes than blondes as it has a slight darkening tendency. It is best to make a jelly of the soap by melting it in a little water and adding a pinch of borax. This prevents your getting bits of soap on your scalp which might not rinse off easily.

Dry your hair carefully with warm towels and let the sun dry it, too, if possible. Never dry it under intense heat, such as some unscrupulous beauty parlors use. If you prefer to go to a shop for your shampoos—and it's often more convenient, particularly when you are going to have your hair set afterwards—be careful about the soap you permit them to use on your hair and if necessary pay an extra quarter and get your hair hand-dried. It's a splendid beauty investment.

Someday I shall write you an article on how to dress your hair and before summer comes I want to write you again about permanents and such things and how to care for your scalps during the vacation months—since while the sun is wonderful for one's health it is hard on one's beauty, particularly on the beauty of the hair.

But here I have had space only to tell you the basic rules for good care of the hair and the beginning of its beauty. The principles I've pointed out are those followed by the best dermatologists and by those smart women who care most about presenting an exquisite appearance.

even the most delicate degree, will find that brushing will bring it out more visibly and make it very lovely. And the girl with the permanent or marcel has the choice between a hard, formal wave and lifeless hair or luxurious looking hair and a loose wave.

It's probably true that your permanent won't last so long, in well-brushed hair, but it's just as true that your hair will look more beautiful while it does last, and you'd rather have that true, wouldn't you? Dry, lifeless hair never holds a wave well, anyway. Vigorous hair can be trained in any way you like. And remember always to brush the hair against the way it grows, up from the neck, front, over the forehead, away from the ears.

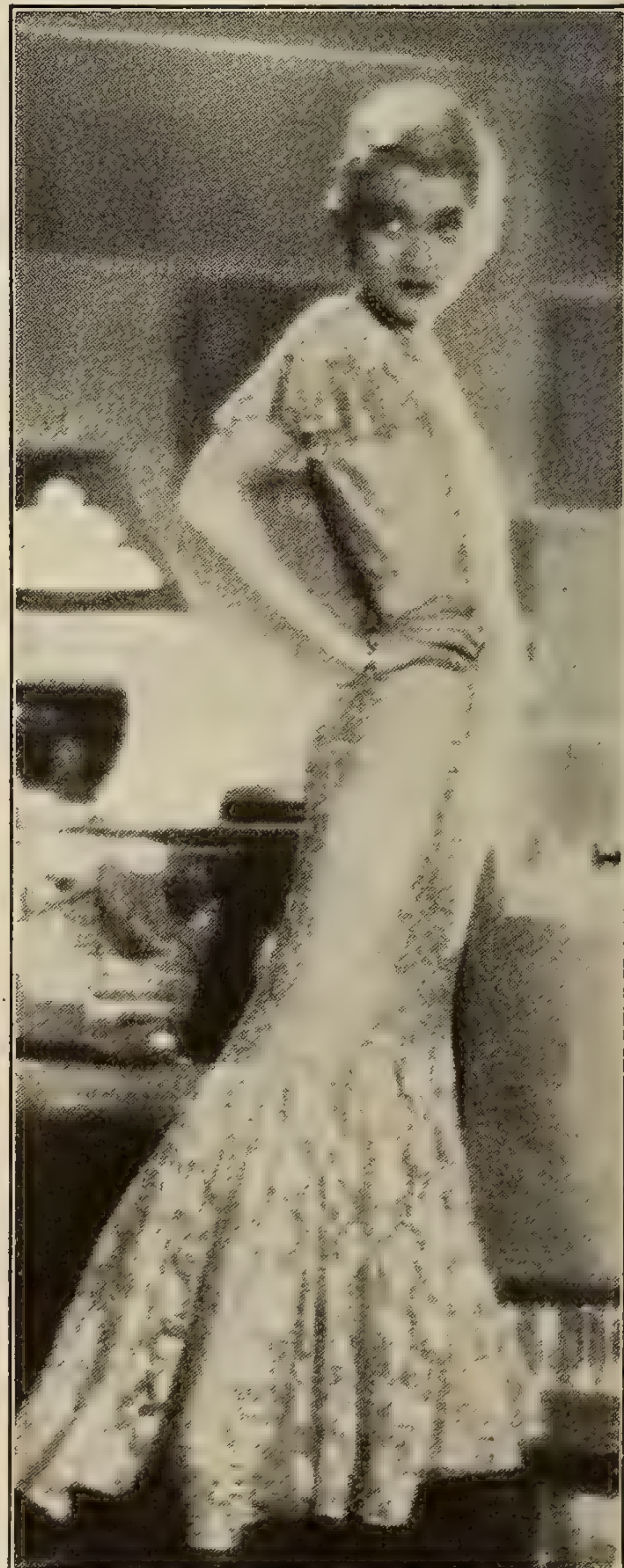
The brush you use is very important. One with long, rather stiff bristles is best. And be very sure that it is clean. You can clean it instantly by putting a few drops of ammonia—ordinary kitchen ammonia—and a pinch of borax into a bowl of hot water—not boiling—and immersing the brush into it. Let it soak about five or ten minutes. Shake out excess water and dry in the open air, preferably in the sunshine. Let the brush rest on its bristles instead of on its back. In cases of dandruff, the brush should be washed after each using, as complete cleanliness is a fine medicine for this scalp illness. This goes for your comb, too, of course. And do be careful about those little pocket combs we all carry. They need changing regularly.

And then shampooing. There's so much controversy on this point. My experience makes me believe that with daily brushing of the scalp and a daily massage, twice a month is sufficient to wash oily hair. Dry hair should be washed every third week. Too frequent shampooing stimulates the oil glands and harms oily hair rather than helps it.

If you shampoo your hair at home, be careful not to use an alkali soap. An olive



Mary Pickford does à Maurice Chevalier in "Kiki."



Constance Bennett, one of the best dressed women in pictures.

"I've found a perfume to register *Me*"

says LILLIAN ROTH

"I'd heard there were such things . . . perfumes that just fitted certain types . . . but never quite believed it, don't you know.

"Until that day . . . what a find! . . . I discovered Seventeen. Just a little vagrant whiff, straying from a perfume counter . . .

"Why, hello *Me*! . . . I gasped. For . . . it's an honest fact . . . that perfume said to me 'I'm young as you are . . . I like thrills . . . and madcap fancies . . . I dance and sing . . .'

"Well, I adopted Seventeen right then and there! Now, we're always together . . . and I hardly know, when I'm gay, how much is me and how much Seventeen!"



Keeping the Mood of *Seventeen*

Face Powder . . . in smart, subtle shades. Dusting Powder . . . an exhilarating finish for the bath. Compact . . . in which alert sophistication is combined with Seventeen's naive charm. Brillantines . . . both solid and liquid; the solid is non-alcoholic and non-drying. Sachet . . . like a haunting breath of Springtime, to freshen clothes and lingerie. Toilet Water . . . the characteristic Seventeen scent. Talcum . . . fresh, clean, fragrant. The Perfume . . . the mood of Seventeen itself, translated into a perfume.



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Southern Charm in the Kitchen

Continued from page 83

sugar, one cup of sour cream, two and a half cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon of cream of tartar, two teaspoons of lemon extract, four egg whites.

For the brown part of the cake she uses one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of brown sugar, four egg yolks, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour cream, two and a half cups of flour, one-half teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon cream of tartar, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon each of mace, nutmeg and cloves.

Sometimes Dorothy bakes the whole mixture in a large loaf pan, but usually she bakes it in layers, putting first a spoonful of light and then a spoonful of dark batter into the pan. It requires about a half hour of baking in a moderate oven.

Dorothy's pies and tarts are as good as the cakes which she bakes. For special little luncheons she loves to make raspberry tarts. The shells which she concocts are half-way between shortcake and regular pie crust. She doubles the amount of shortening and adds a little sugar to the flour. For the filling of the tarts, she cooks raspberries in a syrup of sugar, butter, grated nutmeg and a dash of lemon juice. Then she tops the whole with a mound of whipped cream. There is little wonder that, when the word is whispered that Dorothy's luncheon dessert is raspberry tarts, the guests make a brave attempt to eat lightly of the other food.

Dorothy's favorite pie is buttermilk custard pie. The filling for this pie consists of three eggs, two-thirds cup of sugar, three-fourths cup of butter, three tablespoons of flour, two cups of buttermilk, grated rind of one lemon. Dorothy creams the butter and sugar and adds the well-beaten egg yolks. Then she adds the flour, the grated lemon rind and, finally, the buttermilk. She folds in the stiffly beaten egg whites and pours the mixture into the pastry-lined pans, the shells having been baked fifteen minutes in a hot oven before the filling is added.

Much has been spoken and written about the girl of today, who considers her culinary knowledge complete when she knows how to make candy and how to operate a can opener. Dorothy is a thoroughly modern girl who thoroughly contradicts this statement. She can cook almost anything but she can also manip-

ulate a can opener and make candy.

You should taste the candy she makes when she feels sweet-hungry or when she is making ready for an onrush of candy-loving guests. One of her concoctions she calls 'fudge,' but it should be named 'Ambrosia' or 'Heaven's Delight' or something like that.

The base of this fudge is brown sugar. To this she adds cream, butter, a dash of salt and a dash of vinegar. After it has been cooked to the proper stage, she permits it partially to cool. Then she adds marshmallow cream, chopped nuts, chopped raisins and chopped dates. She heats it until it is a smooth, golden cream and pours it into shallow pans to harden. Never before did candy taste like that.

Another favorite sweet is Dorothy's 'Divinity,' which is unlike any other divinity. For this she uses one pound of powdered sugar, two unbeaten egg whites, one teaspoon of vanilla and chopped figs, nuts and dates. This mixture is not cooked but is beaten until it is thoroughly creamed. Then Dorothy drops it in blobs on oiled paper and permits it to harden.

Sometimes she eats or serves this candy as it is. Sometimes she rolls it into balls or oblongs and dips it in a thick chocolate coating. For this she uses sugar prongs, the prongs making the indentations which serve to decorate the finished candies.

Little Dorothy can cook. There's no doubt about that.



Yum, yum! If Dorothy Jordan can cook like she can act—why, just cut us a piece of cake, Dot.

Does Education Help?

Continued from page 26

Dick Barthelmess is a Trinity College man and a Psi Upsilon. James Rennie went to the College of Toronto, Canada, and Sidney Blackmer holds A.B. and LL.D. degrees from the University of North Carolina.

Dear old George Fawcett is a Phi Kappa Psi of the University of Virginia, the same fraternity that President Wilson belonged to. Young John Wayne, hero of "The Big Trail," was a University of Southern California man.

Although precious few producers are university men, most of the directors are. There's something about directing that calls for the sort of mind that can absorb learn-

ing, although Cecil De Mille's college probably looks askance at his "Madam Satan" tastes.

Actually this is merely a partial list, for hundreds of the less known players these days are college graduates. For that matter you can find them among the extras, the technicians, the office staff, and the press agents. Oh, the press agents are strong on college educations—they have to be such charming fellows!

We haven't even included that band of collegians by name who made the serials for Universal, but they were all the genuine article.

Of course, if you have the beauty and

talent of Garbo, it won't make any difference if you have a collegiate sheep-skin or not. Garbo is one of the great stars who never had an A.B. But she has what is just as good—a couple of years training at the Swedish Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. But to be on the safe side, dear screen aspirants, don't play hookey at school. The best road to motion pictures these days is a first-class education, as well as good looks and a nice personality. You are going to feel an awful ignoramus when you get to Hollywood if you've been a school dodger—so if you want to be a screen star you'd better jump on the college band-wagon.



Photographs by HURRELL—M. G. M.

The new styles as worn by DOROTHY JORDAN, beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. "To be feminine in a bathing suit wear a pastel shaded suit"—advises Dorothy Jordan. For an informal "supper"-hour engagement Miss Jordan wears a modernized pattern in chocolate-brown chiffon combined with a silk Chantilly lace yoke. Miss Jordan wears a bouffant type frock for evening affairs, combining flesh-pink satin with flounce of silk Chantilly lace.

THE NEW STYLES ARE ALLURING—BUT SO EXACTING

It's no secret that the new clothes demand good looks. There's no secret about anything, in fact! We stand revealed in bathing suits; in trim sports togs or backless gowns.

Never has a good figure meant so much. A figure slender—yet softly rounded.

For every girl who possesses such a figure, there are thousands dieting to gain the rounded slimness they'd give the world to have. And so many lose the very beauty they are trying to achieve! For most reducing diets lack sufficient roughage.

The result is improper elimination. Poisons clog up the system and take a terrible toll of youth and beauty.

THIS DANGER can be avoided by including one delightful food in an adequate reducing diet: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, a non-fattening, ready-to-eat cereal. ALL-BRAN provides the roughage necessary to keep the system regular.

A great aid to beauty. It also contains iron, which puts color in cheeks and lips—and helps prevent dietary anemia.

There are so many ways to enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN that you'll welcome the new interest it brings to your reducing menus. Try it with milk as a ready-to-eat cereal. Cook it into omelets—or bake it in bran muffins or bran bread.

Be sure you get the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening from 10.30 to 11.00 (Eastern standard time).



SEND FOR THE BOOKLET "THE MODERN FIGURE"

It contains helpful and sane counsel regarding the modern styles and how to achieve the figure best suited to them. You will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. E-3, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name _____

Address _____

The popular girl is the sparkling, happy one with so many claims on her attention that even standing room is taken!

Marguerite Churchill
in a scene from "Girls
Demand Excitement"
(Fox).



What Makes a Girl Popular?

Practical Advice on the Modern Girl's Problems

By
*Lillian
Montanye*

TIME was, if we are to believe our elders, when the young girl had no 'problems' worth mentioning. She helped with the housework, did intricate embroidery, danced, flirted and pursued pleasure as relentlessly as a 1931 flapper. In due time she married—because if she didn't, she became an object of pity! Apparently there was something wrong with a girl who could not 'catch a man.' Once engaged, that was that. She had no competitors. Judging from hearsay, the Victorian maid had many advantages over her descendants and many, many more virtues.

Today, pre-marriage problems are numerous and intricate. A girl may be engaged or think she is but, judging from the letters I receive, her troubles are not over but only just begun! Girls both engaged and unengaged have their problems. In most cases they blame themselves for some fault in personality or their own lack of charm and popularity. What must they do, they ask, to catch and hold their man?

For instance, here is part of a letter from M. K. L. "I'm not so interested in being popular with a lot of boys, only with one boy. Others don't count at all. One young man was very devoted to me for many months. When out of town he wrote me long, affectionate letters every day. When he was here we were together every evening. I fell madly in love with him. But he has changed. He writes me skimpy little notes. I see him only once or twice a week. I knew he

Have you a problem to solve—something you would like to talk over with some one who will understand? Write to Mrs. Montanye, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Every letter is confidential. If you want a personal reply, please enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

had made love to other girls, but when he told me he loved me he did it so convincingly I believed him. My family and friends thought we were engaged, and I began, in my mind, to plan our wedding. But it seems he didn't mean that at all. He never mentions marriage although he still tells me he loves me. I have not changed. I do everything I can to please him. In return to his skimpy notes I write him long, loving letters. I never make dates with other boys, though I have many chances, and I know he goes out with other girls. I suppose I'm old-

fashioned but I thought that when a boy told a girl he loved her it meant something. But it seems that it doesn't. Is there anything I can do that I haven't done?"

Yes, there are two things you can do. You can take the modern method of direct attack and have it out with him. I don't mean you are to hold him up and demand to know if his intentions are honorable or otherwise. Don't be emotional about it; men, even the youngest, hate that sort of thing. Simply tell him that your friends look upon you as engaged to him and that he's not being fair. Tell him that if he's not serious about being in love with you to stop talking about it—and that you can go on being friends with the mutual understanding that you are both quite free and independent of each other.

Or, adopt his tactics. Be casual, friendly, but don't depend on him. Men don't like to account for every minute not spent in your company. Don't write long, loving letters in answer to 'skimpy little notes.' Don't write at all. Don't stay at home, keeping yourself in readiness to his whims. It's too obviously trying to hold him. Stop trying to do everything you can to hold him. It's fatal, especially with that kind of man. There's a saying that love is not the handmaiden of duty. Years ago, a privileged colored servant impressed this upon me. "Let your love tote you, honey," she said, "don't you try to tote it; if you do, it'll

(Continued on page 124)

QUALIFY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN \$3700.00



"STAGE Coach Days" were great old days. The stop at Ye Old Inn was a great event. Here gathered the rich, the poor, society's belles, government leaders and the town crier. Gossip, song, the minuet and politics prevailed.

Our artist has pictured here an interesting high spot in the lives of our forefathers as a test of your powers of observation. He has purposely drawn two people exactly alike in size, height, pose, costume or dress. Test your skill. See if you can find the TWINS. It will cost you nothing to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made in this *unusual* new advertising plan. There is no obligation whatever.

If you can find the "twins", send their numbers, together with your name and address. Two thousand eight hundred fifty dollars, or a brand new 90 h. p. airplane and actual flying instruction to be awarded as FIRST PRIZE, with an extra promptness prize of \$850.00—making a total FIRST PRIZE of \$3700.00 cash, if you prefer. In addition to the first prize there are dozens of other well chosen prizes and duplicate prizes to be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

M. J. MATHER, Advertising Manager

Room 104, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

Slams and Salvos—Continued from page 8

Joan Crawford and John Mack Brown Score This Month

Sez She!

I have heard people say they do not care for talking pictures because the players do not speak perfect English. I wonder if they ever stop to wonder what makes a character real to the audience. Just how much notice would little Helen Twelveteeths have gotten when she played Frankie in "Her Man" if she had said "I really cawn't." Would it have helped put her over?

Would "Sarah and Son" have been such a huge success if Ruth Chatterton hadn't said "Ya?" And would people have lined up for blocks at every showing of "The Cock-Eyed World" if Eddie Lowe and Victor McLaglen had spoken with an Oxford accent?

Dalpa Farben,
2010 King Street,
Seattle, Wash.

Youngsters Come Back With Tom Sawyer

Since Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix, Buck Jones and Harry Carey no longer delight the children by their remarkable screen antics, the producers find cause for worry because Young America does not turn out to the movies as it used to do.

So Paramount fires the first shot in the campaign to bring back the youngsters by producing "Tom Sawyer." And what a shot! It surely struck home. All over the theater one hears chuckles from the oldsters and squeals from the kids as Mark Twain's story comes to life again with Jackie Coogan as Tom, Junior Durkin as Huckleberry Finn, Mitzi Green as Becky. Take your children to see this delightful picture and if you have no children, borrow two or three and see it anyway.

M. J. Sonnerleiter,
1919 Breitwert Avenue,
Baltimore, Md.

Cheers for Crawford!

Three rousing cheers for Joan Crawford in "Our Blushing Brides." A picture and an actress all wool and a yard wide! I enjoyed every minute of it and I want to tell the world that it would be a better place to live in if more mothers, sis-



John Mack Brown, who gives a fine performance in "Billy the Kid," a western with plenty of action, all the old thrills and the added thrill of sound.



"What a girl!" writes an enthusiastic admirer of Joan Crawford. "All snap and zest, she covers everything we modern girls would desire." That's Joan!

ters and friends could be as broad-minded as Jerry showed herself to be toward her little wayward friend, Connie. And oh, boy!—what a mouthful she handed the two rich, soul-wrecking heroes. What a girl! All snap and zest, she covers everything we modern girls would desire.

No one, no matter how deep down in the depths, can leave the theater after seeing that picture without feeling happier; feeling that somewhere in this old world some one cares and wants to help. Let's have more of Joan!

Mrs. R. H. Burger,
1339 Hull Street,
Louisville, Ky.

Loud Praise for Walter Huston

Allow me to pay tribute to the greatest actor, the best director and a wonderful production. D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln" is by far the best production I ever have witnessed. I no longer regret that I was not born in Lincoln's time that I might actually have seen this man I have always admired. There in a motion picture theater, over a hundred years after his birth, Walter Huston fulfilled my wish. Here before me was the real Lincoln as he fought, lived and loved.

Huston's acting is superb. When he arose and quoted the immortal words of an immortal man it seemed as if Abraham Lincoln had really come to life. It was perfect. It will never be equalled. What a thrill to think that those you love

Page that Singing Team, Claire and Gray

and revere may come to life before you on the talking picture screen! Let's have more of Walter Huston.

George G. Morano,
1349 Pendleton Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

She Still Likes Singies!

This talk about the public disliking operettas and musical plays is all bosh. Scores of us patiently await pictures of stage origin—plays we never would see otherwise. The best pictures I ever saw were "The Desert Song," "Rio Rita," "Song of the Flame," "Sally" and "No, No, Nanette."

To my mind, the best actress and actor in film operettas are Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray. Mr. Gray has an extraordinary voice, is good-looking and a good actor. Miss Claire is attractive, a perfect actress and her voice is golden, unsurpassable. As to plot, surely these singing-talking pictures have as good plots as many of the talkies, particularly cheap pictures with phases of night club life and impossible stories. Let's give this marvelous singing team a break. They're too good to lose!

Emily George,
934 Dayton Street,
Hamilton, Ohio.

Good Kid, Billy!

I have seen and heard "Billy the Kid." A fine cast, perfect photography, sound and acting. A good story and in the most critical part, praise be, the lovers do not break forth into song, nor do the cowboys gallop over the plains to the strains of a symphony orchestra.

"Billy the Kid" comes as a welcome change from pictures that give up all thought of story so that the hero or heroine may warble a song or play the ukulele. Johnny Mack Brown gives a splendid performance and I have never seen so many perfect characters gathered together in one picture. If the producers will give us more pictures like this one I will become a movie fan all over again.

Gladys A. Davis,
1020 Howell Avenue,
Sacramento, Cal.



"The best singing team in film operettas are Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray," declares a reader. We'll welcome them back any time they'll come!

Tips on Tempting

Continued from page 23

We should find out what kind of a man we're interested in—if he's interested in us—or if we think he probably would be if he had it called to his attention. Some of them like indifference. Others can't be bothered with a cold exterior and seek a warmer atmosphere. After that, follow through. Be your age. Be yourself. You needn't even wear wonderful clothes, in the height of fashion. Be neat and trim—where have we heard *that* before?

Then you want to play fair with a man. With a husband particularly. You can't expect breakfast in bed and the carpet slippers brought out. That's *your* part.

Once Kay had a husband. And she got up at five in the morning to cook his breakfast. Actually! And Kay doesn't eat a mouthful of breakfast. And if getting up at the crack of dawn, practically, to get a four-course breakfast with boiled eggs and oatmeal doesn't seem like doing your part, I ask you?

Kay was married quite young. The first year was spent in New York where they had a beautiful apartment and servants. But the second year they spent in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where young married couples were supposed to live simply. It wasn't quite 'nice' to have maids. You did your own work. Kay just hasn't had any experience being a siren. Besides the husband, who is now a thing of the past, she's had one steady and devoted admirer for years. She has enthusiastic Romeos who cut out all of her roto pictures and try to wangle invitations and introductions. And fan mail! You should read it. And she doesn't vamp at all.

As a matter of fact, Kay isn't a siren type. She has frank gray eyes, a straightforward manner. She's intelligent, charming and poised. She was a business woman before she became an actress. She was a stenographer. A secretary. She sold real estate. She did publicity work. Planned charity benefits. Promoted Raquel Meller when she made her American debut. She's decidedly a woman with a brain. And that's another thing. She thinks you should be witty and wise with other people, but not *too* witty and wise with The Man. Let him know a thing or two you don't and be just a little better and wiser than you are in some things anyway!

Kay isn't even a siren any more in reel life. She plays straight romantic leads. In "Ladies' Man" she plays the part of *Sylvia*, the only one who doesn't more than vamp until ready.

Kay just drifted into acting. Her mother, Katherine Clinton, was known to the theater years ago and never meant her daughter to follow in her footlights. But example will tell. She made her debut as an actress in a small part in "Hamlet in Modern Dress." After that she had a season or two in stock. She wants to stay in the movies as long as they want her. After that she'll go back to New York, to Broadway. She wants ultimately to return to the legitimate stage.

She thinks almost anyone could be trained to act if given the chance, particularly any woman, for they spend much of their life acting anyway. But to be really successful, you should have a certain flair for it.

But take this tip from one of the movies' most alluring ladies, and in the pungent adage of these 1931's be yourself!



The Security of Kotex *is what you value most*



**It absorbs correctly, safely;
it is shaped to fit; it is
adjustable.**

WHAT you really want in sanitary protection—more than any other one thing—is a feeling of perfect safety and security. This is one of the most important assurances Kotex gives you.

Kotex, in the first place, is so tremendously absorbent . . . by test, five times more so than the finest of surgical cotton. And the way it absorbs is important—"lateral absorption"—a process which makes the pad effective not in just one area but over the entire surface.

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Kotex may be worn on either side with equal efficiency, equal comfort. No danger of embarrassment, no fear of inadequate protection.

Its softness lasts. It deodorizes thoroughly and effectively. Hospitals use it because of its hygienic safety, its amazing absorbency. You'll find it wise to specify Kotex next time you buy sanitary protection. All stores have it.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

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- 3 *Disposable . . .* instantly, completely.
- 4 *Can be worn on either side* with equal efficiency, equal comfort.

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Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

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Write to the Stars as Follows:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

George Arthur	Dorothy Jordan
William Bakewell	Buster Keaton
Lionel Barrymore	Charles King
Wallace Beery	Gwen Lee
Charles Bickford	Barbara Leonard
Edwina Booth	Joan Marsh
John Mack Brown	Adolphe Menjou
Harry Carey	John Miljan
Joan Crawford	Grace Moore
Karl Dane	Polly Moran
Marion Davies	Conrad Nagel
Reginald Denny	Ramon Novarro
Mary Doran	Edward Nugent
Kent Douglass	Anita Page
Marie Dressler	Marie Prevost
Cliff Edwards	Esther Ralston
Julia Faye	Duncan Renaldo
Greta Garbo	Norma Shearer
John Gilbert	Gus Shy
Gavin Gordon	Lawrence Tibbett
Ralph Graves	Lewis Stone
William Haines	Ernest Torrence
Hedda Hopper	Raquel Torres
Leila Hyams	Roland Young
Kay Johnson	

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen	Harry Green
Jean Arthur	Mitzi Green
William Austin	Phillips Holmes
George Bancroft	Miriam Hopkins
Clara Bow	Helen Kane
Mary Brian	Dennis King
Clive Brook	Carole Lombard
Nancy Carroll	Paul Lukas
Ruth Chatterton	Fredric March
Maurice Chevalier	Rosita Moreno
Claudette Colbert	Barry Norton
June Collyer	Jack Oakie
Jackie Coogan	Warner Oland
Gary Cooper	Zelma O'Neal
Frances Dee	Eugene Pallette
Marlene Dietrich	William Powell
Leon Errol	Charles Rogers
Stuart Erwin	Lillian Roth
Norman Foster	Stanley Smith
Kay Francis	Regis Toomey
Skeet Gallagher	Fay Wray

First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Richard Barthelmess	David Manners
Sidney Blackmer	Marilyn Miller
Joe E. Brown	Ona Munson
Bernice Claire	Dorothy Peterson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	James Rennie
Alexander Gray	Otis Skinner
Fred Kohler	Vivienne Segal
Laura Lee	Jack Whiting
Lila Lee	Edward Woods
Dorothy Mackaill	Loretta Young

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson	Elissa Landi
Luana Alcaniz	Dixie Lee

Robert Ames	Cecilia Loftus
Warner Baxter	Edmund Lowe
Rex Bell	Myrna Loy
Humphrey Bogart	Claire Luce
El Brendel	Sharon Lynn
Ilka Chase	Kenneth MacKenna
Virginia Cherrill	Mona Maris
Marguerite Churchill	Jeanette MacDonald
Joyce Compton	Victor McLaglen
Fifi Dorsay	Lois Moran
Louise Dresser	George O'Brien
Charles Farrell	Maureen O'Sullivan
John Garrick	David Rollins
Janet Gaynor	Will Rogers
Warren Hymer	Lee Tracy
Richard Keene	Spencer Tracy
Jane Keith	John Wayne
J. M. Kerrigan	Marjorie White

Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Amos 'n' Andy	Dorothy Lee
Henry Armetta	Everett Marshall
Mary Astor	Joel McCrea
Evelyn Brent	Jack Mulhall
Sue Carol	Edna May Oliver
Joseph Cawthorn	Roberta Robinson
Betty Compson	Lowell Sherman
Bebe Daniels	Ned Sparks
Richard Dix	Leni Stengel
Irene Dunne	Hugh Trevor
Jobyna Howland	Bert Wheeler
Arthur Lake	Louis Wolheim
Ivan Lebedeff	Robert Woolsey

Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Robert Allen	Winnie Lightner
George Arliss	Lucien Littlefield
John Barrymore	Lotti Lodi
Monte Blue	Ben Lyon
Claudia Dell	Marian Nixon
Irene Delroy	Walter Pidgeon
Louise Fazenda	H. B. Warner
James Hall	Lois Wilson
Leon Janney	Grant Withers
Evelyn Knapp	

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Ann Harding
Constance Bennett	Eddie Quillan
Bill Boyd	Fred Scott

Send Birthday Greetings to These March Stars:

Lois Moran	March 1st.
Jean Harlow	March 3rd.
Dorothy Mackaill	March 4th.
Conrad Nagel	March 16th.
Betty Compson	March 18th.
Joan Crawford	March 23rd.
Gloria Swanson	March 29th.
Warner Baxter	March 29th.
Eddie Quillan	March 31st.
Doris Hill	March 31st.

James Gleason	Gloria Swanson
Russell Gleason	Helen Twelvetrees
Alan Hale	

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres	Barbara Kent
John Boles	Jeanette Loff
Kathryn Crawford	Mary Nolan
Robert Ellis	Eddie Philips
Hoot Gibson	Joseph Schildkraut
Jean Hersholt	Slim Somerville
Rose Hobart	Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Janis	Glenn Tryon
Raymond Keane	Lupe Velez
Myrna Kennedy	John Wray

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.	Buck Jones
Joe Cook	Bert Lytell
Constance Cummings	Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell	Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt	Barbara Stanwyck

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	Eleanor Hunt
Joan Bennett	Walter Huston
William Boyd	Al Jolson
Eddie Cantor	Evelyn Laye
Charles Chaplin	June MacCloy
Ronald Colman	Una Merkel
Lily Damita	Chester Morris
Dolores Del Rio	Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks	Gilbert Roland
William Farnum	Norma Talmadge
John Holland	

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Ed Kennedy	Thelma Todd
Mary Kornman	

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Patsy O'Leary
Ann Christy	Daphne Pollard
Andy Clyde	Lincoln Stedman
Harry Gribbon	Nick Stuart

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett Horton
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More New Faces

Continued from page 27

bet. Joan has been on the stage since she was four months old, her father having been a trouper for over forty years. Her cradle was a property trunk, and at the time when other children are taking walks around the local park, the little Blondell played split weeks in China, Australia and Germany. Her first important screen rôle was in "Office Wife," with Dorothy Mackaill, in which she scored. Her pictures to follow are "Other Men's Women," "Illicit," and "Ex-Mistress." She is a gay type, a splendid comedienne, and looks like a smooth combination of the best features of Clara Bow and Alice White.

Martin Burton, who is just about to burst on the screen scene in "Confessions of a Co-ed," is a Hoosier. His father had a grocery store back in Indiana and on Saturday afternoon Mart used to put on a show for the farmers and their wives when they came to do their shopping. When he got to be a big boy he went away to summer camp. Ina Claire happened to be in the vicinity playing in stock and right away Mart had to see Broadway—where he had considerable luck and the movies saw him and nabbed him!

Edmund Goulding claims credit for Luana Walters, eighteen years old and very lovely. He met her at Catalina Island, took her to lunch—and, presto, a contract with Joseph Schenck followed! It transpired she had applied to Fairbanks senior for a screen test two years ago and had been told to go back to school and study dramatics. Now she is in "Reaching for the Moon"—with Fairbanks. She is tiny, a brunette, and shows great promise in romantic rôles.

Universal found Genevieve Tobin already a success on the New York stage. "Fifty Million Frenchmen" was her very first picture. For Universal, she is revealed in "A Lady Surrenders" and "Free Love"—both with Conrad Nagel. Universal is very proud of her.

Kane Richmond is leading man in Universal's "Leatherpusher" series, and before that was a film salesman. He graduated from the University of Minnesota, and is an athlete.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's 'discoveries' are not inexperienced: Kent Douglass had Little Theater training and New York stage experience before they 'found' him for "Paid" with Joan Crawford. It is the Pasadena Community Playhouse which really feels it discovered Kent.

Lester Vail had to make good in New York stage circles before Hollywood could believe in its home-town boy. A Stanford University scholar, he won his way into numerous Broadway productions, toured the Orient with the good old Frawley Company, and now has the leading masculine rôle with Joan Crawford in "Dance, Fools, Dance," for M-G-M. Tall, dark, gentlemanly, he's getting talked about a lot in Hollywood—in a nice way!

Other 'finds' coming along nicely are June MacCloy, Phyllis Crane, Peggy Howard and Thelma Clark. Phyllis and Peggy gave hints of talent in "College Lovers." Thelma made a lot of a small part in "The Bad Man." And then there's Lucille Williams, the newest Pathé blonde.

These new players are not just our guesses—directors, producers, and fellow actors have all contributed their opinions of the good work and future promise of these people.



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Ruby Ruth Miller

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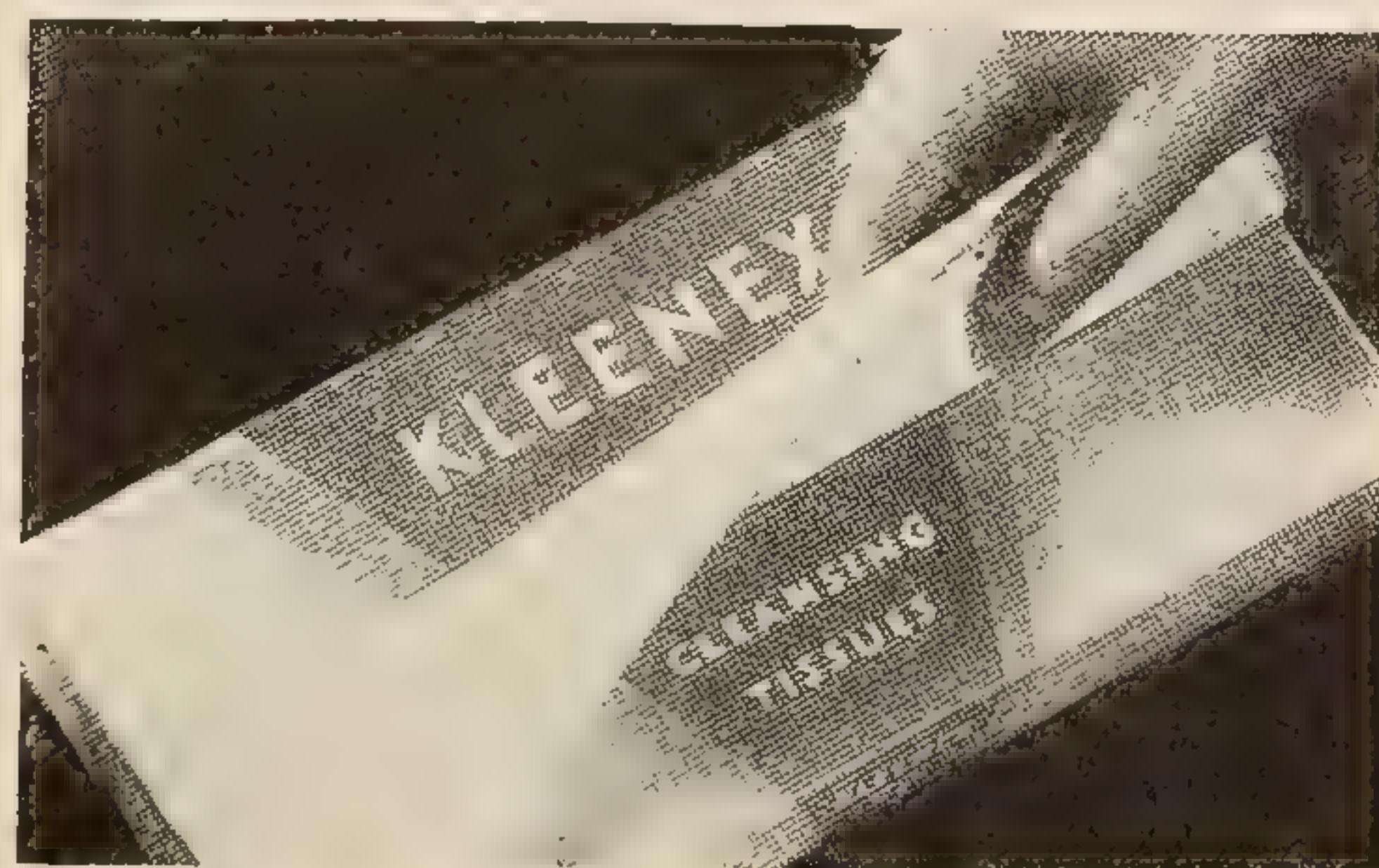
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City.....



Kleenex comes in dainty tints and in white, and in large, medium and small packages. At all toilet goods counters. Try Kleenex today.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

My Trip Abroad

Continued from page 66

Despite the lights, this is a very modern train, with all kinds of little dinguses or should I say dingi, on the wall: one to open a window, another to lower it, a third to lift the wash basin. The lights are all on a rheostat idea—you can keep turning them brighter or lower. They have any sleeping train I've ever been on licked.

I slept a bit but woke up as soon as it was light. I couldn't wait to see the beautiful English country again. Honest, I never saw such small little fields, they look like garden plots, and all under intense cultivation. Mother was crazy about it—said she'd never been so happy in her life before. And it is a big thrill—the first time you ever set foot on foreign soil!

October 16th. What a break! When we landed in London, through a cable mix-up, nobody from the Paramount Company was there to meet us and they didn't find me until the day before I left the city. We all three, mother, Alan and I, went to the Carlton Hotel straightaway.

What a town! What a marvelous city London is. There's nothing like it any place in the world, I imagine. No place that gives you such an air of solidity, refinement, such an air of things being 'right' not only for now but for generations gone and generations to come. Honest!

Almost too tired to write tonight—sight-seeing takes the starch out of you more than a stiff day on the lot. This morning we saw the King's guard changed before the Palace. This afternoon we went through the government departments, I mean where the business of state is carried on: the Home Office, the Foreign Office, which is the same as our State Department, and all that. Tonight, mother and I went to Cochran's revue. Cochran is the English Ziegfeld. But we were disappointed in the show. Girls beautiful, with lovely fresh complexions; but they lacked something.

I pulled a boner, too, my first day in London. I wore a dinner jacket to the theater and imagine my astonishment when every man in the 'stalls'—as I think they call the orchestra seats—was in full evening regalia. While I'm in London, as soon as the sun goes down, if any, I'm going to rush home and jump into full evening finery.

Took mother home after the theater and went on to the Kit-Kat Club. That's where the Prince of Wales goes and is one of the smartest dance clubs in London. A friend of mine, Johnnie Hamp, playing there in the California Orchestra, got me initiated.

October 18th. Haven't had a moment to write in my diary. So much's happened. The next day after the Kit-Kat, I met Noel Coward. I'd met him before in Hollywood. He sent us seats to his play for tonight, "Private Lives"—one of the most charming things I've seen. He wrote it in China. Only four people in the cast. Gertrude Lawrence was one.

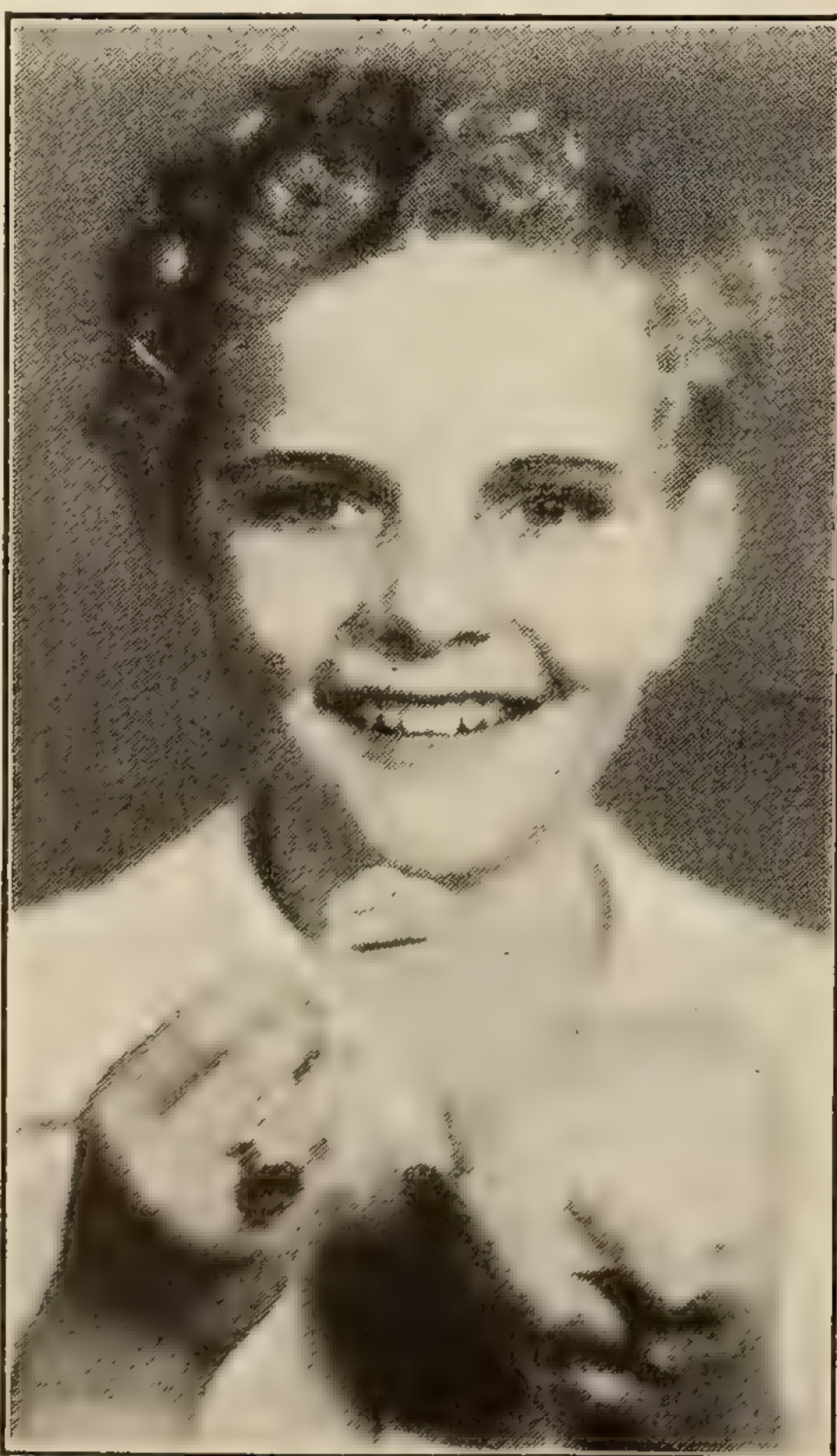
After the show we went to Beatrice Lillie's party. It's funny. Bee is using Ivor Novello's apartment in London and Ivor is using hers in New York. Ivor's apartment is a most attractive place. Not modernistic. Colorful. But cozy. The music room's a knockout. But the elevator was what impressed me! It's so small the operator can only take one per-

son up at a time. But that has its merits, I guess.

Met Lady Mountbatten at Bee's party. She is one of the most distinguished persons in England—a cousin of the Prince of Wales. And now you know who I think, after my mother, is the most wonderful woman in the world. She's so sincere. And serene. Tall, aristocratic, dark, lovely. And it's not because she has a title that makes me think she's so grand. She's really a democrat at heart, and she knows just what to say to make people feel at home. She's terribly interested in Hollywood. In music. In politics—the stage—why she can talk about everything on earth. At Bee's party, we danced and talked and sang and played the piano. Nobody was bored. Nobody drank too much. It was gay and informal and light-hearted—the way every party ought to be.

The next day mother and I called on Lady Mountbatten—she had asked us the night before at Bee's. She lives in a beautiful old house on Brook Street, west of the Park—I reckon the architecture's Georgian, but I'm not sure. Prince George was at Lady Mountbatten's. He's a fine fellow about my age—25. Tall, blond, handsome. He'd just made a speech dedicating a hospital. Somebody asked him how his speech was, and he replied: "Rotten—as usual." He is very much interested in jazz. I told him how I had learned to play lots of instruments in a few lessons just by following a chart, that if you could count you could learn this method. He wanted a chart right away and I'll send him one.

Mother was charmed with Lady Mountbatten and her beautiful home. Tea was served before a big crackling fire. The china was lovely—I had never seen any before like it—and the thinnest silver spoons you can imagine. It reminded me of the second act of a Noel Coward play. I couldn't believe that I wasn't in a pic-



Leon Janney takes time off for a light ice-cream lunch.

ture. It was too good to be true—that we were actually there!

My biggest London thrill was when a certain British doctor drove us in his 'four-seater' down to Sunnydale to play golf. This is where the Prince of Wales plays. It's very confusing when you start to motor over here because in England you drive on the left hand side of the street. Add to this the fact that the doctor drove about eighty miles an hour, around corners, through little villages, with children, geese and chickens flying on all sides.

My most embarrassing moment was when we came back from golf. As I got out of a taxi—I had taken one at the outskirts of the town—the streets for blocks around the Carlton were jammed with people. I thought, "The London fans must like me pretty well to turn out like this." I was so excited I don't know how I got out of the taxi or what I gave the driver. I went into the hotel trying to be nonchalant—it was jammed. I asked the clerk for my key and said: "Seems to be quite a crowd here." He said: "Yes, they're actors here for their annual dinner—why don't you join them?"

October 21st. I'm up in the air flying from London to Le Bourget, just outside of Paris. It's quite a novelty trying to write in the air. But I can't make any headway. Will wait until I reach Paris.

October 22nd, 2 A. M. George V. Hotel, Paris. Mother has been an awfully good sport about flying to Paris. She knew I wanted to, so said, "All right, go ahead." I've had a hundred hours in the air already—a lot of it in making "Wings," but she never had been up before. We got into the plane, whisked up in the air, and a moment later were flying over the English countryside. Then over the treacherous English Channel and finally over *La Belle France* herself. The courier in the airplane kept changing signs every time we passed over a different village. And in an hour and fifty minutes we were making a pretty smooth landing at Le Bourget.

We didn't see anybody around to meet us, so mother and I got in a big bus which took the passengers into Paris. But just as the bus driver took off his brake, a Paramount official came running up and told me to get out; he had arranged a press lunch for me there on the flying field. In my excitement I jumped out, told mother I'd meet her at the George V. Hotel, where we planned to stop, and went to meet the reporters. We had a fine champagne lunch at the flying field restaurant, and when I reached the hotel two hours later, I saw a woman in the most terrible argument with a taxi driver. It was mother. She was almost in tears. I had left her in such a hurry and I didn't know she hadn't any money with her. She had left the bus, taken a taxi and gotten to the hotel before she realized she didn't have any funds. She was so glad to see me that for the next ten days she wouldn't leave my side for a moment.

October 24th. I've been in Paris two days without a moment to write. What a city! As different from London as beefsteak is from French pastry. What an air the French have! So jolly and

light-hearted. Nobody seems to worry or be in a hurry about getting work done, yet everybody works hard and thriftily, but they take time off—two hours for lunch—for rest and play.

The first night in Paris, mother and I went to the *Folies Bergere*. We'd heard so much about it but we left after a little while. It wasn't the women without hardly any clothes on that upset mother so much as the white girl who came out and danced with a colored man.

I don't know how to put down all that's happened here. The two restaurants that stand out are *Ciro's* and the *Ritz*. Both very smart. At both you see such beautifully dressed women, covered with jewels. And every woman seems to have two and sometimes three dogs. Before she is served with lunch, a major domo will come in with a big tray from which he fills a couple of bowls with food—for the dogs. After they have eaten, madam orders.

Ciro's is a bar, with a V-shaped dining room, in which two orchestras play alternately, of course. It's quite the most exclusive place in Paris. Friday night is the night at *Ciro's*. You see pearls as big as walnuts. Honest. And when you first go into the place, you're so stunned with color and—and all that you can hardly walk.

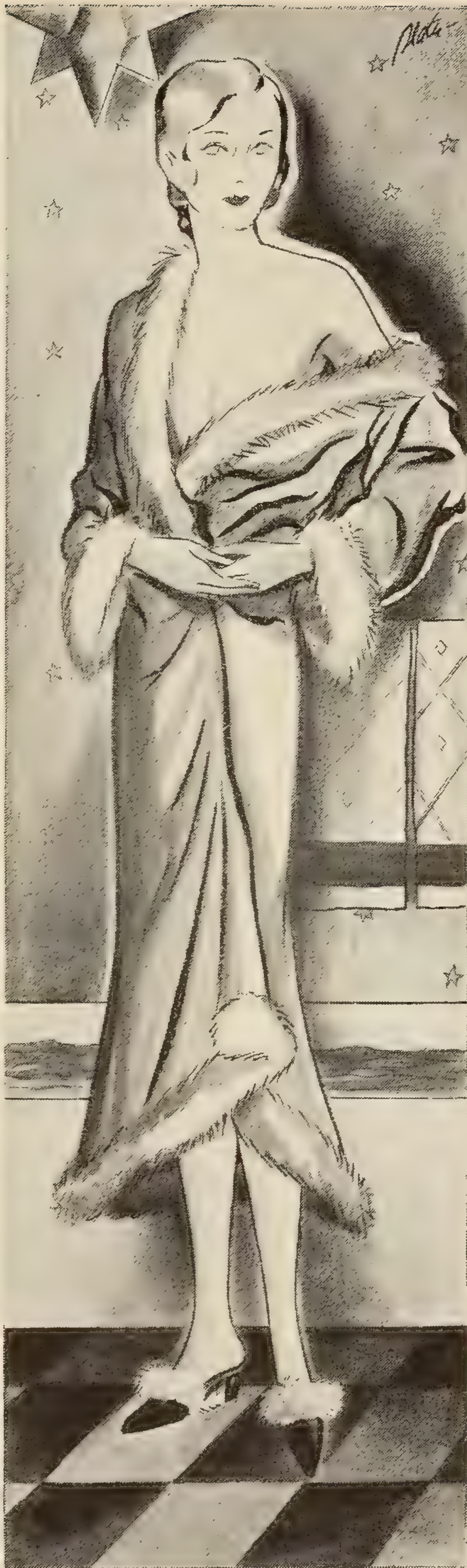
The *Ritz* at tea time, too, is a wonderful spot. You see such marvelously lovely Spanish women. And the East Indian girls are—exquisite! There they sit in their beaded gowns with long white veils embroidered in gold. They have such sweet, mellow voices. And they speak English beautifully.

Zelli's Cafe is a zippy place, too. At each table there are individual telephones. With a number over each table. If you see a pretty girl you just look at the number over her table, and then dial her. I got a lot of calls. But mostly they said the same thing: "Helly, Buddy, I'm from Holyoke, Mass.," or "Dubuque," or "Tulsa"—while I wanted to hear some girl say: "*Je suis—*," well, you know, being in France, I wanted to meet some of the local talent.

I had only one what might be called romantic adventure the whole time I was in Paris. A little Spanish girl had called me up at my hotel several times and talked with mother. She said her brother back in Madrid had always wanted to meet me; that she was here in Paris on a visit and would love to know mother and me so she could tell her brother all about us. She said she and her mother would be at *Ciro's* on Friday night. She would wear a green dress. Wouldn't I please be there?

Well, Friday night, I was at *Ciro's*. And the first person I saw was an old dried up lady in a diamond dog collar and enough pearls to choke a cow. And she had on a green dress. I thought: "Holy smoke! Somebody is playing a joke on me." But in the next second, I saw just behind her the loveliest little Spanish girl. She was with her mother and my mother went over and spoke to them. We had a jolly evening and just before we left for the south of France, she and her mother came and brought my mother some lovely laces.

October 26th. Today I went to Paramount's new studio at Joinville, right near Paris, and had a peach of a day. Met loads of pretty girls: There's Anny Ann, a stunning German actress. Maryla Wayno, an interesting Polish player, showed me around. And the quaintest, cutest girl of all was little Signorina Dessena who was playing the lead in a



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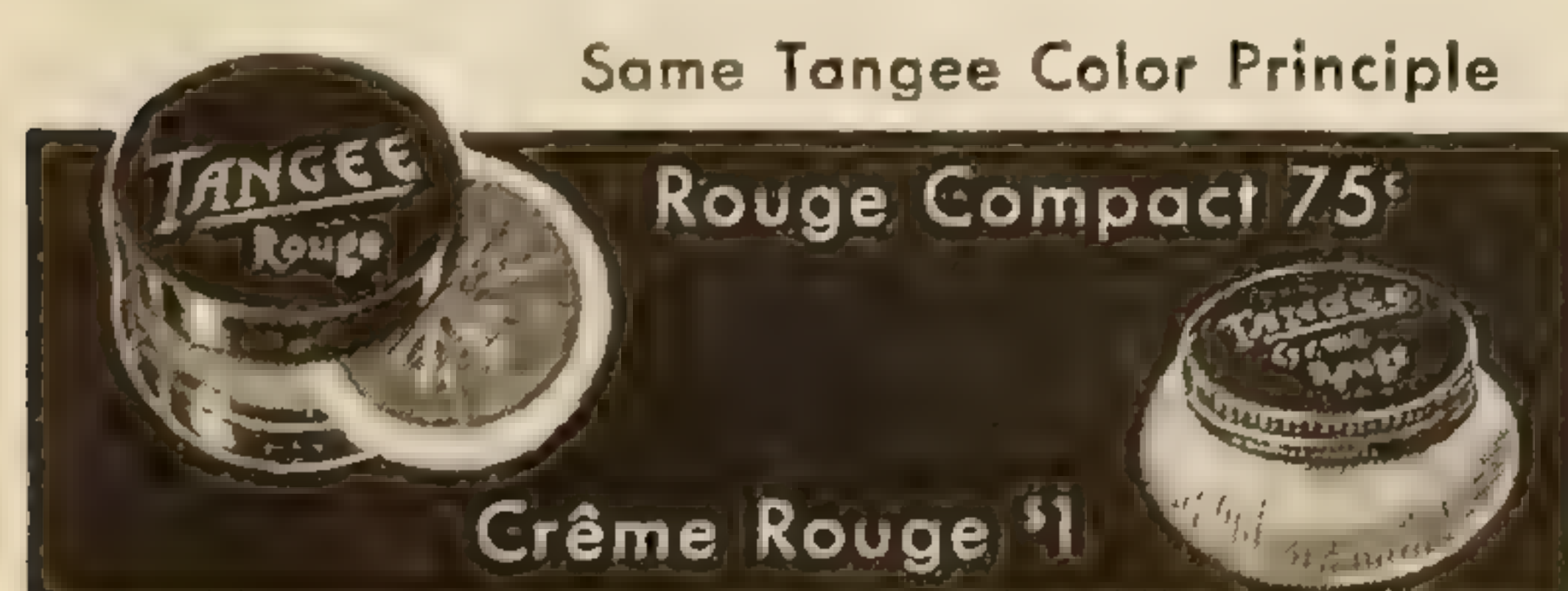
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new Italian talkie, "Television." It was strange to have Mr. Kane, Robert Kane, who is in charge of our production over here, walk up to me and say, "Buddy, this is the French 'Buddy Rogers,'" or "This is the Italian 'Buddy Rogers.'" Enrique Rivero who plays exactly the same rôle I played in "Halfway to Heaven" was working on the French version and it gave me a great kick to watch him.

October 29th. Here we are on the Riviera. And not a chance to write anything for three days. We've seen Cannes, Juan-les-Pins and are now at Monte Carlo in which I am so disappointed. Of course, I know it's the off-season, but to see tourists in the Grand Casino gambling in rough tweed knickers when I expected at least a princess or an arch-duke is too much. Well, better not say any more. Everything's been so hurried I didn't have time to mention going pheasant shooting just before we left for the south. We stopped off for lunch at a little country inn and ate for hours—for thirty-five cents a piece.

November 5th. Genoa, Milan, Venice—like a dream I've been passing through all of them. We're leaving Venice tonight and I hate to tear myself away. What a heavenly spot. From the moment we stepped off the train and got into a gondola, I felt it was *my* town. When we came to a corner in the gondola, the gondolier made an awful noise—"Whooooo"—to let other gondoliers know he was coming around—just like we honk horns on our motor cars at a corner. We stopped at the Grunewald Hotel and as the porter was taking our bags in, a little boy recognized me. He started jumping up and down and shouting to another boy. I gave away more fan pictures in Venice than in any place. I really must stop now. I haven't told you half of the beauty and grandeur and color of this town but there just aren't words. We leave tomorrow early for Berlin.

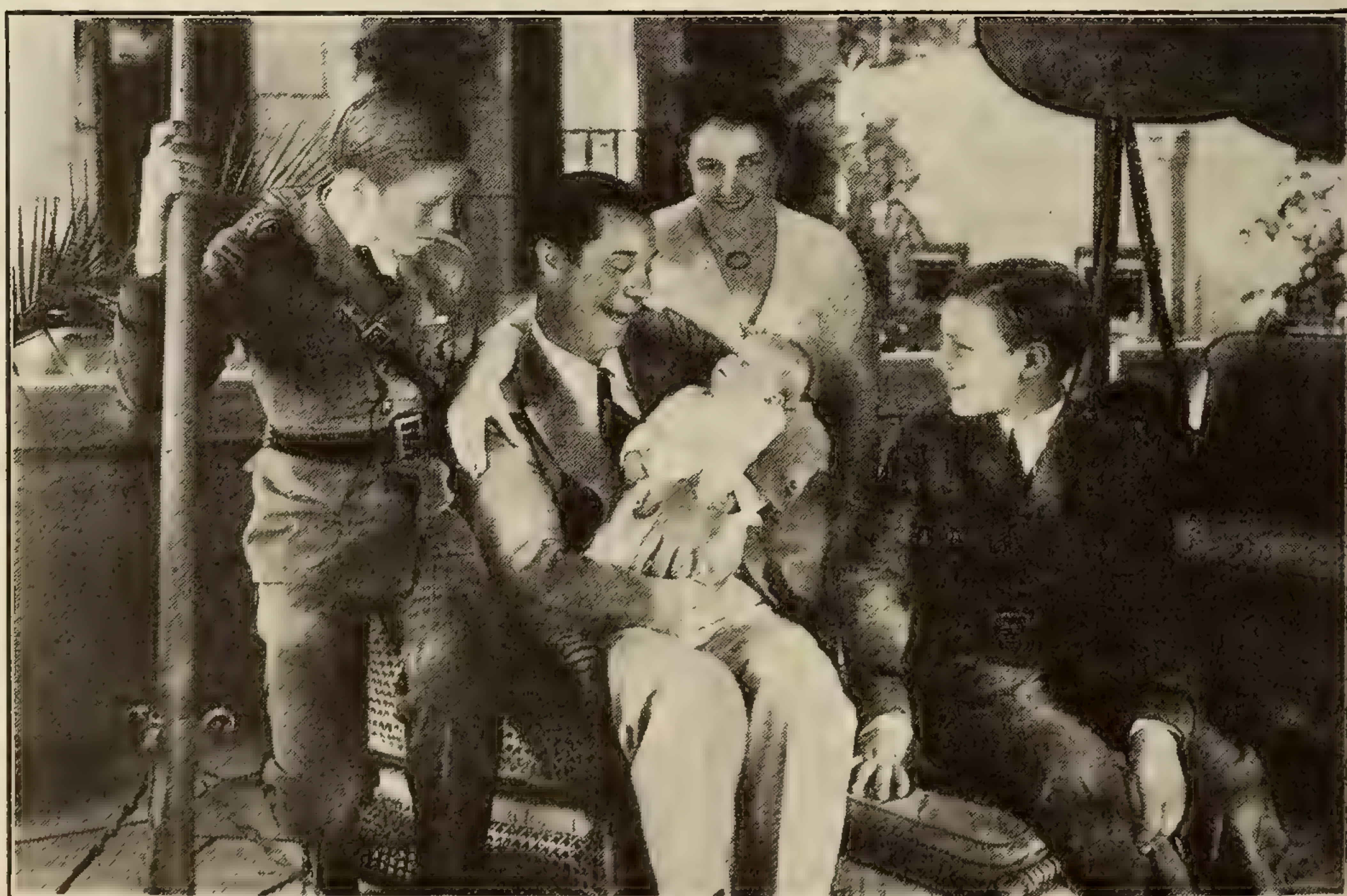
November 9th. Have only been in Berlin three days and like it better than any place in Europe. I like Germans and they seem to like Americans. They don't overcharge us as some did. People in Berlin seem so happy. They smile a

lot. Oh, it's a beautiful spot: the big Tiergarten, that wonderful park; the modernistic buildings; the street—Unter den Linden, I think, is the loveliest boulevard in the world.

Earl Allvine, brother of Glendon Allvine of Fox, is here. He has taken us every place. Last night we went to the Vaterland restaurant. It is seven stories high and has a restaurant on each floor, indicative of a different country. There are Russia and France and England and other countries represented. On the American floor—it's a wild west floor—the waiters come to meet you with a gun on each hip and bandannas around their necks. We didn't stay here long but went to the Bavarian floor. Here bare-kneed waiters in short trousers, funny little vests and Alpine blouses sang old folk songs. In one of them they sing "Trink, trink," and everybody must take a taste of beer.

At last I've decided who is the most beautiful woman in Europe. Her name is Anna Ahlers and she sings in "Victoria and Her Huzzar," an operetta. She is a young prima donna from Budapest, playing in Berlin. She looks like Joan Crawford, has wonderful eyes, dances heavenly, and has the most emotional voice I've ever heard. It's a good thing I'm leaving tomorrow! I heard a wonderful tenor, too. His name is Talbot, I think they call him, and he's supposed to be the greatest tenor in Europe.

November 12th. My last night in Europe. I went to the opera tonight, to hear "Tosca." It was glorious. When *Tosca* jumped off the prison wall because her lover *Mario* had been killed, I felt like I would die too. It was that beautiful. After the opera, I walked all through the Tiergarten by myself. I thought about everything. How when I go back to America I want to do better things. I'd like to do "An American Tragedy." I want to grow—develop. People have been so good to me in the past and I want them to be good to me in the future. I will try to deserve it. But, I hope so much that they'll let me be a man. I'm through with being a smiling curly-headed boy—I'm grown-up now and I've got to make the world believe it. That's my solemn vow to myself as I leave the old world behind me.



Joe E. Brown's latest 'squawkie,' and very pretty and endearing, too, is his little five months' old daughter, Elizabeth Ann.

The Barrymores' Vacation

Continued from page 57

and reared against a very cross wind. Off Cape San Lucas, the tip end of Lower California, the *Infanta* dropped anchor and Barrymore put off to the fishing grounds in one of the two motor launches carried on the upper deck of the yacht.

Sail fish in great quantities were available but the actor-turned-fisherman wanted a try at the Marlin swordfish known to be in the vicinity. Earlier in the year he had landed one near Catalina weighing 145 pounds. Now he wanted a bigger one.

Marlin fishing is the sport of kings and captains of finance. Good equipment runs into money. A reel costs from seventy-five to three hundred dollars. Rods cost as much more. It is very easy to invest ten to twenty thousand dollars in fishing tackle if one takes his sword-fish seriously. And Barrymore takes them very seriously indeed.

An old Japanese fisherman interested Barrymore and they became acquainted. The old fellow finally told Barrymore a fisherman's secret, a new method of baiting the Marlin hook, which the star brought back to Hollywood with him as the most valuable discovery on the trip.

"But I'd be all kinds of a fool to describe it," he added, as fishing rivals pressed him to divulge the secret.

With the newly baited hook Barrymore found a great fish in tow in short order. For six hours he battled the Marlin while members of the crew circled about in the second power launch, waiting for the time to come to assist in the landing.

After four hours, during which time the fish made several dozen leaps completely out of water, Barrymore signalled that he believed the Marlin could be landed. But he guessed wrong. With another mighty jump the big fish began the battle over again, and only at the end of the sixth hour did help come to ease the strain from Barrymore's arms and back.

Unless one has stood in harness in a tossing small boat and fought for six hours against a plunging, maddened monster weighing, as this one did when it was eventually landed, 560 pounds, one has no idea of the physical exertion deep sea fishing requires.

Battered and bruised but content, Barrymore reached the *Infanta* shortly before dark. An altogether lawful highball, since these were Mexican waters, and a steaming dinner followed as the *Infanta* got under way again, hugging closer to the Mexican coast—as she slid southeast along the edge of the continent.

Then one night they dropped anchor off the coast of Guatemala and the next day took a train from the little port to Guatemala City, the capital and principal municipality of the tiny country.

Word of their coming had preceded them. They found the streets decorated and the city officials out to meet them. Every theater in Guatemala City was featuring Barrymore or Costello pictures.

"Guatemala City is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen," Barrymore said later. "It is delightful, modern, with every advantage of climate and setting."

His enthusiasm for Guatemala led him to accept an invitation to make a trip into the interior on horseback, a difficult and somewhat dangerous undertaking.

The result was that three days after his

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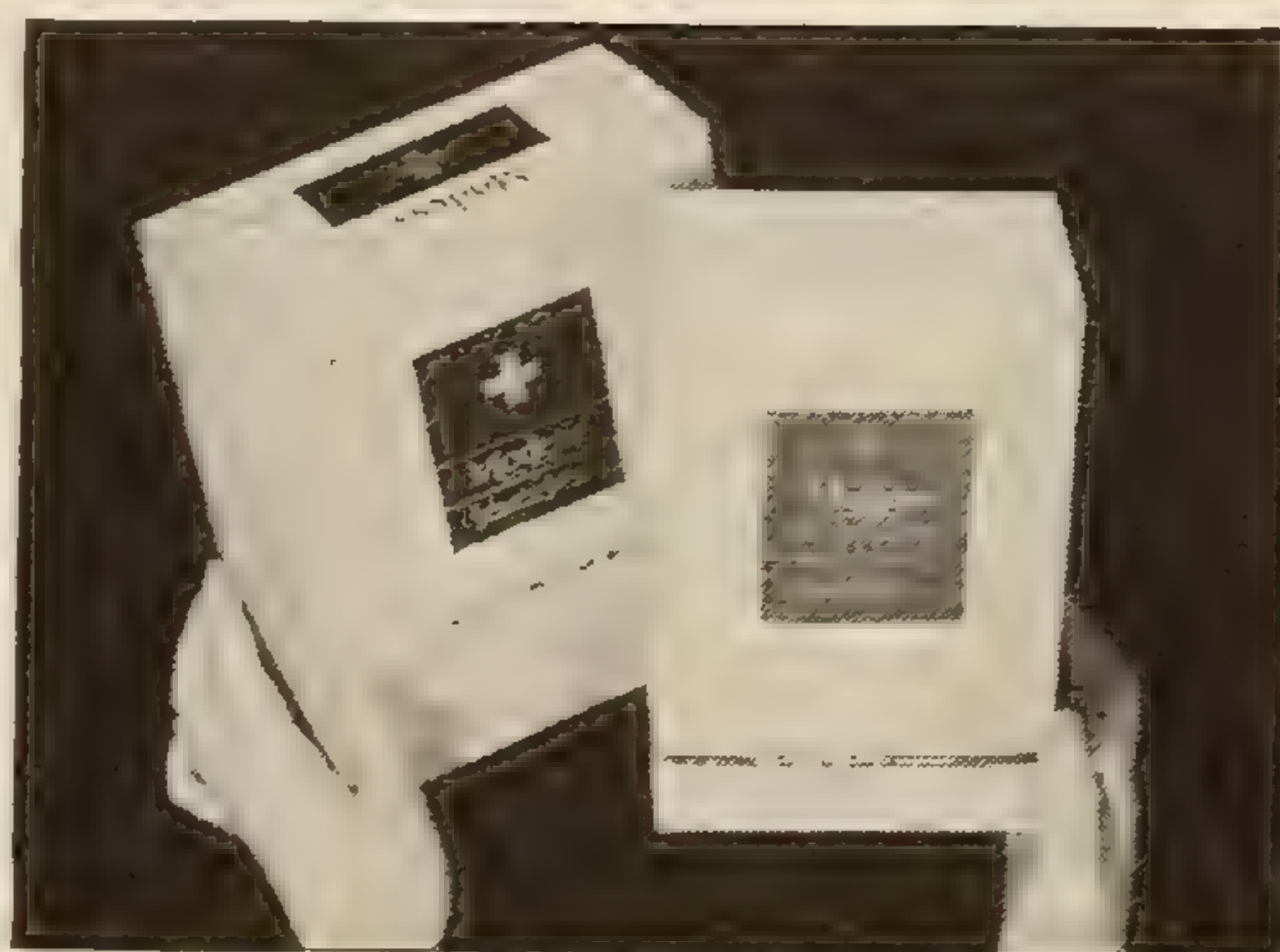
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return he came down with a severe attack of jungle fever and was removed to the *Infanta*, along with several rare birds he had secured in the tropical interior, and other odds and ends he had collected during his stay in Guatemala City.

Wire dispatches carried word of his illness to America, followed shortly by denials that he was seriously ill via his own radio—there are two, one for long distance and one ordinary marine radio on the *Infanta*.

But Barrymore recovered slowly and the trip to San Salvador and points south and east was cancelled after the countries had made all preparations to fête the family.

The *Infanta* put about and started home with Barrymore convalescing and absorbing the quinine that is a panacea for all tropical fevers.

Passing Asuncion Bay the lookout pointed out a huge white skeleton on a deserted stretch of beach. The *Infanta* halted and a boat put out to examine a skeleton which proved to be that of an extremely large whale. Two giant vertebrae were swung on board the motor launch and hoisted to the *Infanta's* deck and the trip north was resumed.

Whale skeletons are scarce, chiefly be-

cause their weight soon causes them to be buried in the sand even when the deceased monsters are washed ashore. The giant bones have taken a place with the great collection of curious and valuable objects that Barrymore has gathered in his great trophy house on the grounds of his Beverly Hills home.

Lean and tan, still somewhat shaken with fever but enthusiastic over the success of his long trip and the health and happiness of his baby on board boat, Barrymore reached his California harbor early in December.

His transition from seaman to land lubber was as simple as the reverse process. He discarded the yachtsman's cap and put the old felt crusher on rakishly over his left ear. The yacht club flag and the Barrymore flag, a golden crowned king-snake on a green background, were hauled down and put away. Barrymore was home from the sea.

Fish stories and quinine figured principally in the memories of the trip. There was no beard raising this time. In his fisherman's log there is a record of a new method of baiting a Marlin hook which he would, he admits, be all kinds of a fool to divulge!

The Girl Stood on the Burning Deck

Continued from page 21

in managers' offices. I expected that they would, of course, call me up. But after a time, I decided that perhaps they thought that they had no part that I would accept and that I had better stroll around and intimate that I didn't care what I was offered, that all I ever wanted to do anyway was to bounce on and upset the plot whatever it happened to be. And in musical comedy it never took much to upset it, anyhow.

I will admit that I was somewhat flabbergasted, not to say 'non-plushed,' when even this brought no messengers on horseback from the managers.

Then playwright friends of mine went to see them with plays written for me only to bring back the somewhat appalling verdict, which was apparently more or less universal: "Miss Dressler used to be splendid, of course, but she's through now. The public wants youth. I'd just forget about it if I were you."

Even then I was not dashed. My friends were always lugubriously optimistic. "You'll get something else, Marie," they said, or, "The stage is awfully hard work anyhow, dear. There is something easier than that. You'd be a whiz selling real estate."

Well, I had tried selling real estate—some of my own—and I came out of a deal that cost me over \$20,000 with a check for \$50, some worthless notes, and a grateful woman's tears. I knew I would be no good at that, but I was willing to try—and did—and then the boom burst and my real estate deals went under.

I think it should be said to my credit that I didn't buy some kitchen tables and chairs, paint 'em orange and black and start a tea shoppe with sandwiches cut by a thimble. I did, however, take a fling at nearly everything else. The worst of it was I could never relax in my scale of living. I realized that if there was to be any future for me at all, I had to present the front of a well-dressed show window, that I had to keep my end up!

Human stars must be seen without aid of telescopes if they want jobs, but the managers were looking for undiscovered planets. I discovered another curious fact. It is more difficult for a person with a reputation in one line to hunt a job in an-

other than it is for an individual unknown in any line. I am, for instance, a conspicuous person. Nature made me so. Everywhere I go, people recognize me—they always have. It would be impossible for me to escape the police and do an incognito. If I got a job scrubbing down subway stairs, so many people would stop to talk to me that I couldn't earn my salt as a scrubber, and I'm a good scrubber. After you have been before the public as long as I've been, you are good only in your own job, or as a curiosity. I don't expect anybody to believe this, but it's what I ran up against.

My good friends developed insomnia lying awake trying to think up ideas that would make me rich quick. I tried some of these schemes between naps. The trouble with most of these swell notions was that they worked on the principle of well-digging—beginning at the top and landing at the bottom. I struck bottom several times, but being an adept at stage falls, I managed to land without any serious casualties except a growing confusion as to what could be the matter.

I decided that no vice is so bad as advice. If I had kept on taking all that was offered me, I would now be waving at my friends from Welfare Island as they passed in their yachts. Of course, I know my well wishers have my welfare at heart. They meant their advice kindly, but it always hurt me more than it hurt them, as any kid who has been spanked will tell you.

I had always petted the theory that anybody who wanted work could find it. I never for the bisected interval of a minute allowed myself to think that I couldn't support Marie Dressler after working so hard for her so many years. She had always been a good provider and the only person who took care of 'the little woman.' She couldn't be through. But was she?

(In Part II, to appear in the next, the April issue of SCREENLAND, Miss Dressler tells how she re-climbed the slippery stairway back to Broadway—to success; and of her introduction and hard struggle to win first place on the screen and in the hearts of film fans.)

Hollywood High Jinks!

Continued from page 54

charming house—not a Spanish house, either, by the way, but one of good, plain, American architecture. The theater is situated at the back of the house, with its entrance on the side, approached by a special path and gateway through a high latticed fence, and flanked by lawns, so that it has privacy as well as charming approach.

Although our invitations had been of the most formal, the announcement as to where the party was to be held was given verbally, and some of the guests didn't catch the name. So when we arrived at Mrs. Chatterton's, Martin Broome came over and inquired with comical ceremoniousness:

"Can you tell me whose house we are in? Some of the boys would love to know!"



Mrs. Harry Langdon is a perfect Hollywood hostess. She received her friends recently at a house-warming party.

A buffet supper was served, and never were more cordial hostesses than Ruth Chatterton and her mother, Mrs. Tillie Chatterton, and Edna West, who aided in receiving.

We chatted with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thomson, and Mrs. Thomson told us about Jetta Goudal's wedding. She said that Jetta was to have been wed on a certain day, but, when Kenneth and Mrs. Thomson asked her and her fiancé over to dinner and the theater, she obligingly and calmly put the wedding off!

Young Walter Straus, son of Oscar Straus, isn't going back to Europe with his parents, we learned, but is delighted by the fact that he has a studio artist job, and is going to remain in the United States. He is only eighteen, very gifted as an artist and writer, and a most charming young man withal.

"We think he is very lucky," Mrs. Straus told me, "that he has such a nice position."

The Strauses themselves were very sad



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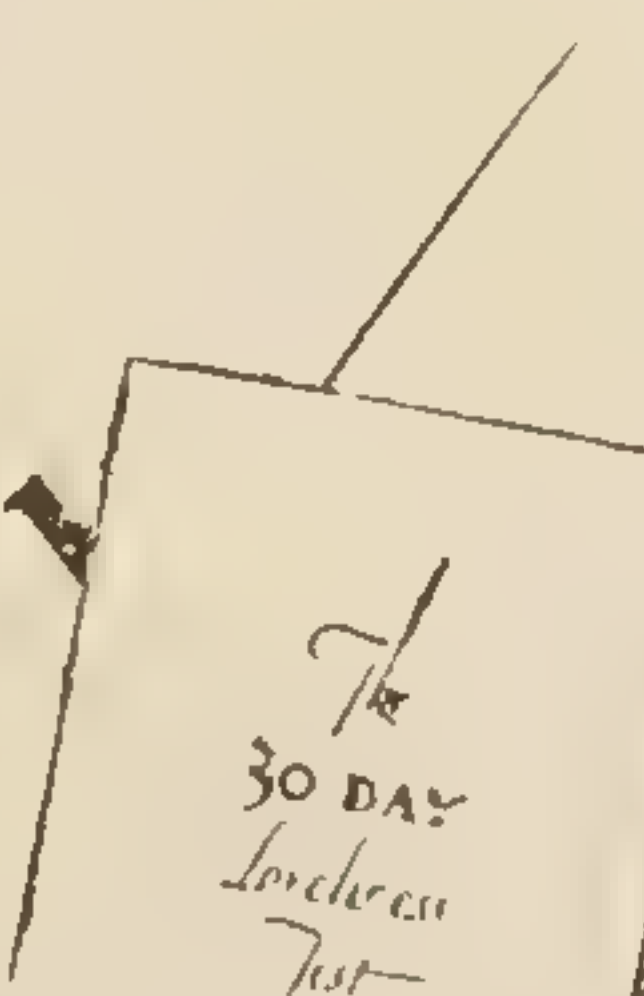
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at leaving California, although naturally they looked forward to Christmas with their relatives in Berlin.

Marie Dressler told us that she had thoroughly enjoyed the concert. She is a very fine artist herself, you know, in the realm of music and even of verse writing, despite her broad comedy on the screen.

Mrs. Chatterton, we found from chatting with young Law, the aviator, adored flying.

"She goes up with me every few days," he said, "and never is a bit frightened."

"Oh, yes," Ruth spoke up, "She is much younger than I am!"

Ramon sang some of his lovely Spanish songs in that delightful voice of his, and as we kept asking for more, it was very late when we left.

"I WONDER where those chimes are playing!" Patsy asked us wonderingly, as we turned away from Harry Langdon's door after ringing the bell, in order to see where the music was coming from.

The butler opened the door then, and the chimes stopped playing a tune.

So that was the explanation. The Langdons have one of those new door bells which play a sweet tune whenever the doorbell is rung!

"But can't you imagine some of the awful tunes it could play?" we kidded Harry Langdon. "Just imagine if it played *I Don't Care If You Never Come Back!*"

"Well, of course you know the tune that can always be put on when a creditor shows up," suggested Harry Langdon, whimsically—"I Can't Give You Anything But Love!"

"But *Come and Make Whoopee* would be all right, wouldn't it?" put in Glenn Tryon, who had just arrived with his lovely wife.

"And of course the servant who got away with all Harry's best silk shirts and ties that time could play *Something to Remember You By*," suggested Jean Hersholt, who had just come with his pretty, brunette wife.

Connie Keefe put in that *Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep* wouldn't sound so hospitable, but Mrs. Harry Langdon, who was looking gorgeously pretty and radiant in a new white satin gown, exclaimed that the only tune her chimes would play for her guests would be *There's a Light in the Window Burns Brightly For You*, and we let it go at that.

The Langdons have moved into their new Beverly Hills home, and were giving their house warming party.

The house is a beautiful Italian structure, as to exterior, and a portion of the interior is Italian, too—that is, some features of it are, but Mrs. Langdon is too wise a lady to use any ponderous or uncomfortable or dreary looking furnishings in her home, and so, though harmony exists, there is the maximum of comfort and homelikeness to be found in the big living room and other rooms of the house.

Thelma Todd and Harvey Preister, the latter the young millionaire to whom Thelma is reported engaged, were there, and Renaud Hoffman and his charming wife, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Schertzinger, Duci de Kerekjarto, the famous violinist; Helen Morton, the young woman who lately gained world wide celebrity by acquiring a small island near Catalina, where she is founding a yacht club; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Harris—Harris has written a lot of popular plays, including "So Long Letty," "The Great Necker," and just recently "Young Sinners;" Hobart Bosworth and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Halperin; Eddie Halperin and his actress wife—Jean Barry, Reginald Hammerstein,

Vernon Rickard, John Reinhardt, and others.

Reginald Hammerstein, you know, is the son of Oscar Hammerstein, noted producer, and though Reginald is still a very young man, he has staged several important New York hits.

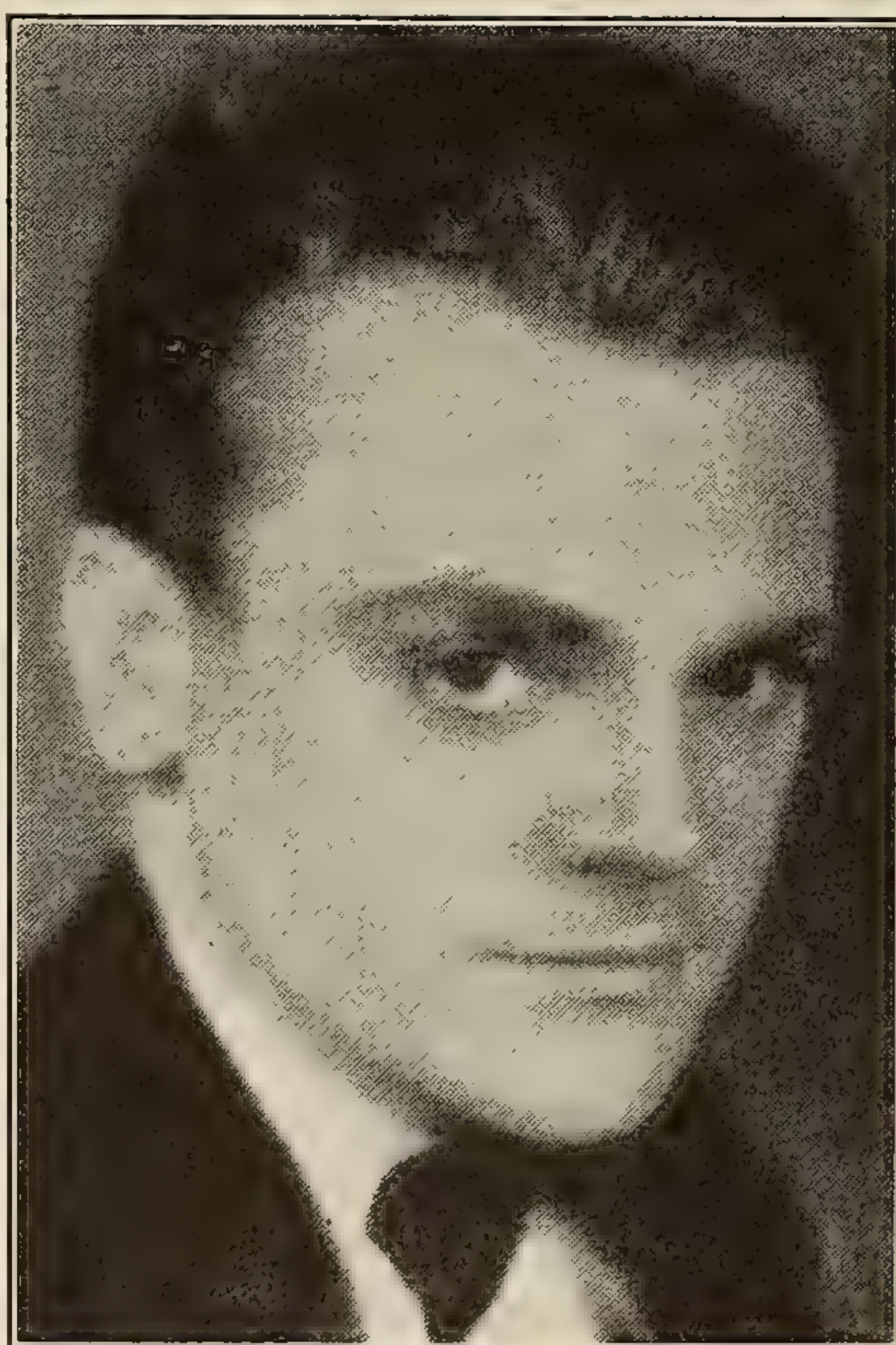
Virginia and Edith Langdon, Mrs. Langdon's daughters, helped Harry and Mrs. Langdon to entertain. The girls adore their step-daddy, and have taken his name, you know.

"Of course this house, to be properly unveiled, as it were," announced Renaud Hoffman, "will have to be pervaded with music, and who can make music like Duci de Kerekjarto?"

Therefore Duci was elected, and acted as spellbinder during several classic numbers.

Vernon Rickard, musical comedy lead and radio singer, sang, and—of course Harry Langdon had to bring forth his ventriloquial dolls and give us some comedy.

Supper was served at tête-à-tête tables, there were dancing and bridge for those who liked them, and then we all went home, deciding that the new Langdon home had been thoroughly and appropriately warmed, both by hosts and guests.



James Cagney, a screen newcomer, has distinguished himself as a young character actor.

"BRIDES should always," remarked Lew Ayres, "be blondes."

And he looked at Lola Lane. And Lola blushed.

Even though we were at another blonde's wedding, Lola blushed. They do say, you know, that Lew and Lola are engaged.

Patsy and I had gone with Jose Crespo over to James Cruze's lovely old Spanish home in Flitridge, to see Gaston Glass wed to a lovely young society girl, who had been playing extras and bits in pictures. Her name is Lyoba Karlin.

"Lyoba is a funny name," remarked Jose.

"That's exactly," declared Lola, "what Gaston said to her when he met her. She was playing a bit in one of James Cruze's pictures, and Gaston, as Jimmie's assistant, was taking her name along with those of several other young actresses. Lyoba answered, 'Well, maybe I'll change part of of it some day.' From then on they were great friends. That was over a year ago."

James Cruze, who abhors evening clothes, had, however, donned them for this occasion. But later, after the cere-

mony, he disappeared, coming back arrayed in his usual white flannels, which, however, nobody has ever seen except in a spotless condition.

Speaking of names, though, Lew Cody spoke up and said something about living in glass houses, remarking that of course somebody had to say that, so why not he?

James Cruze's daughter, Julie Cruze, was helping to receive, and Gaston himself, looking handsomer than I had ever seen him in his impeccable bridegroom array with the inevitable gardenia in his buttonhole, was also aiding in receiving, but of course the bride was nowhere to be seen.

The house was beautifully decorated in cream colored and white chrysanthemums and ferns.

Presently somebody began to play the piano in the music room, and then issued from Mr. Cruze's suite the bridal couple and their attendants.

Miss Karlin proved to be as lovely a bride as you could wish to see, clad as she was in ivory satin with a little Juliet cap of fine old lace, the lace being the 'something old' that every bride should wear; her dress was the 'something new,' and she fulfilled another exaction of the old saying by having 'money in her shoe'—a dime, to be exact, which Jimmie Cruze had dropped into her slipper.

Henry Meyer, who is a sort of power behind the throne in several producing companies, was best man, and Mrs. Rita Dale Mills was bridal attendant.

And Judge Charles R. Dyer officiated, while Jim Cruze gave the bride away.

"But this isn't the last ceremony these two will go through," Lew Ayres confided. "Both are Catholics and will be married again by a priest. And both vow that this marriage is for good and all, due to their religion."

Looking on at that ceremony, we had no idea of what was to follow before we left the party!

As a matter of fact, we saw three weddings that evening! No, I don't mean simultaneously, and due to any good cheer. But three real weddings.

For no sooner had the bride been kissed by everybody that could find an excuse to kiss her, than a servant dashed up, saying that there was a couple over in Judge Dyer's office waiting to be married!

Whereupon Jimmie Cruze, like the generous soul he is, rushed up and exclaimed, "Bring them over here to my house to be married!"

So the couple was telephoned to, and presently arrived, the bride rather timid amid strange surroundings, but the groom quite self-possessed. Everybody, especially our host, went about it to make them happy after the ceremony, giving them supper and good wishes. Their names were Helen Boyle and Perry Hedron.

Lola Lane had offered to be bridesmaid and Lew Cody was best man. And once more Jimmie Cruze gave the bride away.

And then the telephone rang again! Still another couple was waiting in the Judge's office to be married!

Again Jimmie Cruze rose to the occasion. "Oh, bring them too!" And his face glowed with good humored hospitality and kindness.

So presently arrived another bashful couple, this time Earl Swallow and Edna Bell by name. This time Gaston and Mrs. Glass themselves stood up, while once more Jimmie Cruze gave the bride away!

Both brides were pretty, too, though of course both were wearing street clothes.

The guests included Irvin Asher, Mr. and Mrs. Luke Cosgrove, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Zieler, Betty Fox, Dixie McCoy, Roscoe Arbuckle, Roger Denny, and many others.

Revuettes

Continued from page 6

THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER. Fox. A Cinderella tale with Maureen O'Sullivan as a princess and Charlie Farrell a charming prince charming. Nice but not exciting. Bert Roach and H. B. Warner are also in the cast.*

THE RIGHT TO LOVE. Paramount. Ruth Chatterton does the best work of her screen career. The new Western Electric 'noiseless recording' makes this a great improvement over the average talker.

PART TIME WIFE. A dog story bringing back little Tommy Clifford. Edmund Lowe is the real star, with Leila Hyams as the golf-playing wife. Good entertainment.

THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH. First National. A pleasing drama nicely directed, and nicely acted by Loretta Young, Conway Tearle and David Manners. You'll enjoy it.

THE WIDOW FROM CHICAGO. First National. Edward G. Robinson's remarkable acting makes this cabaret film a real attraction. Alice White, as the vamping widow, is excellent.

VIENNESE NIGHTS. Warner Brothers. An original musical comedy by Sigmund Romberg with Alexander Gray, Vivienne Segal and others. Lovely songs. Sweet romance.

WAY FOR A SAILOR. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. John Gilbert as a tough tar. Gilbert's voice is all right but he is miscast in this sea story. Leila Hyams, Jim Tully, and Polly Moran in the cast.

Short Features:

ALASKA. Universal. A clever burlesque of the old-time Klondike saloon with Oswald, the rabbit, as a tenderfoot. Good fun.

ALL FOR MABEL. Pathe. College comedy in a comedy college with Sally Starr as the co-ed. Nothing new about this one.

A TRIP TO MARS. Max Fleischer Cartoon. A cartoon dog takes a trip to Mars on a rocket—good idea—full of laughs and funny situations.

COPY. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A glorified newspaper yarn full of action and snappy dialogue. Entertaining.

EXCUSE THE PARDON. Vitaphone. Ralph Morgan and Katherine Alexander fine in a good drama. Well worth seeing.

IN AGAIN, OUT AGAIN. Paramount. Breezy comedy about girls who walk home from automobile rides, with Lillian Bond and Aileen Cook. Packed with laughs.

JUNGLE TERROR. Pathé. A trip through the jungle in India on the back of a huge elephant. Interesting and thrilling.

LADY, YOU SLAY ME. Paramount. A not-so-funny comedy with Johnny Perkins and a male quartet. Good vocalizing.

MADAME OF THE JURY. Vitaphone. An unconvincing melodrama and a bad break for Judith Anderson, stage star, who makes her talker debut.

MICKEY'S BARGAIN. RKO. Mickey McGuire and his Gang in a burlesque on the 'Covered Wagon' theme. Fun for the kiddies and grown-ups as well.

POLITICS. Vitaphone. George Jessel in a smart comedy-drama with a good punch at the finish. Sentiment and comedy evenly distributed.

THE CRYSTAL GAZER. Columbia. A racy yarn with clever dialogue. Eddie Buzzell's voice and mannerisms will click with you.

THE HEADACHE MAN. Warner Brothers. An amusing comedy skit with Dudley Clements and Hobart Cavanaugh. Nicely timed and well done.

VOICE OF HOLLYWOOD NO. 23. Tiffany. Sammy Cohen acting as master of ceremonies and introducing various Hollywood stars. Nice informal glimpses of your favorites.

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Dietrich's Shadow on Garbo's Path!

Continued from page 34

But deep in the eyes of Garbo we shall find a sadness, moodiness, indifference, whereas it will take all the best directing to suppress a hidden twinkle of fun from the eyes of Dietrich, who really gets more satisfaction out of comedy than out of tragedy.

Now let us take our yard stick of numbers and measure and compare the outer general temperaments of these two favorites and see just to what degree the comparison wished upon them by producers and an adoring public is excused in this angle of their personalities.

Greta Garbo, who at birth was given the name of Greta Gustafsson, started in life under a number 3, and, although to her modern public with the name of Greta Garbo she has had her greatest success under the number 4, it is to the original 'Expression' number of 3 that we must refer to explain her personality, her ability to express her talents and to come into a position of prominence.

Marlene Dietrich has had her success under the 'Expressions' of number 9 and a contrasting explanation of these two expressions is of interest to the student of character by numbers and also to the movie-goer who sees in the personality of his favorite the effect of the cause to which the numbers are the key.

Three and 9 are both odd numbers, which bring them into the same class which is that of the artistic, expressive, indicating success and progress in dealing with the public upon a sympathetic, social and artistic basis.

Nine, however, is 3 times 3, but let us not jump to the conclusion that this means that Dietrich is 3 times as good as Garbo in her expression. The real meaning is that the expression of Dietrich under the name she uses is three times as broad; has three phases to Garbo's one. The rôles that Dietrich will be able to portray will be of a greater variety than those through which Garbo would find her success.

The number 3 is more distinctive, more distinctly a type, and as such must be limited somewhat to its own class or else its success is quickly affected; whereas, the 9 is more general, capable of the portrayal of human emotions over a much wider sphere. It has the capacity to express the whole gamut of human feeling from refinement to vulgarity, from comedy to tragedy, and in this expression to give the impression really of living and being the character. There is nothing cold about number 9.

The number 3 is a high ideal of its own type. The number 9 is cramped in its expression when it is forced to be limited to any particular style. A 3 personality acts with reserve and gives not over-generously of itself, but a 9 personality can take on almost any personal mood and express all, with about an equal degree of feeling which is often too extravagant. Its tendency is to give of itself too freely and without reserve.

In the consideration of the comparative value of the numbers 3 and 9 we see where the similarity between Garbo and Dietrich is much less in the expression of their talent than in their viewpoints of life and their deeper natures. With much of the same indifference and inner detachment from their circumstances which both of these women possess, Dietrich will be the more able to appeal to a wider public, to touch the heart in a greater variety of ways which the masses

will appreciate easily; whereas, Garbo will continue to hold a rather exclusive place upon the screen.

Marlene Dietrich was born on December 27th which indicates that she came into life under a vibration which through the medium of her associations, opportunities and circumstances would tend to force her into artistic life, to train her for public expression, and in her own development to overcome considerable fear, reticence and sensitiveness which as a child she must have shown to a large degree.

All activities not directly concerned with preparing her for a public life but which might have been accepted as a logical part of her environment, would have to give way to the supreme attainment of success in expressing her personality. She trained to be a musician, but as a musician she would have been hiding herself behind the more impersonal art of music, and so conditions arranged themselves in a so-called 'accident' and discouragement, to make acting her vocation and music her hobby.

Considering these influences which pointed to her destiny in public success where her personality would be the main feature, together with her deeper impulses which are more creative, individualized and aloof, than co-operative or domestic, any marriage which she would make prior to her middle life, unless it directly advanced her public success, would run the risk of proving unhappy.

During the year 1931 Dietrich will be

found giving a good deal of attention to the emotional phases of her life and to gaining her practical and mental freedom from certain unsatisfactory situations which during the past year and a half have occasioned her some worry.

Her immediate public success is affected favorably by the number 8, which commenced in October of 1930 to launch her into the two most successful years of her career. Under these favorable influences which remain through 1931 and most of 1932, we shall see Marlene Dietrich in bigger and better rôles.

A Numerological summary of the numbers of Garbo and Dietrich can bring the reader to a conclusion that it will be better all around if the personality of Dietrich is removed from any false position between the sun of success and Garbo, in which popular fancy may have placed her.

The number 7 which both share as the keynote of their deeper viewpoints would be unlikely to create any personal jealousy, for each has a better understanding of what they really are than is always apparent through the interviews given for publicity. Both having this understanding they are self-sufficient in their opinions of themselves and cannot be bothered by possible competition.

As a shadow on the path of Garbo the public will never know the capacity of the real Dietrich. Numerology would rate her as an extremely versatile actress who could only be disappointing if cast for any one rôle.



An informal picture of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, snapped on location while indulging in an impromptu lunch. Bebe's best girl friend, Marie Mosquini, is at the left.

From Movies to Microphones

Continued from page 63

beat a swift path around the world. It was more of a dance than a song—a dance that in its sharply etched notes, its sparkling originality would not have been scorned by a Victor Herbert or a Rudolph Friml.

To make his place even more secure in the songwriting world Brown then followed up his earlier hits with his greatest song—*Singin' in the Rain*, a ditty that held sway on the microphones for six solid months and penetrated every cross-roads of the civilized world.

It was a song, more than anything else, that put the talkies on Broadway and kept them there. Al Jolson, withdrawing from Shubert-sponsored stardom, chanced upon a number called *Sonny Boy* as an aid to his entry into the talkies. A typical Jolson tear-jerker, it gave the talkies the push they needed to seize the popular imagination. Jolson sang the number for the screen—sang it with full tremolo stop. And Broadway took to it, poured its shekels into the box-office, made it possible for Jolson to surrender any last fleeting desire to return to the stage.

Sonny Boy was acclaimed by the movie magnificoes the perfect song. Indeed, it proved too perfect for them. They tried to duplicate its success by fastening a tune upon every production whether the picture warranted it or not. They impeded their own progress with their insistence upon a sentimental theme song.

Gradually they saw the light, helped by the ridicule of wise-cracking columnists and revue writers. The theme song went out, and in its place came musical numbers that were given shelter only when it was deemed action called for them.



Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., arriving in New York on vacation.

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WHAT CHANCE HAS A KID IN HOLLYWOOD? If you've been wondering about your little darling with the golden curls becoming a second Mitzi Green, this will tell you how to go about it—or not to go.

HOLMES, SWEET HOLMES. Just a rave about Philips Holmes by a girl who had a heavy date with him.

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LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA
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The action of most of the talkies seems to call for a musical number. And so the songwriting industry continues at fever heat. A very torrent of tunes pours out of Hollywood, whipping up the radio sea, splashing continuously against the armchairs of the country.

One of the most persistent numbers washed up on the radio tide is *Happy Days Are Here Again*, written by Milton Ager and Jack Yellen for the picture "Chasing Rainbows." It has been played on every conceivable instrument known to Damrosch and the devil, sung by every conceivable voice known to Gatti and the gods. It has become a sort of theme song of industry and commerce, bringing sweet and temporary forgetfulness to those caught up by economic heebie-jeebies.

But there are other excellent tunes bearing a Hollywood stamp that because of radio were and are now known the length and breadth of the republic. There were *Tip Toe Through the Tulips* and *Weary River*. There's Walter Donaldson's *My Baby Just Cares for Me*, the hit of Eddie Cantor talkie of "Whoopee." Donaldson is today probably the most prolific writer of songs—as he is the most successful—in America. His range of subjects is inexhaustible. He is equally at home whether concerned with the activities of ba-by or with the spiritual uplift of *Little White Lies*.

There is a triumphant team of Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh, who not content with resting their oars upon that national anthem of jazz, *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*, have now turned their attention to the talkies. Their most enduring bit of recent months is *Go Home and Tell Your Mother*, first heard in the talkie, "Love in the Rough."

There is Mabel Wayne, who wrote the

song hit *Ramona*—you cannot have forgotten *Ramona*! The tune made her financially independent but she also became \$50,000 richer for her song, *In a Little Spanish Town*. It took her twenty minutes to write it—a rate of pay of \$2,500 a minute.

One of the most persistently aired tunes at present is *Three Little Words*, turned out of the busy song factory of Kalmar and Ruby for the screen debut of Amos 'n' Andy.

George Gershwin and Irving Berlin, the two foremost exponents of popular music, are now in Hollywood, doing right by the Nells of the cinema, turning out tunes for the talkies and the overstuffed armchairs. Berlin's most successful song since he went to Hollywood is *There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie*. 'Eyes' and 'Cherie' always seem to go together. Blended anew by Berlin, they brought him what the banks of Wall Street now call a pretty penny.

Gershwin's work on the gold coast is yet to be heard. It is expected to be in his usual vein of hot and bothersome rhythm and sweet and seductive melody. He has only to write a tune half as good as his war-mocking *Strike Up the Band* or his hip-shaking *I Got Rhythm* to be assured a permanent place—if he wants it—in the Hollywood sun.

Hollywood, too, is probably calling other tunesmiths of Broadway—such gifted fellows as Harry Woods, whose *Here Comes the Sun*, is a songwriter's epitome of optimism; Walter O'Keefe and Bobby Dolan, two of New York night life's most versatile entertainers; J. Fred Coots, Vincent Youmans, as she has already called such expert musicians as Sigmund Romberg, Jerome Kern and Oscar Straus.

Here are three men who know their pianofortes backward, who can do more with an octave than most composers can do with an entire keyboard. They should have, probably will have, better if not bigger songs for us who go down to the radio sea in slip covers. At any event, we'll cup an ear and see—and hear.



Why are western pictures coming back into vogue? The answer is Virginia Brown Faire in her trick little 'what do you call 'ems.'

Hollywood's Favorite Economies

Continued from page 59

putting out the lights as carefully as if he had a heavy mortgage on the farm and nothing to remit. Marie Dressler—and we all know how generous she is—practises Joe's same economy. And you can catch her any night going around her domain snapping off the switches—turning off unneeded illumination.

Norma Talmadge has her pet economy, too. She hates to see food left over in the ice-box. She tries to order just enough so her family and her servants can be amply served. But at night, if she goes out and finds left-overs in her electric refrigerator, she sends the surplus to an orphanage which she helps support.

Stuart Erwin never throws away any soap. He's lavish with his funny faces on the screen but not with the suds in the bathroom. He uses every bar down to the last bit. And when even the bits get too small, he saves up until he gets a jar full and then has them melted down in the kitchen and poured out in a big mould—all ready to use again.

Lawrence Tibbett is not affected by the huge movie salary he draws. He has always hated to buy neckties and still does. He wears his cravats until they are literally strings. When they get too bad, his wife steals them and throws them away. But Lawrence waits almost until he has to show a bare Adam's apple to the world before he will purchase a new supply.

The glamorous Carole Lombard is not above saving an honest penny. She thinks it's foolish—as many girls do—to be continually buying new powder compacts just because you need powder. She has hers refilled, and sometimes she just sifts loose powder into the old compact from the current box on her dressing table.

And who would ever think that the grand and glamorous Norma Shearer, one of the best groomed women in the world—would ever economize on any wearing apparel? But she does. On gloves! She saves all her old ones even when they are too far gone to wear. And she hates



A camera silhouette of Clive Brook. His next picture is "Scandal Sheet," a newspaper yarn with George Bancroft.

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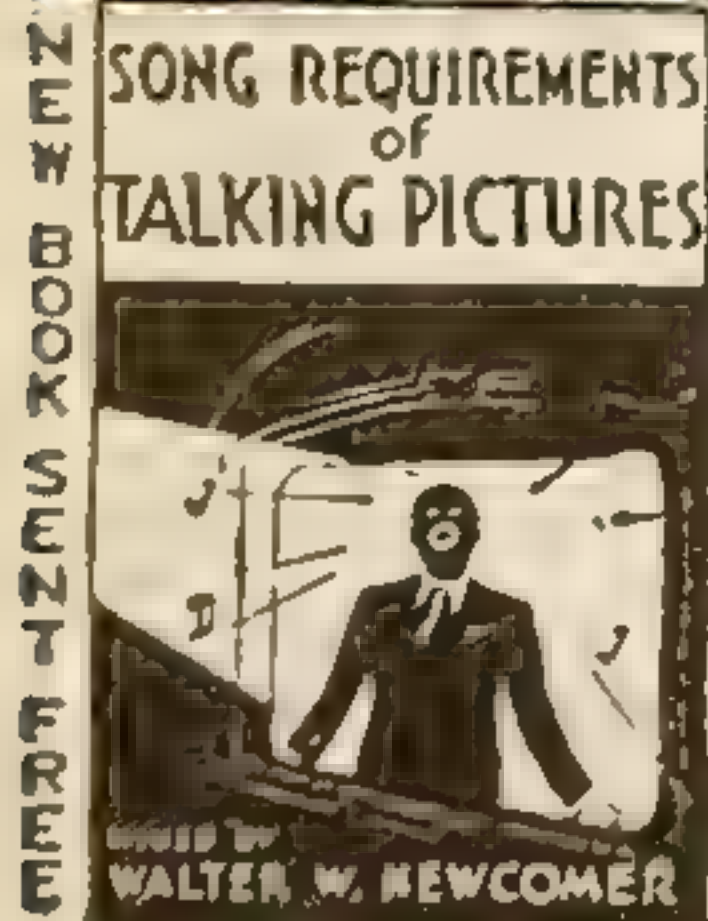
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to put out money for new ones. She doesn't mind a bit spending any amount of money necessary to present a properly accoutered person to the world, but it burns her up to spend money for the accessory known as—gloves!

Charles Bickford, despite the fact that he owns four garages, will never let a mechanic put a grimy hand into the interior of any of his cars. He is mechanically-minded himself and looks after all his own automotive difficulties. No trouble is too deep-seated for this demon mechanic to find and adjust.

Dick Barthelmess' pet economy is owning Fords instead of Rolls Royces. He has a Ford town car and a Ford station wagon and he says they save him—well, a good deal. Maybe you can sell him your ancient 'Iron Horse.' But come to think of it, believe he goes in only for Model A's.

Kay Francis is another person who owns, and drives, a Ford instead of an Isotta or a Mercedes or one of these other ten thousand dollar buggies. Miss Francis not only cuts down on her motoring expenses but she lives in a very plain bungalow when her position and salary warrant her indulging in the most glamorous of Lares and Penates.

Young Russell Gleason is another who drives a Ford. Also papa and mamma Gleason.

Leila Hyams—the little beauty—refuses to spend money on pocketbooks. She keeps every single one she ever owned. And when her latest purchase gets too shabby—she almost breaks down and weeps.

Ona Munson refuses to buy a home, as her contribution towards economy. "Why should I," she frankly asks, "when I can rent any one of a hundred? Our profession is the most uncertain in the world—in New York one minute, in Hollywood the next. Why get gray hairs meeting a mortgage every time you go out of the front door of a house you can't occupy more than two or three months a year?"

Bob Montgomery thinks it's a waste of time and money buying golf balls. He plays a great deal of golf, and, alas, loses countless balls. He hates to put out dough for new ones and so has his old ones fixed up. What happens when they can no longer be repaired is a problem you'll have to ask Mr. Montgomery to solve.

Regis Toomey joins hands with Tibbett on this cravat question. He uses his ties almost to the last stitch, and when a good tie finally breaks down, he just adjusts the knot higher up—to avoid the worn spot or hole. He never throws a cravat away and it's said that his old ties knotted end to end would reach from Hollywood—well, to almost any place you care to name.

Gorgeous Clara Bow, who most of us imagine throws money around pretty extravagantly, is most sparing when it comes to shoes. She never discards a single pair. Some she wears around the house when nobody's looking. The others she saves to use in some character part in a movie.

June Collyer is not wasting any of her more or less hard earned ducats on silk stockings. She loves the sheerest and most expensive ones—and buys them. But she has a pension system for looking after them. Whenever a small tear or run appears, she sends them immediately to a special woman who mends them by a re-weaving process. They last indefinitely. If she wants to get rid of a pair, she has to retire it.

Jack Whiting, recently in the talking pictures "Top Speed" and "College Lovers," and husband of the former Beth

Sully Fairbanks, first wife of Douglas Fairbanks, has a hate against paying too much money for gasoline. He'll drive twenty miles to save a penny a gallon.

Lois Moran is another astute person. She has earned and saved, we understand, many thousands of dollars. Her favorite pet economy is not splurging in hotels. Whenever she happens to be travelling she goes to the best and most conservative hostelry but she usually takes a single room instead of a suite.

Anita Page's favorite saving is on make-up. And we can understand it. Why waste money for something you're prettier without? Anita keeps the last scrap of rouge and mascara, to say nothing of greasepaint, hating to buy new supplies. Good to the last drop is her motto. She ought to marry a make-up manufacturer and then the question would be settled for life—more or less.

Clive Brook has worked out something original in the way of saving money. Being a Britisher who can't get through a day without an energetic tennis game or two, Clive nevertheless objects to the outlay necessary to build a cement court or to keep up a perfect grass one. He evolved a grand answer by having a gravel tennis court made in his new home. Presumably if he needs new pebbles at any time, there's the whole Pacific Ocean at his disposal.

Mary Brian is not wasting any money on chauffeurs. She doesn't drive a car herself but her brother is always ready to take her any place she goes. Real brotherly love I call it! Mary also saves by living in a small, modest Hollywood apartment.

Jean Arthur never throws away any portion of writing paper which can be used for writing lists or notes. Sometimes, she's even been caught saving clean wrapping paper for her laundry notations.

And Buddy Rogers—would you think America's boy friend would ever squeeze the pennies? Well, if he doesn't do exactly that, he's determined to get his money's worth out of his dollar razor and out of every razor blade. He never throws one away as long as he can scrape it across his face and show a clean and shining surface to the world.

Richard Arlen is not paying any handy-man dollars and cents a day for doing work around the house. He looks after all that himself. Jack Oakie wears sweat shirts and trousers to save the expense of suits. He also refuses to pay 'gyp' prices at Hollywood openings. He waits until the second night when the prices are back to normal. Richard Cromwell saves his paint brushes. For what he doesn't exactly know. But he has used them to cast at cats who get too quarrelsome at midnight hours.

Bill Haines saves wood. Not firewood but any bit of mahogany or old oak that comes into his hands. His hobby is antique furniture and he can always use these old pieces matching up some of his rare furniture finds.

Janet Gaynor loves flowers and hates to see them die. She gives them fresh water twice a day and always puts salt or aspirin in the vases as she believes the flowers live longer that way.

Alison Skipworth saves umbrellas. She lived so long in England where it rains nearly every twenty-four hours that she can't get over the idea that the California sun is apt to do an eclipse any time—so she's all prepared.

Scratch anybody—even the most extravagant person—and underneath you'll find the yen to save in some little way or other. It all goes back perhaps to the fact that everybody has the age-old desire to get his money's worth.

Ask Me

Continued from page 97

Jackie Coogan—and almost 'stole the show' in each picture.

Ruth M. Your brother swears up and down that Jack Oakie played with Charles Rogers in "Young Eagles"—tsh, tsh. I can swear, too, but not for publication. It was Stuart Erwin who was Buddy's buddy, *Pudge Higgins*, in "Young Eagles."

Robert M. You like to think of the movie stars as a group of people who are trying to make someone happy, putting the financial end out of sight—so would I. Ramon Novarro came to the United States from Durango, Mexico, to study dancing and singing. After appearing with the Marion Morgan dancers on the stage, he played in an artistic screen poem, "Omar Khayyam." A year later he was signed by Rex Ingram to play the lead in "The Prisoner of Zenda" with Alice Terry. And the rest is screen history!

Susan D. Jeanette MacDonald, the girl with the golden voice, red-gold hair and blue-green eyes, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., of Scotch-American parentage. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. It is said she has never touched tea or coffee, nor smoked, nor taken a stimulating drink. She studied singing and dancing as a child and her first appearance on the stage was in the chorus of a Ned Wayburn Revue at the Capitol Theater in New York City. She played with Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade" and with Dennis King in "The Vagabond King." Jeanette plays in "Oh, For a Man." She is under contract to Fox.

Trene R. More praise for Barry Norton, the South American who made good in North America. He is a native of Buenos Aires, Argentine, born June 16, 1905. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11½ inches tall and weighs 168 pounds. His first screen appearance was with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. in "The Black Pirate." He has played in "Ankles Preferred," "Heart of Salome," "The Wizard," "Legion of the Condemned," "Mother Knows Best," "Four Feathers," "Sins of the Fathers" and "Exalted Flapper."

Edith. I seem to be the friendly arbitrator in all movie disputes so bring on your spats and we'll try to remove them. Norma Shearer is a Canadian by birth. Ramon Novarro is a Mexican, descended from Aztec royalty through his mother's family. His family name is Samaniegos. Antonio Moreno's father was an officer in the Spanish army and his mother came from one of Spain's oldest families. Tony was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888.

Virginia L. You are a cinema lover if you wait in line one hour and fifteen minutes to see your favorite on the screen. That's devotion and deserves a radio, saxophone, zither or what have you, with your next brace of tickets. Step aside and speak to the manager about it. Clara Bow's new picture is "No Limit"—why, Clara! Nancy Carroll's latest is "Stolen Heaven."

Emma B. Wallace Beery did not change his name to go into pictures. He was Gloria Swanson's first husband. Some years ago, he married Rita Gilman. He is a licensed airplane pilot and one of the most popular citizens of Hollywood. His latest release is "Min and Bill" with Marie Dressler. Lon Chaney passed away on August 26, 1930. His last picture was his first talkie, "The Unholy Three."

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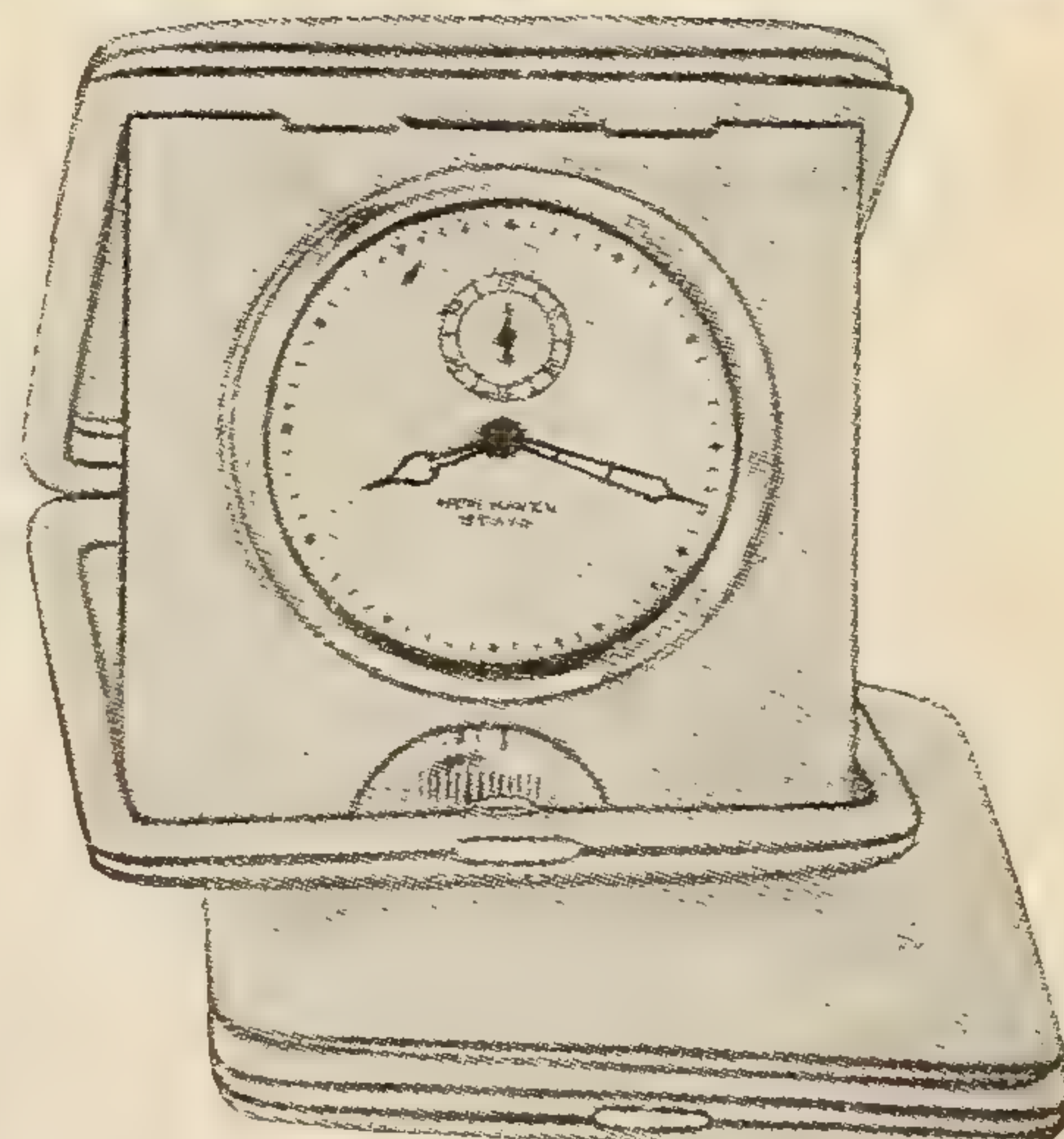
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What Makes a Girl Popular?

Continued from page 104

just natchally bust your back." Go out with other boys, develop a new technique and get it in good working order. Let this boy know you are a popular girl with so many claims on your attention that even standing room is taken. See how he likes that!

From your letter, I judge this boy is the sort who just plays around. The sort who loves to select a girl who is inexperienced instead of one who speaks the same language he does, because there is less zest in making love to a sophisticated girl than to one less experienced. The sort who would keep right on philandering even though you were married to him.

Don't be a Victorian maid. You may think you are madly in love, but heart ache isn't as hard to bear as heart break. Cheer up. Be a singing-in-the-rain person out for a better break. To be engaged or married isn't the whole object in life. If you're a movie addict you know every picture doesn't end with "And so they lived happily ever after." Neither do all books end that way. Life goes on. Even though you marry the boy you like, marriage may not be the end of trouble and the beginning of happiness—it may be the other way round! And remember, you can't turn back in life.

Here is another letter, from a quite different type of girl.

"While home from school on my summer vacation," writes Marie J. D., "I had the grandest times at dances and making whoopee in the country. I was by far the most popular girl in our crowd. I looked forward eagerly to Christmas holidays but when I got home I found myself decidedly out of things. At least I was not invited to everything and made much of as I was during the summer.

"I can't understand it. Without seeming to boast, I am the most attractive, the best dressed and the wittiest girl in the whole bunch. Last summer I knew some of the girls were jealous because I sat out dances and went motoring with their regular boy friends. But why shouldn't I if I wanted to? Isn't all fair in love and war? Can it be possible these girls got together and decided to keep me out of things? As far as they are concerned I don't care. I don't like girls anyway, but I do want boys to like me. Mother says it's just as important to be popular with girls as it is with boys if I want to have a good time. But I can't believe it. What can be the matter with me? Please tell me."

Well, since you have asked me, here goes. Don't you think you may be a bit self-centered, selfish and inconsiderate? You may be just as attractive as you think you are but—that isn't everything. Are you kind and thoughtful? Are you a good sport, always ready to do what the crowd wants to do? Are you sympathetic and ready to listen to what interests others? Or, do you make capital of the fact that you wear nice clothes? Do you use your wit to get a laugh at the expense of others? Think it over, and if the answer is no to the first three questions and yes to the last two, well, I hardly believe the other girls did 'get together' on this; girls as a rule are not as catty as that, and anyway, they may not think you that important! Yet they may have had a silent understanding, a song-with-



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out-words to hand you to put you back in the right key. And *maybe* you had it coming to you!

It is true that if you are going to be popular you must be liked by girls as well as by boys. Go home and tell your mother—no, I'm not being flippant, that she is quite right. When you go home for your vacation this year, cultivate the girls. Take especial pains to be agreeable. Don't be assertive or superior. Be a bit meek and humble, it won't hurt you at all. Get the girls on your side. Let their boy friends alone and concentrate on getting one of your own.

Get over your foolish notion about not wanting girl friends. It's absurd to believe that a girl can't be happy without a male eternally trailing at her heels. Look

at the dozens of girls' clubs where girls form grand and lasting friendships. Look at the women's clubs, the interesting things they do together, the good they accomplish. Remember this is getting to be not only a man's but a woman's world and 'us girls' have to stick together!

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George Arliss Says

Continued from page 29

let—how dark the night was, the actual physical outline of the picture. What you do remember is the dialogue of the grave diggers. The lines. Real literature is the word, not the picture. The lines are the meat—the art. The other is merely background.

"It's the building up of these spoken lines into a great climax that makes any picture or play. Anybody can 'put over' a climax but not a great many actors or writers can build up to it. That is the art of writing and the art of acting.

"For instance, I could take any amateur—housewife, bellboy, shopkeeper—anybody. I could train them for a few days and they could 'put over' a big scene so magnificently that you would say 'What art!' But it wouldn't be art at all. For when I would say to one: 'Approach the scene. Build up your lines leading to the climax,' they would be lost. Anybody can be taught to tear his hair and say: 'My God, my God!' But the subtle restrained approach to an anguished (or otherwise) climax, that is acting—the real kernel of real drama.

"It's not what you say or the vast gestures you make on the stage that constitutes a great actor. It's how subtle, how restrained you are. The same is true of writing dialogue for pictures. It's not what you say but what you don't say that constitutes real writing. It's when you take your audience or your readers into your confidence and give them a chance to use their own imagination—that's art. And you can only learn this restraint, this subtlety by learning the whole job—which is a life's work.

"To be perfectly fair in speaking of silent pictures, let me say there will always be a place for certain silent films but they will never return as recognized entertainment because talkies are bound to improve. It is absolutely impossible that anything so wonderful as talking pictures should not develop to perfection when you think of the great scientists and engineers who are working towards that point. Think of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that are being spent in pictorial research, in chemistry, in all branches of the mechanical art. Think of the actors, the singers, the great scenic designers, who are working with these technicians towards one end—that the intonation of a voice, the thought behind the eye can be caught and put down for always in celluloid immortality.

"When the technical part is perfect, the rest will follow like day follows night, for already great authors are writing for the screen. And what that means to an actor! There is a decided advantage in playing dialogue written by an artist. There is a certain pleasure in speaking fine lines. A great pleasure in listening, also. I enjoyed playing in 'The Green Goddess' for it was written by William Archer, a very famous dramatic critic, now dead. He was the one who translated Ibsen into English. Also, the same man who translated Sigrid Undset 'Kristin Lavransdatter' into magnificent English prose.

"But do not misunderstand me when I say I enjoyed playing in 'The Green Goddess.' I do not mean that that is my favorite rôle. My favorite rôle is the one I am playing at the moment. I put every ounce of energy I have in the rôle of the moment. You cannot—you dare not cheat an audience by allowing any personal preference to appear.

"I shall not return to the stage this winter. It isn't fair to either public for me to divide my energies. You must give the best you have no matter to which audience you are playing. Some actors play down to their listeners. That is a grave mistake. I never have done it and I never shall do it, for who am I to judge the intelligence of an audience?

"Mr. Booth Tarkington is writing my next picture and I feel very well satisfied to know the dialogue is in his hands, although this is his first work direct for the screen. My second picture will be 'The Devil,' a drama by Franz Molnar in which I played some time ago. After that I hope to return to the stage—for a time at least."

Americans love Arliss and Arliss loves Americans. "I'm delighted to be back here. There's something in this American air that makes me energetic. And New York is a storehouse of nervous energy. I'm always full of plans when I'm here. But, of course, like most people," he smiled, "I have a little of the devil of unrest in me. When I'm here I hanker for a sight of my own land but no sooner do I get back to St. Margaret's Bay than I begin to miss the United States. And before you know it, Jenner begins to bring out our bags and boxes, and Mrs. Arliss and I are on our way back—to California, which is our second home."



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First Prize

SCREENLAND is my favorite magazine because it contains all the material that the movie fan wants to read.

"Letters from the Audience" is my favorite retreat. There is nothing more interesting than reading the different opinions voiced by the movie fans. My next favorite diversion is glancing through the pages which depict the homes of the stars. It's just like taking a touring trip through Hollywood.

The Honor Page is fine and I always agree with the choice for this page. The review pages always delight and the "Ask Me" department already has won me as a life member!

Albert Manski,
Piedmont College,
Norton, Va.

Thanks, Jane!

Second Prize

The editorial content of SCREENLAND is just what you would expect of a smart screen magazine. It contains up-to-the-minute news about film land. Your departments are fine, every one, a pleasure and a help. Thank you for this opportunity to express my appreciation of your magazine.

Jane Buick,
Interstate News Office,
Atlanta, Ga.

He Says We Have Tone!

Third Prize

What do I think of the editorial policy of SCREENLAND?

First, your magazine has tone! It reflects the happier side of Hollywood and does so without being at all juvenile. It leaves the direful 'what's wrong with the movies' sort of thing for others to worry about and concentrates on all that's cheerful!

I like the magazine's artistic and novel rotogravure sections and (here I reveal my favorite actress' name) those lovely pictures of Garbo!

PATS and POKES

Get in on the fun—and the money! Give us your opinions of SCREENLAND

Our Newest Contest!

We want to know what you think! Write your opinions of the contents of this magazine. For the best letter—and it must be brief—giving us your constructive criticism of our features, art, and departments, we offer \$20.00, first prize; \$15.00, second prize; \$10.00, third prize; and \$5.00, fourth prize. Mail your letters so they will reach us the 10th of each month.

I would like to end this letter with a word or two of constructive criticism but actually can think of none.

D. H. Chapman,
1337 Shatto Street,
Los Angeles, Cal.

You Wouldn't Fool Us?

Fourth Prize

The new Radio Department is corking. Another department, too, which I find absorbing is Anne Van Alstyne's. I noticed it some months ago and since then I've been getting SCREENLAND every month. Here's to your success. I don't know much about movie magazines but my personal opinion is that your publication is by far the best.

Ethel Ayres,
510 Lincoln Street,
Sayre, Pa.

Heh-Heh!

It appears to me that your editor must have been a comic strip artist before she was an editor! I never laughed so much over any movie magazine as I did over her very humorous editorial page in the January issue.

However, I should like to see the comedy cut in half and in its place inserted items of general interest, such as optimistic views on the movies; who, in your opinion, is the best worker for the industry; why women actresses are more popular than men, and so on. But please continue to publish a few humorous items on your page. We all love to laugh.

Reginald De Voe,
620 George Street,
New Haven, Conn.

Frankly—She Likes Our Frankness!

SCREENLAND is frank, sophisticated and human. If Sally Slender is threatened with illness because of too strenuous dieting, we feminine readers are greatly interested, and she appears more human to us because she has the same faults we have. SCREENLAND shows us, too, that Jack Playboy, our handsomest leading man, is no angel. Yet we like him better that way!

Mrs. Alberta Cannon,
2115 S. Jefferson Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.

Stage in Review

Continued from page 61

"The Vinegar Tree"

Paul Osborn hit it out for a home run in "The Vinegar Tree"—or the Troubled Virgin, or, *Mrs. Malaprop*, who even got her old lovers mixed up right under her company-hating old husband, played delightfully by H. Reeves-Smith.

It all takes place in that old stand-by, the country home. Little Leone Merrick is sick of being a virgin. She has a mamma—and this is the laugh of the evening. This mamma is played by Mary Boland, who whizz-bangs through three acts like a crazy, over-dressed mistress of ceremonies to the wild laughter of we-all.

Do not ask me to tell you the plot. It's all original, funny as they make 'em, and all perfectly acted. Not a cough in this carload of fun. Besides, in the five principal characters there is no dummy work by the playwright. They have the breath of life.

"Alison's House"

This is a play by Susan Glaspell built around the now famous life of Emily Dickinson, one of the great modern poets—a woman who died in 1881 almost totally unknown because she lived a life hedged in by inherited and social inhibitions.

Miss Glaspell has transposed the scenes from Massachusetts to Iowa, where there unravels one of the dullest and most ineffective plays the Civic Repertory has thus far put on.

Alison Stanhope (*Emily Dickinson*) has been dead eighteen years, and the three acts merely tell us just that, with a row in the last act as to whether the famous love-letters shall or shall not be burned. Of course, they are not.

Miss LeGallienne and Miss Josephine Hutchinson were both ineffective.

Casts of Current Films

* Films Reviewed in this issue

"FAST AND LOOSE." Paramount. From the play by David Gray and Avery Hopwood. Adapted by Preston Sturges and Doris Anderson. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: Marion Lenox, Miriam Hopkins; Henry Morgan, Charles Starrett; Alice O'Neil; Carole Lombard; Bertie Lenox, Henry Wadsworth; Bronson Lenox, Frank Morgan; Carrie Lenox, Winifred Harris; George Grafton, Herbert Yost; Lord Rockingham, David Hutcherson; Millie Montgomery, Ilka Chase; Judge Summers, Hershell Mayall.*

"FOLLOW THE LEADER." Paramount. From the stage play, "Manhattan Mary," by William K. Wells, George White, and De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. Adapted by Gertrude Purchell and Sid Silvers. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: Crickets, Ed Wynn; Mary Brennan, Ginger Rogers; Jimmy Moore, Stanley Smith; Sam Platz; Lou Holtz; Ma Brennan, Linda Kane; Helen King, Ethel Merman; George White, Bobby Watson; R. C. Black, Donald Kirke; Bob Sterling, William Halligan; Fritzie Devere, Holly Hall; Two-Gun Terry, Preston Foster; Mickey, James C. Morton.*

"FREE LOVE." Universal. From the story "Half Gods," by Sidney Howard. Adapted by Edwin Knopf. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: Hope Ferrier, Genevieve Tobin; Stephen Ferrier, Conrad Nagel; Bush Bigelow, Monroe Owsley; Helena, Bertha Mann; Pauline, Ilka Chase; Judge Sturgis, George Irving; Dr. Wolheim, Richard Tucker; Ada, ZaSu Pitts; Dennie, Slim Summerville; Butler, Sidney Bracey.*

"ILLCIT." Warner Brothers. From the story by Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: Anne, Barbara Stanwyck; Dick Ives, James Rennie; Price Baines, Ricardo Cortez; Georgie, Charles Butterworth; Dukie, Joan Blondell; Margie, Natalie Moorhead; Ives, Sr., Claude Gillingwater.*

"NEW MOON." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab. Music by Sigismund Romberg. Adapted by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Lieutenant Michael Petroff, Lawrence Tibbett; Princess Tanya Strogoff, Grace Moore; Governor Boris Brusiloff, Adolphe Menjou; Count Strogoff, Roland Young; Potkin, Gus Shy; Countess Anastasia Strogoff, Emily Fitzroy.*

"ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT." United Artists. From an original story by Louis Bromfield. Adapted by Sidney Howard. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Lilli, Evelyn Laye; Mirko, John Boles; Otto, Leon Erroll; Fritzie, Lilyan Tashman; Janos, Hugh Cameron; Liska, Marian Lord; Zagon, Lionel Belmore; Papa Lorenc, George Bickel; Egon, Vincent Barnett; Almady, Henry Victor.*

"PAID." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play "Within the Law" by Bayard Veiller. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Mary Turner, Joan Crawford; Joe Garson, Rob-

ert Armstrong; Agnes Lynch, Marie Prevost; Bob, Kent Douglass; Inspector Burke, John Miljan; Edward Gilder, Purnell B. Pratt; District Attorney Demarest, Hale Hamilton; Cassidy, Robert Emmet O'Connor; Eddie Griggs, Tyrell Davis; Carney, William Bakewell; Red, George Cooper; Bertha, Gwen Lee.*

"PASSION FLOWER." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the novel by Kathleen Norris. Adapted by Martin Flavin. Directed by William De Mille. The cast: Dulcie Morado, Kay Francis; Katherine Pringle Wallace (Cassy), Kay Johnson; Don Wallace, Charles Bickford; Leroy Pringle, Winter Hall; Antonio Morado, Lewis Stone; Mrs. Harney, ZaSu Pitts; Tommy, Dickey Moore.*

"REACHING FOR THE MOON." United Artists. From an original story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: Larry Day, Douglas Fairbanks; Vivian Benton, Bebe Daniels; Rogers, Edward Everett Horton; Jimmy Carrington, Jack Mulhall; Sir Horace, Claude Allister; Kitty, June MacCloy; James Benton, Walter Walker; Secretary, Helen Jerome Eddy.*

"REMOTE CONTROL." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the story by Clyde North, Albert C. Fuller and Jack T. Nelson. Adapted by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Malcolm St. Claire and Nick Grinde. The cast: William J. Brown, William Haynes; Sam Ferguson, Charles King; Marion Ferguson, Mary Doran; Doctor Kruger, John Miljan; Polly, Polly Moran; Smedley, J. C. Nugent; Radio Engineer, Edward Nugent; Chief of Police, Wilbur Mack; Blodgett, James Donlan; Al, Edward Brophy; Max, Warner P. Richmond; Frank, Russell Hopton.*

"SUNNY." First National. From the Florenz Ziegfeld play. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: Sunny, Marilyn Miller; Tom Warren, Lawrence Gray; Jim Deming, Joe Donahue; Wendell Wendell, Mackenzie Ward; Peters, O. P. Heggie; "Weenie," Inez Courtney; Marcia Manners, Barbara Bedford; Sue, Judith Voselli; Sam, Clyde Cook; The Barker, Harry Allen; First Officer, William Davidson; Second Officer, Ben Hendricks, Jr.*

"THE BLUE ANGEL." Paramount. From a novel by Heinrich Mann. Adapted by Carl Zuckmayer, Karl Vollmoeller and Robert Liebmann. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: Prof. Immanuel Rath, Emil Jannings; Lola Frohlich, Marlene Dietrich; Kiepert, a magician, Kurt Gerron; Guste, his wife, Rosa Valetti; Mazeppa, Hans Albers; Director of the School, Eduard von Winterstein; The Clown, Reinhold Bernt; The Beadle, Hans Roth; Scholars: Angst, Rolf Mueller; Lohmann, Rolant Varno; Ertzum, Karl Balhaus; Goldstaub, Robert Klein-Loerk; The publican, Karl Huszar-Puffy; The Captain, Wilhelm Diegelmann; The policeman, Gerhard Bienert; Publican's wife, Ilse Fuerstenberg.*

"THE BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT." Universal. From the stage play, "The Command to Love," by Rudolph Lothar and Fritz Gottwald. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: Helene, Betty Compson; Baron Valmi,



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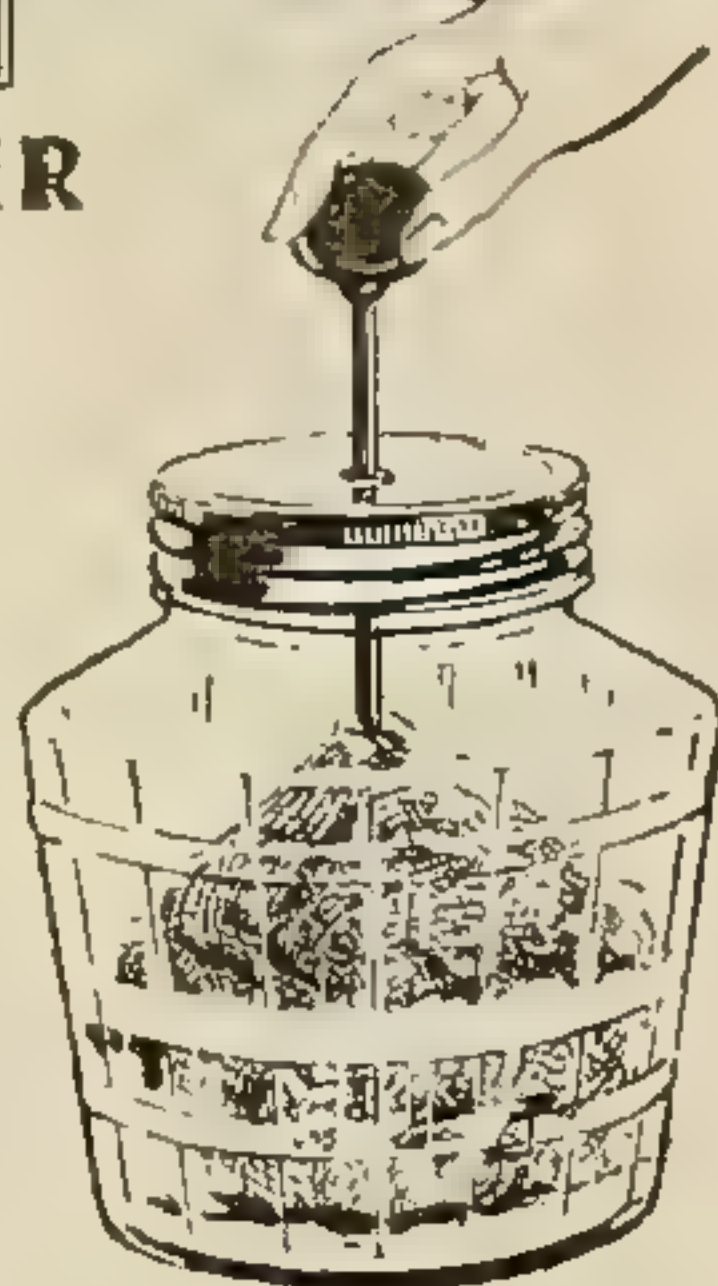
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"THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER."

Fox. From the story by Alice Duer Miller. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Charlie Peters*, Charles Farrell; *Princess Louise*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Prince Conrad of Daritzia*, H. B. Warner; *Merkel*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Albert Bowers*, Bert Roach; *Baron Von Kemper*, Lucien Prival; *Lord Worthing*, Murray Kinnell; *Miss Eden*, Louise Closser Hale; *Potzi*, Arnold Lucy.*

"THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY."

Paramount. From the stage play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. Adapted by Gertrude Purcell and Herman Mankiewicz. Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. The cast: *Julie Cavendish*, Ina Claire; *Tony Cavendish*, Fredric March; *Gwen Cavendish*, Mary Brian; *Fanny Cavendish*, Henrietta Crosman; *Perry Stewart*, Henrietta Crosman; *Oscar Wolfe*, Arnold Korff; *Gilbert Marshall*, Frank Conroy; *Joe*, Royal G. Stout; *Della*, Elsie Edmond; *McDermott*, Murray Alper; *Hall Boy*, Wesley Stark; *Doctor*, Herschel Mayall.*

"TOM SAWYER."

Paramount. From the story by Mark Twain. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Tom Sawyer*, Jackie Coogan; *Huckleberry Finn*, Junior Durkin; *Becky Thatcher*, Mitzi Green; *Schoolmaster*, Lucien Littlefield; *Muff Potter*, Tully Marshall; *Aunt Polly*, Clara Blandick; *Mary*, Mary Jane Irving; *Sid*, Jackie Searl; *Joe Harper*, Dick Winslow; *Injun Joe*, Charles Stevens; *The Minister*, Charles Sellon.*

"A SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING."

Warner Brothers. From the original screen story by Vina Delmar. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Georgie Wilson*, Ben Lyon; *Gretchen*, Lotti Loder; *Tim*, Harry Langdon; *Grandfather Rittner*, Jean Hersholt; *Captain Plover*, Noah Beery; *Hank*, Fred Kohler; *Herman*, Otto Matiesen; *Corporal Brown*, Lee Moran; *Lola*, Mary Astaire; *Dave*, Frank Campeau.

"DANGER LIGHTS."

Radio. From an original story by James A. Creelman. Directed by George B. Seitz and Hugh Herbert. The cast: *Dan Thorn*, Louis Wolheim; *Larry Doyle*, Robert Armstrong; *Mary Ryan*, Jean Arthur; *Ed Ryan*, Frank Sheridan; *Engineer*, Robert Edeson; *Joe Geraghty*, James Farley; *General Manager*, Allan Roscoe; *Chief Dispatcher*, William P. Burt.

"DOORWAY TO HELL."

Warner Brothers. From the novel "A Handful of Clouds," by Rowland Brown. Adapted by George Rosener. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Louie Ricardo*, Lewis Ayres; *Steve Mileaway*, James Cagney; *Doris*, Dorothy Mathews; *Jackie LeMarr*, Leon Janney; *Sam Margoni*, Charles Judels; *Captain O'Grady*, Robert Elliott; *Captain of Military Academy*, Kenneth Thomson; *Joe*, Jerry Mandy; *Rocco*, Noel Madison.

"EXTRAVAGANCE."

Tiffany. From an original story by A. P. Younger. Adapted by Adele Buffington, Francis Hyland and Phil Rosen. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Alice Kendall*, June Collyer; *Fred Garlen*, Lloyd Hughes; *Jim Hamilton*, Owen Moore; *Esther Hamilton*, Dorothy Christy; *Harrison Morrell*, Jameson Thomas; *Mrs. Kendall*, Nella Walker; *Billy*, Bobby Agnew; *Sally*, Gwen Lee; *Helen*, Addie McPhail; *Maid*, Joan Standing.

"FOR THE LOVE O' LIL."

Columbia. From the magazine cover serial by J. Leslie Thrasher. Screen play by Dorothy Howell. Adapted by Bella Cohen. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Wyn Huntley*, Jack Mulhall; *Sandy Jenkins*, Elliott Nugent; *Lil*, Sally Starr; *Eleanor Cartwright*, Margaret Livingston; *Mr. Walker*, Charles Sellon; *Mrs. Walker*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Edward O. Brooks*, Billy Bevan; *Mrs. Gardner*, Claire Du Brey; *Chambermaid*, Joan Standing.

"HOOK, LINE AND SINKER."

Radio. From an original story by Tim Whelan. Adapted by Tim Whelan and Ralph Spence. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Wilbur Boswell*, Bert Wheeler; *Addington Ganzy*, Robert Woolsey; *Mary Marsh*, Dorothy Lee; *Mrs. Marsh*, Jobyna Howland; *John Blackwell*, Ralf Harold; *The Duke of Winchester*, Bill Davidson; *Duchess Bessie Vanessie*, Natalie Moorhead; *Bell Boy*, George Marion, Sr.; *House Detective*, Hugh Herbert; *McKay*, Stanley Fields.

The picture producing companies announce each month in SCREENLAND, new pictures and stars to be seen in the theaters throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Fox, page 3; Paramount, page 5; Warner Brothers, page 7; First National, page 9; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 11; and Radio Pictures, page 13.

"JUST IMAGINE." Fox. From the story by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *LN-18*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *J-21*, John Garrick; *Single O*, El Brendel; *D-6*, Marjorie White; *RT-42*, Frank Albertson; *Z-4*, Hobart Bosworth; *MT-3*, Kenneth Thompson; *B-36*, Mischa Anier; *AK-44*, Sidney De Gray; *X-10*, Wilfred Lucas; *Boko*, Ivan Linow; *Loko*, Ivan Linow; *Booboo*, Joyzelle; *Looloo*, Joyzelle; *Commander*, Joseph Girard.

"LIGHTNIN'."

Fox. From the stage play by Frank Bacon and Winchell Smith. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Lightnin'*, Bill Jones; *Will Rogers*, Mrs. Jones; *Louise Dressler*, John Marvin; *Joel McCrea*, Millie Jones; *Helen Cohan*, Thomas; *Jason Robards*, Sheriff; *Frank Campeau*, Lem Townsend; *J. M. Herrigan*.

"MADONNA OF THE STREETS."

Columbia. From the story "The Ragged Messenger," by W. B. Maxwell. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *May*, Evelyn Brent; *Morton*, Robert Ames; *Slumgullion*, Ivan Linow; *Marion*, Josephine Dunn; *Clark*, J. Edwards Davis; *Blink*, Zack Williams; *Ramsay*, Ed Brody; *Kingsley*, Richard Tucker.

"MEN OF THE NORTH."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Original story by Willard Mack. Directed by Hal Roach. The cast: *Louis*, Gilbert Roland; *Nedra*, Barbara Leonard; *John Ruskin*, Arnold Korff; *Sergeant Mooney*, Robert Elliott; *Corporal Smith*, George Davis; *Woolie-Woolie*, Nena Quartaro; *Priest*, Robert Graves, Jr.

"MEN ON CALL."

Fox. From the story by James K. McGuinness. Adapted by James K. McGuinness. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Chuck Long*, Edmund Lowe; *Helen Gordon*, Mae Clark; *Coast Guard Captain*, William Harrigan; *Joe Burke*, Warren Hymer; *Perkins*, Joe Brown; *Mrs. Joe Burke*, Ruth Warren; *Mary Burton*, Sharon Lynn; *Surfman*, George Corcoran.

"MIN AND BILL."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the novel "Dark Star" by Lorna Moon. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Min*, Marie Dressler; *Bill*, Wallace Berry; *Nancy*, Dorothy Jordan; *Bella*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Dick*, Donald Dillaway; *Groot*, DeWitt Jennings; *Alec*, Russell Hopton; *Mr. Southard*, Frank McGlynn; *Mrs. Southard*, Greta Gould.

"MOROCCO."

Paramount. From the play "Amy Jolly," by Benno Vigny. Adapted by Jules Furthman. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: *Tom Brown*, Gary Cooper; *Amy Jolly*, Marlene Dietrich; *Kennington*, Adolphe Menjou; *Adjutant Caesar*, Ullrich Haupt; *Anna Dolores*, Juliette Compton; *Corporal Tatche*, Francis McDonald; *Colonel Quinmoveries*, Albert Conti; *Mme. Caesar*, Eva Southern; *Barratire*, Michael Visaroll; *Lo Tinto*, Paul Porcasi.

"MOTHERS CRY."

First National. From novel by Helen Grace Carlisle. Adapted by Lenore J. Coffee. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Mary Williams*, Dorothy Peterson; *Artie*, David Manners; *Betty*, Helen Chandler; *Danny*, Edward Woods; *Gerald Hart*, Sidney Blackmer; *Jenny*, Evelyn Knapp; *Frank Williams*, Pat O'Malley; *Sadye*, Jean Bary.

"ONLY SAPS WORK."

Paramount. From a play by Owen Davis. Adapted by Percy Heath, Sam Mintz, and Joseph Mankiewicz. Directed by Cyril Gardner and Edwin Knoff. The cast: *James Wilson*, Leon Erroll; *Larry Evans*, Richard Arlen; *Barbara Tanner*, Mary Brian; *Oscar*, Stuart Erwin; *Horace Baldwin*, Anderson Lawler; *Simcon Tanner*, Charlie Grapewin.*

"PART TIME WIFE."

Fox. From the Saturday Evening Post story by Stewart Edward White. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Jim Murdock*, Edmund Lowe; *Mrs. Murdock* (Betty Rogers), Leila Hyams; *Tommy Milligan*, Tommy Clifford; *Johnny Spence*, Walter McGrail; *Butler*, Louis Payne; *Caddy master*, Sam Lufkin.

"SCARLET PAGES."

First National. From the stage play of the same name. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Mary Bancroft*, Elsie Ferguson; *John Remington*, John Halliday; *Nora Mason*, Marian Nixon; *Bob Lawrence*, Grant Withers; *Sister Beatrice*, Daisy Belmore; *Judge*, DeWitt Jennings; *Gregory Jackson*, William Davidson; *Mr. Mason*, Wilbur Mack; *Mrs. Mason*, Charlotte Walker; *Secretary*, Helen Ferguson.

"SEE AMERICA THIRST."

Universal. From an original story by Edward Luddy and Vin Moore. Directed by William Craft. The cast: *Wally*, Harry Langdon; *Slim*, Slim Summerville; *Ellen*, Bessie Love; *O'Toole*, Mitchell Lewis; *Spumoni*, Stanley Field; *O'Toole's Henchman*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Shivering Smith*, Tom Kennedy; *Inspector McGann*, Matthew Betz.*

"SLEEPING PARTNERS."

British International. From the French comedy by Sacha Guitry. Adapted by Seymour Hicks. Directed by Seymour Hicks. The cast: *He*, Seymour Hicks; *She*, Edna Best; *It*, Lyn Harding; *Emile*, Herbert Waring; *Flise*, Marguerite Allen; *A Virtuoso*, David Paget.

The next issue of
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Here are a few pointers to follow. All but one stable has entered two horses in this great racing classic. As you know, the color and design of the "silks" which a jockey wears identify him as a jockey from a certain race horse owner's stable. Each owner has his own colors and designs which only jockeys from his stable may wear. Thus, it is evident, that for every jockey pictured, with one exception, there will be another jockey wearing identically the same cap, blouse, sash and trousers. For example, two and nine are twins. But, there is one jockey—AND ONLY ONE—who is dressed differently from all the others. He rides for the owner who has but one horse entered.

This picture was sketched shortly after the race started. When the jockeys had "brought their horses home," the lone entry was THE WINNER—FIRST to cross the finish line! Can you find this lone entry—the jockey who is different from all the rest! If you can Pick the Winner, by all means send his number on a postal card or by letter—Today! There are ten First Prizes to be awarded in this new publicity prize offer—ten new 1931 Chevrolet Sedans or ten prizes of \$600.00 each. There are many other extra prizes of \$100.00 each, too, for being prompt, making the ten First Prizes a total of \$700.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago. Send no money. There is no obligation. Just—PICK THE WINNER NOW AND RUSH HIS NUMBER TO

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SOUNDS like the title of an old thriller! But it's only the thing that's going on today in the world of entertainment.

This lure of Hollywood for stage stars, and the call of New York for Hollywoodians is having a tremendous effect—and one that will make itself felt in every hamlet that boasts a movie house.

The stage stars—including the most scintillating—have gone cinema!

They don't even apologize for it any more. They just proudly wave a contract written in molten gold under Manhattan's nose and board the first Transcontinental Air Express westbound.

And somewhere about the Mississippi, they bow in passing to one or two or a dozen of the silent film idols east-bound "for some stage experience."

It is a radical change in mental attitude from that held a few years ago, and equally, it is a good thing for the industry and its lovers.

With the coming to the screen of legitimate players came the acceptance of dramatic standards which had been polished and refined (at least in the technic) by centuries of tradition.

With it came an infusion of new blood, new ideals, new technic, new talent, which, even though the movies themselves are not so very ancient, have stirred into them a new substantiality.

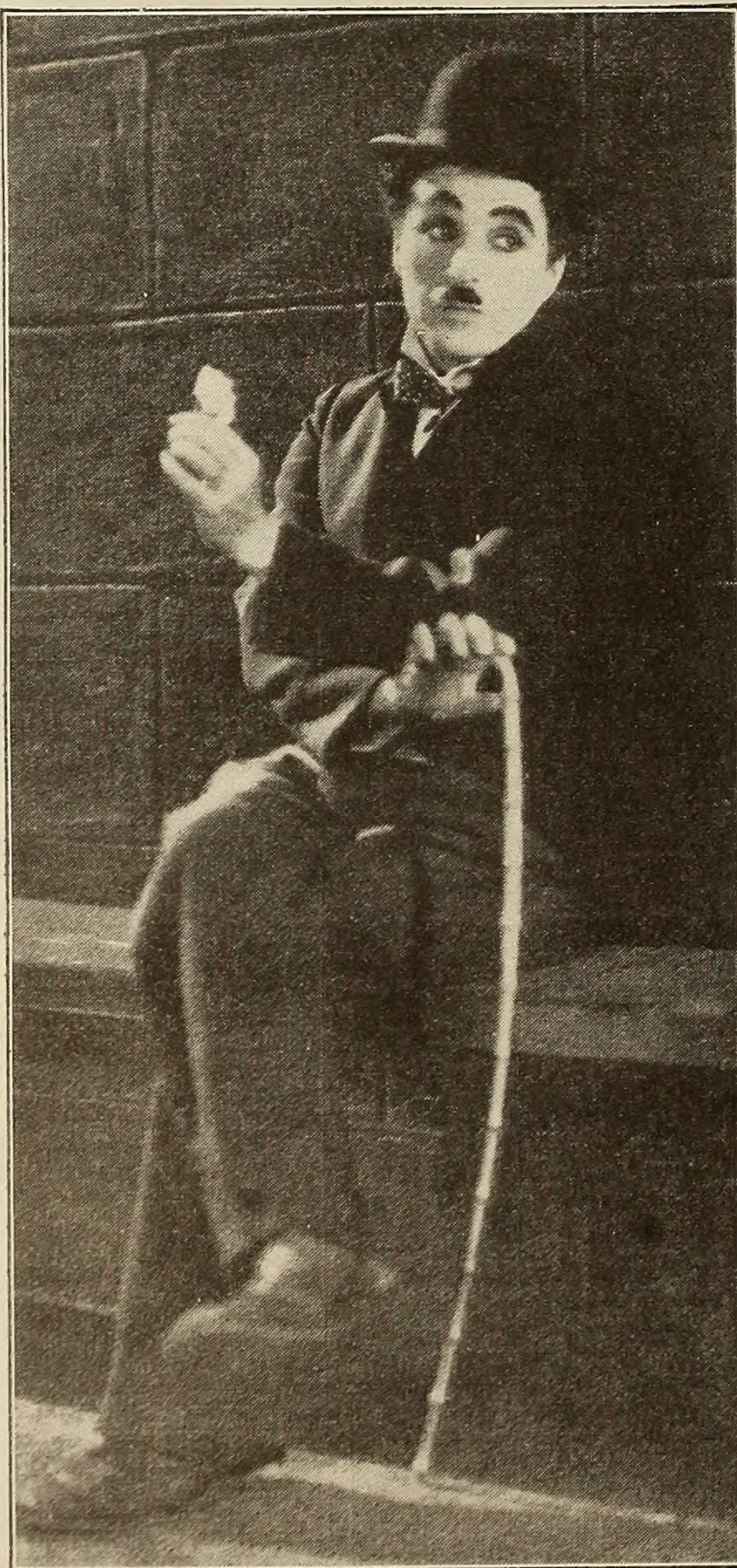
While previously the one necessity for the movies was to make a *flair*—a stupendous show—now, it is taking thought to its craftsmanship in a way which has surely been stimulated by a feeling that, after all, the theater (including movies), is not just a passing moment's entertainment, but has centuries ahead—as behind—and a tradition to build as well as to keep.

Within the last year, three big ventures—the most notable of which was Mary Pickford's "Forever After"—have been scrapped after much work and time had been lavished upon them.

Howard Hughes worked four years on "Hell's Angels." Charlie Chaplin has spent two years in making "City Lights."

Such sincerity of purpose arises out of a conviction of permanence, a standard of tradition, an ideal of worthy artistry. It would not be fair to give credit for this change of heart to the stage stars who have invaded Hollywood, but certainly the dropping of the barriers which kept the movies outside the pale of what was considered true theater has given the impetus to this kind of confidence and assurance.

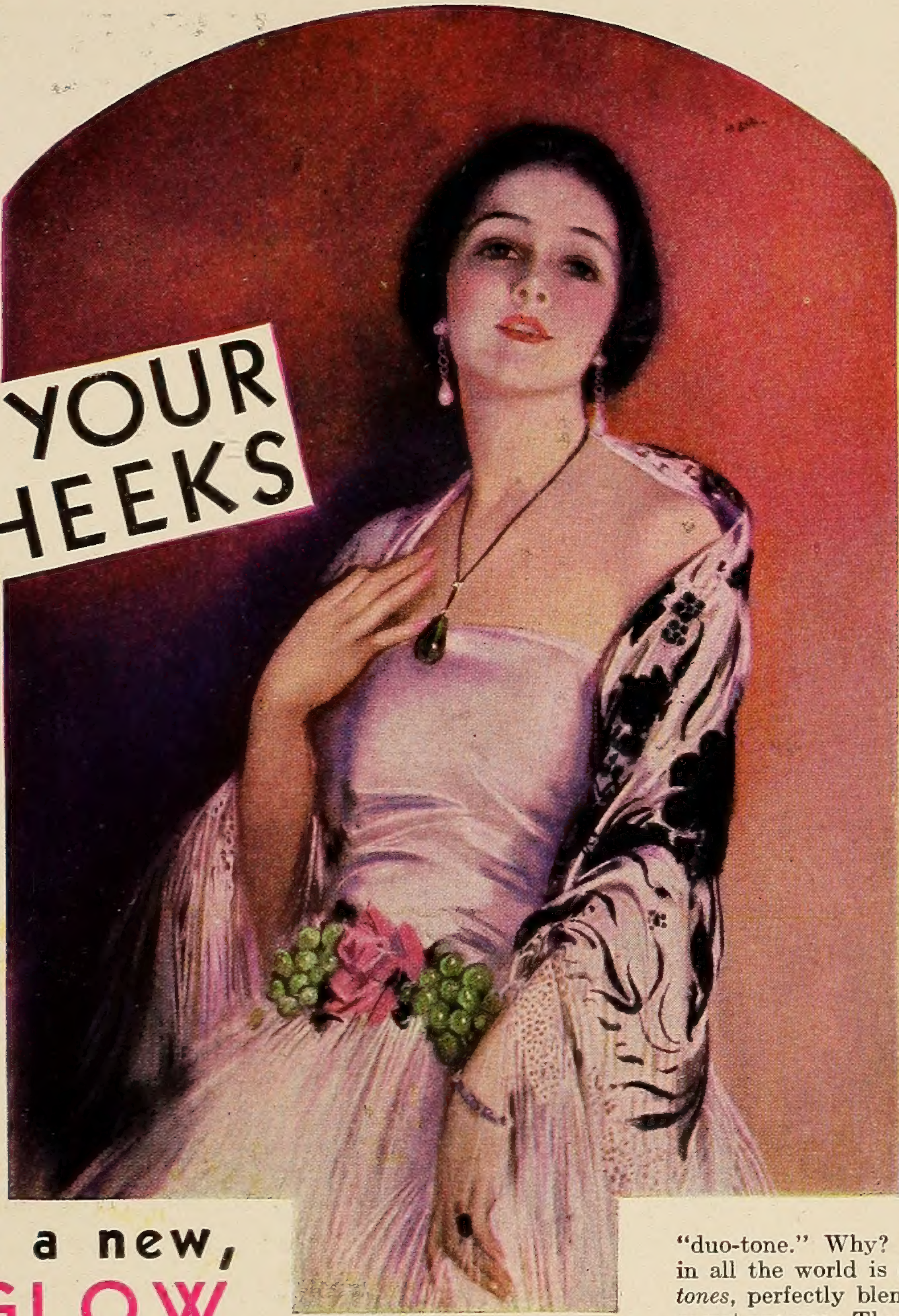
And surely, the entry in a whole-hearted way, of the world's greatest stage stars into the world of films has done much to break down these barriers.



After all these years a Chaplin film! Charlie as he appears in "City Lights," which was two years in the making.

PAUL C. HUNTER,
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Now then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow*. On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts glow*—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin*. It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen—"painty" effects *never*.

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat

"duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones*, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need*.

Every Princess Pat Shade Matches Any Skin Whether you are blond or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your skin*. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited*. There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints, shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night—under artificial light.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders.

Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be*.

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Grape
drops
with
the
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